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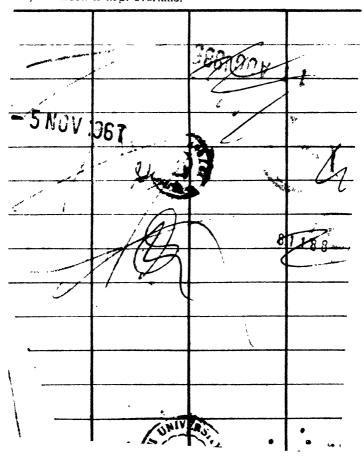
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ROBERT HERRICK

From the frontispiece to the edition of 1648



THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT HERRICK

EDITED BY F. W. MOORMAN
WITH A PREFATORY NOTE
BY PERCY SIMPSON



HUMPHREY MILFORD

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

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192I



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PREFACE

THE present reprint follows the authoritative text of the Hesperides which Herrick published in 1648. A larger edition, with an introduction discussing the text and a critical appendix, has already been issued by the Clarendon Press under the editorship of Professor Moorman.

The printing and publishing of the 1648 edition raise some interesting problems. It appeared in octavo, with the poems in two sections—the Hesperides or secular pieces covering pages 1-398, with signatures A to C c 7, and the Noble Numbers; or, his Pious Poems, with a separate title-page dated 1647, a new pagination and a new set of signatures beginning again at A a and ending at E e 8. At first sight this suggests the separate, and therefore earlier, publication of the Noble Numbers. But the title-page beginning with a pronoun—His Noble Numbers—shows that these poems were intentionally placed last, and a valedictory couplet among the closing poems of the Hesperides (page 325) says explicitly—

Part of the worke remaines; one part is past: And here my ship rides having Anchor cast.

The Works both Humane & Divine of Robert Herrick Esq. therefore appeared together, and probably they were printed simultaneously. The shorter section of the Noble Numbers must have been finished first in 1647, and the title-page printed off with that date in the expectation that the complete work would be issued before the end of the year. A problem of this kind can

often be solved by consulting the Register of the Stationers' Company, on which books were entered for publication when the licensing fee was paid. But the only relevant entry is too early to be of any help: the following is found under the date 29 April, 1640:

Master Crooke

Entred for his Copie vnder the hands of Master Hansley and Master Bourne warden The seuerall Poems written by Master Robert Herrick vj^d (Arber, Transcript, iv. 509.)

No edition of 1640 is known, and presumably this entry covered the publication of the *Hesperides* eight years later. Herrick had employed the interval with unwearied patience and consummate art to reshape and refine his poems to their utmost perfection of form. Professor Moorman's larger edition gives an extensive collation of the extant manuscripts, showing that many of these were early drafts which the poet revised with minute care before he allowed the poems to be published. The scholar who wishes to study the development of Herrick's art must consult the record of these variants.

Herrick's conscientious labour did not end with the revision of his text in manuscript. He supervised the printing with equal care. A collation of a number of copies has proved that he went personally to the printing office and corrected the work sheet by sheet as it issued from the press. The critical notes of the present edition record corrections made in the text after some early sheets had been printed off. Some corrections were made in the standing type; but when the error was more serious—as, for instance, in Kissing Usurie (page 30), where the first and last half of the final stanza were

transposed by the printer—the faulty leaves were cancelled and new ones were inserted. At least three leaves of the original issue were reset because of the printer's errors—those containing pages 29 and 30, 175 and 176, 207 and 208; in the Thomason copy in the British Museum one cancel is inserted the wrong way round. Some of the corrections have a literary value: thus, the lines on *Dean-bourn*, a rude River in Devon (page 29) begin—

Dean-bourn, farewell; I never look to see Deane, or thy warty incivility.

Here the expressive epithet 'warty' applied to the rough bed of the stream,

Thy rockie bottome, that doth teare thy streams And makes them frantick, ev'n to all extreames,

was at first misprinted 'watry'. Occasionally the poet inserts a last touch of revision: in the pretty lines on Mistress Susanna Southwell's feet (page 192)—

Her pretty feet
Like snailes did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they started at Bo-peep,
Did soon draw in agen—

some copies preserve an original reading 'As if they played at Bo-peep', which is not likely to have been an error of the printer.

Finally, Herrick read over the sheets of the entire work after it had been printed off, made a list of errata which had escaped him in the hurry of reading at the printing office, and placed them before the text with the playful quatrain preserved on page 4.

The ordinary title-page of 1648 has been reproduced. But a few copies (e.g. the British Museum copy with press-mark E. 1090) give the interesting imprint:—

LONDON

Printed for John Williams, and Francis Eglesfield, and are to be fold by Tho: Hunt, Book-feller in Exon. 1648.

Herrick's original publishers are to be commended for their enterprise in thus pushing the sale of his poems in the West Country.

The present reprint differs in two points from the larger edition. First, it confines itself to the text of 1648, noting only the variants of that issue. Secondly, as it has been prepared, not for the scholar, but for the lover of poetry, it omits almost entirely the 'Epigrams' of the Hesperides. Herrick's conception of the epigram was derived, through Ben Jonson, from the antique; but in actual practice he usually narrowed it down to the satiric type—a short poem, hitting off some ludicrous personal trait. It is one of the paradoxes of literature that this exquisite artist, experimenting in minute satire, should have composed a monotonous and, on the whole, pointless series of poems on merely nauseous themes. A reprint of Herrick among the Oxford Poets, side by side with the complete text already issued, gives a welcome opportunity of clearing away these weeds from the flower-garden of the Hesperides.

Preface.

vii

The library edition of Herrick (in the Oxford English Texts) was published in 1915, and the edition now issued would in the ordinary course have followed at no long interval. It has been delayed by the war, and in consequence of Professor Moorman's lamented death this preface has been supplied by another hand.

CONTENTS.

					ŀ	AGE
HESPERIDES	•	•	•	•	•	I
HIS NOBLE NUMBERS		-		•	•	327
ADDITIONAL POEMS	٠					394
INDEX OF TITLES .		•	•	•		407
INDEX OF FIRST LINE	S					42 I



HESPERIDES:

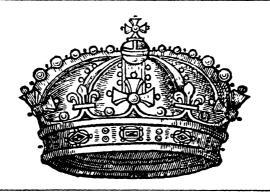
THE WORKS

BOTH
HUMANE & DIVINE
O'F

ROBERT HERRICK E/q.

Ovid.

Effugient avidos Carmina nostra Rogos.



$L O N D O \mathcal{N}$

Printed for John Williams, and Francis Eglesfield, and are to be fold at the Crown and Marygold, in Saint Pauls Church-yard. 1648.

TO THE MOST ILLVSTRIOVS,

AND

Most Hopefull Prince,

CHARLES,

Prince of Wales.

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Well may my Book come forth like Publique Day When such a Light as You are leads the way: Who are my Works Creator, and alone The Flame of it, and the Expansion.

And look how all those heavenly Lamps acquire Light from the Sun, that inexhausted Fire:
So all my Morne, and Evening Stars from You Have their Existence, and their Influence too. Full is my Book of Glories; but all These By You become Immortall Substances.

For these Transgressions which thou here dost see, Condemne the Printer, Reader, and not me; Who gave him forth good Grain, though he mistook The Seed; so sow'd these Tares throughout my Book.

[Note.—In the original text this address is followed by Errata, which have been duly corrected in this reprint.]

HESPERIDES.

The Argument of his Book.

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I sing of Brooks, of Blossomes, Birds, and Bowers. Of April, May, of June, and July-Flowers. I sing of May-poles, Hock-carts, Wassails, Wakes, Of Bride-grooms, Brides, and of their Bridall-cakes. I write of Youth, of Love, and have Accesse By these, to sing of cleanly-Wantonnesse. I sing of Dewes, of Raines, and piece by piece Of Balme, of Oyle, of Spice, and Amber-Greece. I sing of Times trans-shifting; and I write How Roses first came Red, and Lillies White. I write of Groves, of Twilights, and I sing The Court of Mab, and of the Fairie-King. I write of Hell; I sing (and ever shall) Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

To his Muse.

Whither, Mad maiden wilt thou roame? Farre safer 'twere to stay at home: Where thou mayst sit, and piping please The poore and private Cottages. Since Coats, and Hamlets, best agree With this thy meaner Minstralsie. There with the Reed, thou mayst expresse The Shepherds Fleecie happinesse: And with thy Eclogues intermixe Some smooth, and harmlesse Beucolicks. There on a Hillock thou mayst sing Unto a handsome Shephardling;

Or to a Girle (that keeps the Neat) With breath more sweet then Violet. There, there, (perhaps) such Lines as These 15 May take the simple Villages. But for the Court, the Country wit Is despicable unto it. Stay then at home, and doe not goe Or flie abroad to seeke for woe. Contempts in Courts and Cities dwell; No Critick haunts the Poore mans Cell: Where thou mayst hear thine own Lines read By no one tongue, there, censured. That man's unwise will search for Ill, 25 And may prevent it, sitting still.

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To his Booke.

While thou didst keep thy Candor undefil'd, Deerely I lov'd thee; as my first-borne child: But when I saw thee wantonly to roame From house to house, and never stay at home; I brake my bonds of Love, and bad thee goe, Regardlesse whether well thou sped'st, or no. On with thy fortunes then, what e're they be : If good I'le smile, if bad I'le sigh for Thee.

Another.

To read my Booke the Virgin shie May blush, (while Brutus standeth by:) But when He's gone, read through what's writ, And never staine a cheeke for it.

To the soure Reader.

If thou dislik'st the Piece thou light'st on first; Thinke that of All, that I have writ, the worst: But if thou read'st my Booke unto the end, And still do'st this, and that verse, reprehend:

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O Perverse man! If All disgustfull be, The Extreame Scabbe take thee, and thine, for me.

To his Booke.

Come thou not neere those men, who are like *Bread* O're-leven'd; or like *Cheese* o're-renetted.

When he would have his verses read.

In sober mornings, doe not thou reherse The holy incantation of a verse; But when that men have both well drunke, and fed, Let my Enchantments then be sung, or read. When Laurell spirts 'ith fire, and when the Hearth Smiles to it selfe, and guilds the roofe with mirth; When up the * Thyrse is rais'd, and when the sound Of sacred * Orgies flyes, A round, A round. When the Rose raignes, and locks with ointments shine, Bacchus, Let rigid Cato read these Lines of mine.

* A Javelin twind with

Upon Julias Recovery.

Droop, droop no more, or hang the head Ye Roses almost withered; Now strength, and newer Purple get, Each here declining Violet. O Primroses! let this day be A Resurrection unto ye; And to all flowers ally'd in blood, Or sworn to that sweet Sister-hood: For Health on Julia's cheek hath shed Clarret, and Creame commingled. And those her lips doe now appeare As beames of Corrall, but more cleare.

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Upon Julia. 3 Now | perhaps a misprint for New

To Silvia to wed.

Let us (though late) at last (my Silvia) wed; And loving lie in one devoted bed. Thy Watch may stand, my minutes fly poste haste; No sound calls back the yeere that once is past. Then sweetest Silvia, let's no longer stay; True love, we know, precipitates delay. Away with doubts, all scruples hence remove; No man at one time, can be wise, and love.

The Parliament of Roses to Julia.

I dreamt the Roses one time went To meet and sit in Parliament: The place for these, and for the rest Of flowers, was thy spotlesse breast: Over the which a State was drawne Of Tiffanie, or Cob-web Lawne; Then in that *Parly*, all those powers Voted the Rose; the Queen of flowers. But so, as that her self should be The maide of Honour unto thee.

No bashfulnesse in begging.

To get thine ends, lay bashfulnesse aside; Who feares to aske, doth teach to be deny'd.

The Frozen Heart.

I freeze, I freeze, and nothing dwels
In me but Snow, and ysicles.
For pitties sake give your advice,
To melt this snow, and thaw this ice;
I'le drink down Flames, but if so be
Nothing but love can supple me;
I'le rather keepe this frost, and snow,
Then to be thaw'd, or heated so.

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Hesperides.

✓ To Perilla.

Ah my Perilla! do'st thou grieve to see Me, day by day, to steale away from thee? Age cals me hence, and my gray haires bid come, And haste away to mine eternal home; 'Twill not be long (Perilla) after this, 5 That I must give thee the supremest kisse; Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring Part of the creame from that *Religious Spring*; With which (Perilla) wash my hands and feet; That done, then wind me in that very sheet Which wrapt thy smooth limbs (when thou didst implore ? The Gods protection, but the night before) Follow me weeping to my Turfe, and there Let fall a *Primrose*, and with it a teare: Then lastly, let some weekly-strewings be 15 Devoted to the memory of me: Then shall my *Ghost* not walk about, but keep Still in the coole, and silent shades of sleep.

A Song to the Maskers.

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- Come down, and dance ye in the toyle
 Of pleasures, to a Heate;
 But if to moisture, Let the oyle
 Of Roses be your sweat.
- 2 Not only to your selves assume These sweets, but let them fly; From this, to that, and so Perfume E'ne all the standers by.
- As Goddesse Isis (when she went, Or glided through the street)
 Made all that touch't her with her scent, And whom she touch't, turne sweet.

To Perenna.

When I thy Parts runne o're, I can't espie In any one, the least indecencie:
But every Line, and Limb diffused thence,
A faire, and unfamiliar excellence:
So, that the more I look, the more I prove,
Ther's still more cause, why I the more should love.

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Treason.

The seeds of Treason choake up as they spring, He Acts the Crime, that gives it Cherishing.

Two Things Odious.

Two of a thousand things, are disallow'd, A lying Rich man, and a Poore man proud.

To his Mistresses.

Helpe me! helpe me! now I call
To my pretty Witchcrafts all:
Old I am, and cannot do
That, I was accustom'd to.
Bring your Magicks, Spels, and Charmes,
To enflesh my thighs, and armes:
Is there no way to beget
In my limbs their former heat?
Æson had (as Poets faine)
Baths that made him young againe:
Find that Medicine (if you can)
For your drie-decrepid man:
Who would faine his strength renew,
Were it but to pleasure you.

The Wounded Heart.

Come bring your sampler, and with Art,
Draw in't a wounded Heart:
And dropping here, and there:
Not that I thinke, that any Dart,

Hesperides.

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Can make your's bleed a teare:
Or peirce it any where;
Yet doe it to this end: that I,
May by
This secret see,
Though you can make
That Heart to bleed, your's ne'r will ake
For me.

No Loathsomnesse in love.

What I fancy, I approve,

No Dislike there is in love:
Be my Mistresse short or tall,
And distorted there-withall:
Be she likewise one of those,
That an Acre hath of Nose:
Be her forehead, and her eyes
Full of incongruities:
Be her cheeks so shallow too,
As to shew her Tongue wag through:
Be her lips ill hung, or set,
And her grinders black as jet;
Ha's she thinne haire, hath she none,
She's to me a Paragon.

V To Anthea.

If deare Anthea, my hard fate it be
To live some few-sad-howers after thee:
Thy sacred Corse with Odours I will burne;
And with my Lawrell crown thy Golden Urne.
Then holding up (there) such religious Things,
As were (time past) thy holy Filitings:
Nere to thy Reverend Pitcher I will fall
Down dead for grief, and end my woes withall:
So three in one small plat of ground shall ly,
Anthea, Herrick, and his Poetry.

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The Weeping Cherry.

I saw a Cherry weep, and why? Why wept it? but for shame, Because my Julia's lip was by, And did out-red the same. But pretty Fondling, let not fall A teare at all for that: Which Rubies, Corralls, Scarlets, all For tincture, wonder at.

Soft Musick.

The mellow touch of musick most doth wound The soule, when it doth rather sigh, then sound.

The Difference Betwixt Kings and Subjects.

Twixt Kings and Subjects ther's this mighty odds, Subjects are taught by Men; Kings by the Gods.

His Answer to a Question.

Some would know Why I so Long still doe tarry, And ask why Here that I Live, and not marry? Thus I those Doe oppose; What man would be here, Slave to Thrall. If at all He could live free here?

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Upon Julia's Fall.

Julia was carelesse, and withall,
She rather took, then got a fall:
The wanton Ambler chanc'd to see
Part of her leggs sinceritie:
And ravish'd thus, It came to passe,
The Nagge (like to the Prophets Asse)
Began to speak, and would have been
A telling what rare sights h'ad seen:
And had told all; but did refraine,
Because his Tongue was ty'd againe.

Expences Exhaust.

Live with a thrifty, not a needy Fate; Small shots paid often, waste a vast estate.

Love what it is.

Love is a circle that doth restlesse move In the same sweet eternity of love.

Presence and Absence.

When what is lov'd, is Present, love doth spring; But being absent, Love lies languishing.

No Spouse but a Sister.

A bachelour I will
Live as I have liv'd still,
And never take a wife
To crucifie my life:
But this I'le tell ye too,
What now I meane to doe;
A Sister (in the stead
Of Wife) about I'le lead;
Which I will keep embrac'd,
And kisse, but yet be chaste.

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The Pomander Bracelet.

To me my Julia lately sent A Bracelet richly Redolent: The Beads I kist, but most lov'd her That did perfume the Pomander.

The shooe tying.

Anthea bade me tye her shooe; I did; and kist the Instep too: And would have kist unto her knee, Had not her Blush rebuked me.

The Carkanet.

Instead of Orient Pearls of Jet, I sent my Love a Karkanet:
About her spotlesse neck she knit
The lace, to honour me, or it:
Then think how wrapt was I to see
My Jet t'enthrall such Ivorie.

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His sailing from Julia.

When that day comes, whose evening sayes I'm gone Unto that watrie Desolation:
Devoutly to thy Closet gods then pray,
That my wing'd ship may meet no Remora.
Those Deities which circum-walk the Seas,
And look upon our dreadfull passages,
Will from all dangers, re-deliver me,
For one drink-offering, poured out by thee.
Mercie and Truth live with thee! and forbeare
(In my short absence) to unsluce a teare:
But yet for Loves-sake, let thy lips doe this,
Give my dead picture one engendring kisse:

Work that to life, and let me ever dwell
In thy remembrance (Julia.) So farewell.

How the Wall-flower came first, and why so called.

Why this Flower is now call'd so, List' sweet maids, and you shal know. Understand, this First-ling was Once a brisk and bonny Lasse, Kept as close as Danae was: Who a sprightly Springall lov'd, And to have it fully prov'd, Up she got upon a wall, Tempting down to slide withall: But the silken twist unty'd, So she fell, and bruis'd, she dy'd. Love, in pity of the deed, And her loving-lucklesse speed, Turn'd her to this Plant, we call Now, The Flower of the Wall.

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Why Flowers change colour.

These fresh beauties (we can prove) Once were Virgins sick of love, Turn'd to Flowers. Still in some Colours goe, and colours come.

To his Mistresse objecting to him neither Toying or Talking.

You say I love not, 'cause I doe not play Still with your curles, and kisse the time away. You blame me too, because I cann't devise Some sport, to please those Babies in your eyes: By Loves Religion, I must here confesse it, The most I love, when I the least expresse it.

Small griefs find tongues: Full Casques are ever found To give (if any, yet) but little sound.

Deep waters noyse-lesse are; And this we know,

That chiding streams betray small depth below.

So when Love speechlesse is, she doth expresse

A depth in love, and that depth, bottomlesse.

Now since my love is tongue-lesse, know me such,

Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

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Upon the losse of his Mistresses.

I have lost, and lately, these Many dainty Mistresses:
Stately Julia, prime of all;
Sapho next, a principall:
Smooth Anthea, for a skin
White, and Heaven-like Chrystalline.
Sweet Electra, and the choice
Myrha, for the Lute, and Voice.
Next, Corinna, for her wit,
And for the graceful use of it:
With Perilla: All are gone;
Onely Herrick's left alone,
For to number sorrow by
Their departures hence, and die.

The Dream.

Me thought, (last night) love in an anger came, And brought a rod, so whipt me with the same: Mirtle the twigs were, meerly to imply; Love strikes, but 'tis with gentle crueltie. Patient I was: Love pitifull grew then, And stroak'd the stripes, and I was whole agen. Thus like a Bee, Love-gentle stil doth bring Hony to salve, where he before did sting.

Hesperides.

To Love.

I'm free from thee; and thou no more shalt heare My puling Pipe to beat against thine eare: Farewell my shackles, (though of pearle they be) Such precious thraldome ne'r shall fetter me. He loves his bonds, who when the first are broke, Submits his neck unto a second yoke.

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On himselfe.

Young I was, but now am old, But I am not yet grown cold; I can play, and I can twine 'Bout a Virgin like a Vine: In her lap too I can lye Melting, and in fancie die: And return to life, if she Claps my cheek, or kisseth me; Thus, and thus it now appears That our love out-lasts our yeeres.

Love's play at Push-pin.

Love and my selfe (beleeve me) on a day
At childish Push-pin (for our sport) did play:
I put, he pusht, and heedless of my skin,
Love prickt my finger with a golden pin:
Since which, it festers so, that I can prove
'Twas but a trick to poyson me with love:
Little the wound was; greater was the smart,
The finger bled, but burnt was all my heart.

The Rosarie.

One ask'd me where the Roses grew?

I bade him not goe seek;
But forthwith bade my Julia shew
A bud in either cheek.

Upon Cupid.

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Old wives have often told, how they Saw Cupid bitten by a flea: And thereupon, in tears half drown'd, He cry'd aloud, Help, help the wound: He wept, he sobb'd, he call'd to some To bring him Lint, and Balsamum, To make a Tent, and put it in, Where the Steletto piere'd the skin: Which being done, the fretfull paine Asswag'd, and he was well again.

The Parcæ, or, Three dainty Destinies.

The Armilet.

Three lovely Sisters working were
(As they were closely set)
Of soft and dainty Maiden-haire,
A curious Armelet.
I smiling, ask'd them what they did?
(Faire Destinies all three)
Who told me, they had drawn a thred
of Life, and 'twas for me.
They shew'd me then, how fine 'twas spun;
And I reply'd thereto,
I care not now how soone 'tis done,
Or cut, if cut by you.

Sorrowes succeed.

When one is past, another care we have, Thus woe succeeds a woe; as wave a wave.

Cherry-pit.

Julia and I did lately sit
Playing for sport, at Cherry-pit:
She threw; I cast; and having thrown,
I got the Pit, and she the Stone.

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/ To Robin Red-brest.

Laid out for dead, let thy last kindnesse be With leaves and mosse-work for to cover me: And while the Wood-nimphs my cold corps inter, Sing thou my Dirge, sweet-warbling Chorister! For Epitaph, in Foliage, next write this, Here, here the Tomb of Robin Herrick is.

Discontents in Devon.

More discontents I never had
Since I was born, then here;
Where I have been, and still am sad,
In this dull Devon-shire:
Yet justly too I must confesse;
I ne'r invented such
Ennobled numbers for the Presse,
Then where I loath'd so much.

To his Paternall Countrey.

O Earth! Earth! Earth heare thou my voice, and be Loving, and gentle for to cover me:
Banish'd from thee I live; ne'r to return,
Unlesse thou giv'st my small Remains an Urne.

Cherrie-ripe.

Cherrie-Ripe, Ripe, Ripe, I cry, Full and faire ones; come and buy: If so be, you ask me where They doe grow? I answer, There, Where my Julia's lips doe smile; There's the Land, or Cherry-Ile: Whose Plantations fully show All the yeere, where Cherries grow.

To his Mistresses.

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Put on your silks; and piece by piece Give them the scent of Amber-Greece: And for your breaths too, let them smell Ambrosia-like, or *Nectarell*: While other Gums their sweets perspire, By your owne jewels set on fire.

To Anthea.

Now is the time, when all the lights wax dim; And thou (Anthea) must withdraw from him Who was thy servant. Dearest, bury me Under that Holy-oke, or Gospel-tree: Where (though thou see'st not) thou may'st think upon Me, when thou yeerly go'st Procession: Or for mine honour, lay me in that Tombe In which thy sacred Reliques shall have roome: For my Embalming (Sweetest) there will be No Spices wanting, when I'm laid by thee.

The Vision to Electra.

I dream'd we both were in a bed
Of Roses, almost smothered:
The warmth and sweetnes had me there
Made lovingly familiar:
But that I heard thy sweet breath say,
Faults done by night, will blush by day:
I kist thee (panting,) and I call
Night to the Record! that was all.
But ah! if empty dreames so please,
Love give me more such nights as these.

Dreames.

Here we are all, by day; By night ware hurl'd By dreames, each one, into a sev'rall world.

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Ambition.

In Man, Ambition is the common'st thing; Each one, by nature, loves to be a King.

✓ His request to Julia.

Julia, if I chance to die
Ere I print my Poetry;
I most humbly thee desire
To commit it to the fire:
Better 'twere my Book were dead,
Then to live not perfected.

Money gets the masterie.

Fight thou with shafts of silver, and o'rcome, When no force else can get the masterdome.

. The Scar-fire.

Water, water I desire,
Here's a house of flesh on fire:
Ope' the fountains and the springs,
And come all to Buckittings:
What ye cannot quench, pull downe;
Spoile a house, to save a towne:
Better tis that one shu'd fall,
Then by one, to hazard all.

Upon Silvia, a Mistresse.

When some shall say, Faire once my Silvia was; Thou wilt complaine, False now's thy Looking-glasse: Which renders that quite tarnisht, we'n was green; And Priceless now, what Peerless once had been: Upon thy Forme more wrinkles yet will fall, And comming downe, shall make no noise at all.

Cheerfulnesse in Charitie: or, The sweet sacrifice.

'Tis not a thousand Bullocks thies Can please those Heav'nly Deities, If the Vower don't express In his Offering, Cheerfulness.

Once poore, still penurious.

Goes the world now, it will with thee goe hard: The fattest Hogs we grease the more with Lard.

To him that has, there shall be added more;

Who is penurious, he shall still be poore.

Sweetnesse in Sacrifice.

'Tis not greatness they require, To be offer'd up by fire: But 'tis sweetness that doth please Those Eternall Essences.

Steame in Sacrifice.

If meat the Gods give, I the steame High-towring wil devote to them: Whose easie natures like it well, If we the roste have, they the smell.

Upon Julia's Voice.

So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice,
As, could they hear, the Dann'd would make no noise,
But listen to thee, (walking in thy chamber)
Melting melodious words, to Lutes of Amber.

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Againe.

When I thy singing next shall heare, Ile wish I might turne all to eare, To drink in Notes, and Numbers; such As blessed soules cann't heare too much: Then melted down, there let me lye Entranc'd, and lost confusedly: And by thy Musique strucken mute, Die, and be turn'd into a Lute.

All things decay and die.

All things decay with Time: The Forrest sees
The growth, and down-fall of her aged trees:
That Timber tall, which three-score lusters stood
The proud Dictator of the State-like wood:
I meane (the Soveraigne of all Plants) the Oke
Droops, dies, and falls without the cleavers stroke.

The succession of the foure sweet months.

First, April, she with mellow showrs Opens the way for early flowers; Then after her comes smiling May In a more rich and sweet aray: Next enters June, and brings us more Jems, then those two, that went before: Then (lastly) July comes, and she More wealth brings in, then all those three.

No Shipwrack of Vertue. To a friend.

Thou sail'st with others, in this Argus here; Nor wrack, or Bulging thou hast cause to feare: But trust to this, my noble passenger; Who swims with Vertue, he shall still be sure (Ulysses-like) all tempests to endure; And 'midst a thousand gulfs to be secure.

Upon his Sister-in-Law, Mistresse Elizab: Herrick.

First, for Effusions due unto the dead, My solemne Vowes have here accomplished: Next, how I love thee, that my griefe must tell, Wherein thou liv'st for ever. Deare farewell.

Of Love. A Sonet.

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How Love came in, I do not know, Whether by th' eye, or eare, or no: Or whether with the soule it came (At first) infused with the same: Whether in part 'tis here or there, Or, like the soule, whole every where: This troubles me: but I as well As any other, this can tell; That when from hence she does depart, The out-let then is from the heart.

To Anthea.

Ah my Anthea! Must my heart still break?
(Love makes me write, what shame forbids to speak.)
Give me a kisse, and to that kisse a score;
Then to that twenty, adde an hundred more:
A thousand to that hundred: so kisse on,
To make that thousand up a million.
Treble that million, and when that is done,
Let's kisse afresh, as when we first begun.
But yet, though Love likes well such Scenes as these,
There is an Act that will more fully please:
Kissing and glancing, soothing, all make way
But to the acting of this private Play:
Name it I would; but being blushing red,
The rest Ile speak, when we meet both in bed.

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The Rock of Rubies: and The quarrie of Pearls.

Some ask'd me where the Rubies grew?
And nothing I did say:
But with my finger pointed to
'The lips of Julia.
Some ask'd how Pearls did grow, and where?
Then spoke I to my Girle,
To part her lips, and shew'd them there
The Quarelets of Pearl.

Conformitie.

Conformity was ever knowne A foe to Dissolution: Nor can we that a ruine call, Whose crack gives crushing unto all.

TO THE KING

Upon his comming with his Army into the West.

Welcome, most welcome to our Vowes and us, Most great, and universall Genius! The Drooping West, which hitherto has stood As one, in long-lamented-widow-hood; Looks like a Bride now, or a bed of flowers, Newly refresh't, both by the Sun, and showers. War, which before was horrid, now appears Lovely in you, brave Prince of Cavaliers! A deale of courage in each bosome springs By your accesse; (O you the best of Kings!) Ride on with all white Omens; so, that where Your Standard's up, we fix a Conquest there.

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Upon Roses.

Under a Lawne, then skyes more cleare, Some ruffled Roses nestling were: And snugging there, they seem'd to lye As in a flowrie Nunnery: They blush'd, and look'd more fresh then flowers Quickned of late by Pearly showers; And all, because they were possest But of the heat of Julia's breast: Which as a warme, and moistned spring, Gave them their ever flourishing.

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To the King and Queene, upon their unhappy distances.

Woe, woe to them, who (by a ball of strife)
Doe, and have parted here a Man and Wife:
CHARLS the best Husband, while Maria strives
To be, and is, the very best of Wives:
Like Streams, you are divorc'd; but 't will come, when
These eyes of mine shall see you mix agen.
Thus speaks the Oke, here; C. and M. shall meet,
Treading on Amber, with their silver-feet:
Nor wil't be long, ere this accomplish'd be;
The words found true, C. M. remember me.

Dangers wait on Kings.

As oft as Night is banish'd by the Morne, So oft, we'll think, we see a King new born.

The Cheat of Cupid: or, The ungentle guest.

One silent night of late,
 When every creature rested,
 Came one unto my gate,
 And knocking, me molested.

Hesperiaes.	27
Who's that (said I) beats there, And troubles thus the Sleepie? Cast off (said he) all feare, And let not Locks thus keep ye.	5
For I a Boy am, who By Moonlesse nights have swerved: And all with showrs wet through, And e'en with cold half starved.	10
I pittifull arose, And soon a Taper lighted; And did my selfe disclose Unto the lad benighted.	15
I saw he had a Bow, And Wings too, which did shiver; And looking down below, I spy'd he had a Quiver.	2)
I to my Chimney's shine Brought him, (as Love professes) And chaf'd his hands with mine, And dry'd his dropping Tresses:	
But when he felt him warm'd, Let's try this bow of ours, And string if they be harm'd, Said he, with these late showrs.	25
Forthwith his bow he bent, And wedded string and arrow, And struck me that it went Quite through my heart and marrow.	30
Then laughing loud, he flew Away, and thus said flying, Adieu, mine Host, Adieu, Ile leave thy heart a dying.	* 35

To the reverend shade of his religious Father.

That for seven Lusters I did never come To doe the Rites to thy Religious Tombe: That neither haire was cut, or true teares shed By me, o'r thee, (as justments to the dead) Forgive, forgive me; since I did not know Whether thy bones had here their Rest, or no. But now 'tis known, Behold; behold, I bring Unto thy Ghost, th' Effused Offering: And look, what Smallage, Night-shade, Cypresse, Yew, Unto the shades have been, or now are due, Here I devote; And something more then so; I come to pay a Debt of Birth I owe. Thou gav'st me life, (but Mortall;) For that one Favour, Ile make full satisfaction: For my life mortall, Rise from out thy Herse, And take a life immortall from my Verse.

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Delight in Disorder.

A sweet disorder in the dresse
Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse:
A Lawne about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction:
An erring Lace, which here and there
Enthralls the Crimson Stomacher
A Cuffe neglectfull, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly:
A winning wave (deserving Note)
In the tempestuous petticote:
A carelesse shooe string, in whose tye
I see a wilde civility:
Doe more bewitch me, then when Art
Is too precise in every part.

To his Muse.

Were I to give thee *Baptime*, I wo'd chuse To *Christen* thee, the *Bride*, the *Bashfull Muse*, Or *Muse* of *Roses*: since that name does fit Best with those *Virgin-Verses* thou hast writ:

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Which are so cleane, so chast, as none may feare Cato the Censor, sho'd he scan each here.

Upon Love.

Love scorch'd my finger, but did spare The burning of my heart: To signifie, in Love my share Sho'd be a little part.

Little I love; but if that he
Wo'd but that heat recall:
That joynt to ashes sho'd be burnt,
Ere I wo'd love at all.

Dean-bourn, a rude River in Devon, by which sometimes he lived.

Dean-bourn, farewell; I never look to see Deane, or thy warty incivility.

Thy rockie bottome, that doth teare thy streams And makes them frantick, ev'n to all extreames; To my content, I never sho'd behold, Were thy streames silver, or thy rocks all gold. Rockie thou art; and rockie we discover Thy men; and rockie are thy wayes all over. O men, O manners; Now, and ever knowne To be A Rockie Generation!

A people currish; churlish as the seas; And rude (almost) as rudest Salvages.

With whom I did, and may re-sojourne when Rockes turn to Rivers, Rivers turn to Men.

Upon Love. 7 sho'd be burnt] The rhyme seems to require burnt sho'd be, and this is the order of the words in the Witts Recreations (1654) reprint. In certain copies of 1648 be is misprinted he
Title. Dean-bourn] To Dean-bourn some copies of 1648

2 warty] watry some copies of 1648, and so Grosart, Hazlitt, Pollard, &c. 9 Now] There some copies of 1648

Kissing Usuria

Biancha, Let Me pay the debt I owe thee for a kisse Thou lend'st to me; And I to thee

Will render ten for this:

If thou wilt say, Ten will not pay For that so rich a one; Ile cleare the summe. If it will come Unto a Million.

By this I guesse. Of happinesse Who has a little measure: He must of right. To th'utmost mite, Make payment for his pleasure.

To Julia.

How rich and pleasing thou my Julia art In each thy dainty, and peculiar part! First, for thy Queen-ship on thy head is set Of flowers a sweet commingled Coronet: About thy neck a Carkanet is bound, Made of the Rubie, Pearle and Diamond: A golden ring, that shines upon thy thumb: About thy wrist, the rich * Dardanium. Between thy Breasts (then Doune of Swans more white)

* A Bracelet, from Dardanus so call'd.

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There playes the Saphire with the Chrysolite. No part besides must of thy selfe be known. But by the Topaz, Opal, Calcedon.

Kissing Usurie. 13-18 In certain copies of 1648, and in Grosart, ll. 16-18 precede ll. 13-15: no doubt wrongly To Julia. 9 Breasts] misprinted Breast in some copies of 1648

To Laurels.

A funerall stone,
Or Verse I covet none.
But onely crave
Of you, that I may have
A sacred Laurel springing from my grave:
Which being seen,
Blest with perpetual greene,
May grow to be
Not so much call'd a tree,
As the eternall monument of me.

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His Cavalier.

Give me that man, that dares bestride The active Sea-horse, & with pride, Through that huge field of waters ride: Who, with his looks too, can appease The ruffling winds and raging Seas, In mid'st of all their outrages. This, this a virtuous man can doe, Saile against Rocks, and split them too; I! and a world of Pikes passe through.

Zeal required in Love.

I'le doe my best to win, when'ere I wooe: That man loves not, who is not zealous too.

The Bag of the Bee.

About the sweet bag of a Bee, Two *Cupids* fell at odds; And whose the pretty prize shu'd be, They vow'd to ask the Gods.

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Which Venus hearing; thither came, And for their boldness stript them: And taking thence from each his flame; With rods of Mirtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries, When quiet grown sh'ad seen them, She kist, and wip'd thir dove-like eyes; And gave the Bag between them.

Love kill'd by Lack.

Let me be warme; let me be fully fed:
Luxurious Love by Wealth is nourished.
Let me be leane, and cold, and once grown poore,
I shall dislike, what once I lov'd before.

To his Mistresse.

Choose me your Valentine; Next, let us marry: Love to the death will pine, If we long tarry.

Promise, and keep your vowes, Or vow ye never: Loves doctrine disallowes Troth-breakers ever.

You have broke promise twice (Deare) to undoe me;
If you prove faithlesse thrice,
None then will wooe you.

To the generous Reader.

See, and not see; and if thou chance t'espie Some Aberrations in my Poetry; Wink at small faults, the greater, ne'rthelesse Hide, and with them, their Fathers nakedness. Let's doe our best, our Watch and Ward to keep: Homer himself, in a long work, may sleep.

To his Mistresse. 12 you] the rhyme indicates that you should be ye

To Griticks.

Ile write, because Ile give You Criticks means to live: For sho'd I not supply The Cause, th'effect wo'd die.

Duty to Tyrants.

Good princes must be pray'd for: for the bad They must be borne with, and in rev'rence had. Doe they first pill thee, next, pluck off thy skin? Good children kisse the Rods, that punish sin. Touch not the Tyrant; Let the Gods alone To strike him dead, that but usurps a Throne.

Being once blind, his request to Biancha.

When age or Chance has made me blind, So that the path I cannot find:
And when my falls and stumblings are More then the stones i'th' street by farre. Goe thou afore; and I shall well Follow thy Perfumes by the smell: Or be my guide; and I shall be Led by some light that flows from thee. Thus held, or led by thee, I shall In wayes confus'd, nor slip or fall.

No want where there's little.

To Bread and Water none is poore; And having these, what need of more? Though much from but the Cess be spent, Nature with little is content.

Duty to Tyrants. 4 Rods] rod 1648: corr. in orig. Errala HERRICK 5

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Barly-Break: or, Last in Hell.

We two are last in Hell: what may we feare To be tormented, or kept Pris'ners here? Alas! If kissing be of plagues the worst, We'll wish, in Hell we had been Last and First.

The Definition of Beauty.

Beauty, no other thing is, then a Beame Flasht out between the Middle and Extreame.

To Dianeme.

Deare, though to part it be a Hell, Yet Dianeme now farewell: Thy frown (last night) did bid me goe; But whither, onely Grief do's know. I doe beseech thee, ere we part, (If mercifull, as faire thou art; Or else desir'st that Maids sho'd tell Thy pitty by Loves-Chronicle) O Dianeme, rather kill Me, then to make me languish stil! 'Tis cruelty in thee to'th'height, Thus, thus to wound, not kill out-right: Yet there's a way found (if thou please) By sudden death to give me ease: And thus devis'd, doe thou but this, Bequeath to me one parting kisse: So sup'rabundant joy shall be The Executioner of me.

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To Anthea lying in bed.

So looks Anthea, when in bed she lyes,
Orecome, or halfe betray'd by Tiffanies:
Like to a Twi-light, or that simpring Dawn,
That Roses shew, when misted o're with Lawn.
Twilight is yet, till that her Lawnes give way;
Which done, that Dawne, turnes then to perfect day.

To Electra.

More white then whitest Lillies far, Or Snow, or whitest Swans you are: More white then are the whitest Creames, Or Moone-light tinselling the streames: More white then *Pearls*, or *Juno's* thigh; Or *Pelops* Arme of *Yvorie*.

True, I confesse; such Whites as these May me delight, not fully please: Till, like *Ixion's* Cloud you be White, warme, and soft to lye with me.

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A Country life: To his Brother, M. Tho: Herrick.

Thrice, and above, blest (my soules halfe) art thou,	
In thy both Last, and Better Vow:	
Could'st leave the City, for exchange, to see	
The Countries sweet simplicity:	
And it to know, and practice; with intent	5
To grow the sooner innocent:	
By studying to know vertue; and to aime	
More at her nature, then her name:	
The last is but the least; the first doth tell	
Wayes lesse to live, then to live well:	10
And both are knowne to thee, who now can'st live	
Led by thy conscience; to give	
Justice to soone-pleas'd nature; and to show,	
Wisdome and she together goe,	
And keep one Centre: This with that conspires,	15
To teach Man to confine desires:	
And know, that Riches have their proper stint,	
In the contented mind, not mint.	
And can'st instruct, that those who have the itch	
Of craving more, are never rich.	20
These things thou know'st to'th'height, and dost prevent	
That plague; because thou art content	
With that Heav'n gave thee with a warie hand,	
(More blessed in thy Brasse, then Land)	

To keep cheap Nature even, and upright;	25
To coole, not cocker Appetite.	
Thus thou can'st tearcely live to satisfie	
The belly chiefly; not the eye:	
Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,	
Lesse with a neat, then needfull diet.	30
But that which most makes sweet thy country life,	
Is, the fruition of a wife:	
Whom (Stars consenting with thy Fate) thou hast	
Got, not so beautifull, as chast:	
By whose warme side thou dost securely sleep	35
(While Love the Centinell doth keep)	
With those deeds done by day, which n'er affright	
Thy silken slumbers in the night.	
Nor has the darknesse power to usher in	
	40
But still thy wife, by chast intentions led,	
Gives thee each night a Maidenhead.	
The Damaskt medowes, and the peebly streames	
Sweeten, and make soft your dreames:	
The Purling springs, groves, birds, and well-weav'd Bowrs,	
	46
Present their shapes; while fantasie discloses	
Millions of Lillies mixt with Roses.	
Then dream, ye heare the Lamb by many a bleat	
*** **	50
While Faunus in the Vision comes to keep,	
From rav'ning wolves, the fleecie sheep.	
With thousand such enchanting dreams, that meet	
To make sleep not so sound, as sweet:	
	55
As not to rise when <i>Chanticlere</i>	
Warnes the last Watch; but with the Dawne dost rise	
To work, but first to sacrifice;	
Making thy peace with heav'n, for some late fault,	
	60
Which done, thy painfull Thumb this sentence tells us,	
Jove for our labour all things sells us.	
Nor are thy daily and devout affaires	
Attended with those desp'rate cares,	
Th' industrious Merchant has; who for to find	65
Gold, runneth to the Western Inde,	

And back again, (tortur'd with fears) doth fly,	
Untaught, to suffer Poverty.	
But thou at home, blest with securest ease,	
Sitt'st, and beleev'st that there be seas,	70
And watrie dangers; while thy whiter hap,	
But sees these things within thy Map.	
And viewing them with a more safe survey,	
Mak'st easie Feare unto thee say,	
A heart thrice wall'd with Oke, and Brasse, that man	75
Had, first, durst plow the Ocean.	10
But thou at home without or tyde or gale,	
Canst in thy Map securely saile:	
Seeing those painted Countries; and so guesse	
By those fine Shades, their Substances:	80
And from thy Compasse taking small advice,	00
Buy'st Travell at the lowest price.	
Nor are thine cares so deafe, but thou canst heare	
(For more with wooder, then with form)	
(Far more with wonder, then with feare)	0 -
Fame tell of States, of Countries, Courts, and Kings;	85
And believe there be such things:	
When of these truths, thy happyer knowledge lyes,	
More in thine eares, then in thine eyes.	
And when thou hear'st by that too-true-Report,	
Vice rules the Most, or All at Court:	9 0
Thy pious wishes are, (though thou not there)	
Vertue had, and mov'd her Sphere.	
But thou liv'st fearlesse; and thy face ne'r shewes	
Fortune when she comes, or goes.	
But with thy equal thoughts, prepar'd dost stand,	95
To take her by the either hand:	
Nor car'st which comes the first, the foule or faire;	
A wise man ev'ry way lies square.	
And like a surly Oke with storms perplext;	
Growes still the stronger, strongly vext.	100
Be so, bold spirit; Stand Center-like, unmov'd;	
And be not onely thought, but prov'd	
To be what I report thee; and inure	
Thy selfe, if want comes to endure:	_
And so thou dost: for thy desires are	105
Confin'd to live with private Larr:	
Not curious whether Appetite be fed,	•
Or with the first, or second bread.	

Who keep'st no proud mouth for delicious cates:	
Hunger makes coorse meats, delicates.	110
Can'st, and unurg'd, forsake that Larded fare,	
Which Art, not Nature, makes so rare;	
To taste boyl'd Nettles, Colworts, Beets, and eate	
These, and sowre herbs, as dainty meat?	
While soft Opinion makes thy Genius say,	115
Content makes all Ambrosia.	
Nor is it, that thou keep'st this stricter size	
So much for want, as exercise:	
To numb the sence of Dearth, which sho'd sinne haste	ıt,
Thou might'st but onely see't, not taste it.	120
Yet can thy humble roofe maintaine a Quire	
Of singing Crickits by thy fire:	
And the brisk Mouse may feast her selfe with crums,	
Till that the green-ey'd Kitling comes.	
Then to her Cabbin, blest she can escape	125
The sudden danger of a Rape.	
And thus thy little-well-kept-stock doth prove,	
Wealth cannot make a life, but Love.	
Nor art thou so close-handed, but can'st spend	
(Counsell concurring with the end)	130
As well as spare: still conning o'r this Theame,	
To shun the first, and last extreame	
Ordaining that thy small stock find no breach,	
Or to exceed thy Tether's reach:	
But to live round, and close, and wisely true	135
To thine owne selfe; and knowne to few.	
Thus let thy Rurall Sanctuary be	
Elizium to thy wife and thee;	
There to disport your selves with golden measure:	
For seldome use commends the pleasure.	140
Live, and live blest; thrice happy Paire; Let Breath,	
But lost to one, be th' others death.	
And as there is one Love, one Faith, one Troth,	
Be so one Death, one Grave to both.	
Till when, in such assurance live, ye may	345
Nor feare, or wish your dying day.	

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Divination by a Daffadill.

When a Daffadill I see, Hanging down his head t'wards me; Guesse I may, what I must be: First, I shall decline my head; Secondly, I shall be dead; Lastly, safely buryed.

To the Painter, to draw him a Picture.

Come, skilfull Lupo, now, and take
Thy Bice, thy Umber, Pink, and Lake;
And let it be thy Pensils strife,
To paint a Bridgeman to the life:
Draw him as like too, as you can,
An old, poore, lying, flatt'ring man:
His cheeks be-pimpled, red and blue;
His nose and lips of mulbrie hiew.
Then for an easie fansie; place
A Burling iron for his face:
Next, make his cheeks with breath to swell,
And for to speak, if possible:
But do not so; for feare, lest he
Sho'd by his breathing, poyson thee.

A Lyrick to Mirth.

While the milder Fates consent, Let's enjoy our merryment: Drink, and dance, and pipe, and play; Kisse our *Dollies* night and day: Crown'd with clusters of the Vine; Let us sit, and quaffe our wine. Call on *Bacchus*; chaunt his praise; Shake the *Thyrse*, and bite the *Bayes*:

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Rouze Anacreon from the dead; And return him drunk to bed: Sing o're Horace; for ere long Death will come and mar the song: Then shall Wilson and Gotiere Never sing, or play more here.

To the Earle of Westmerland.

When my date's done, and my gray age must die; Nurse up, great Lord, this my posterity: Weak though it be; long may it grow, and stand, Shor'd up by you, (*Brave Earle of Westmerland*.)

Against Love.

When ere my heart, Love's warmth, but entertaines, O Frost! O Snow! O Haile forbid the Banes. One drop now deads a spark; but if the same Once gets a force, Floods cannot quench the flame. Rather then love, let me be ever lost; Or let me 'gender with eternall frost.

Upon Julia's Riband.

As shews the Aire, when with a Rain-bow grac'd; So smiles that Riband 'bout my Julia's waste: Or like —— Nay 'tis that Zonulet of love, Wherein all pleasures of the world are wove.

The frozen Zone: or, Julia disdainfull.

Whither? Say, whither shall I fly, To slack these flames wherein I frie? To the Treasures, shall I goe, Of the Raine, Frost, Haile, and Snow? Shall I search the under-ground, Where all Damps, and Mists are found?

A Lyrick to Mirth. 13 Gotiere] Coteire 1648: corr. in orig. Errata

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Shall I seek (for speedy ease)
All the floods, and frozen seas?
Or descend into the deep,
Where eternall cold does keep?
These may coole; but there's a Zone
Colder yet then any one:
That's my Julia's breast; where dwels
Such destructive Ysicles;
As that the Congelation will
Me sooner starve, then those can kill.

An Epitaph upon a sober Matron.

With blamelesse carriage, I liv'd here, To' th' (almost) sev'n and fortieth yeare. Stout sons I had, and those twice three; One onely daughter lent to me: The which was made a happy Bride, But thrice three Moones before she dy'd. My modest wedlock, that was known Contented with the bed of one.

To the Patron of Poets, M. End: Porter.

Let there be Patrons; Patrons like to thee, Brave Porter! Poets ne'r will wanting be: Fabius, and Cotta, Lentulus, all live
In thee, thou Man of Men! who here do'st give
Not onely subject-matter for our wit,
But likewise Oyle of Maintenance to it:
For which, before thy Threshold, we'll lay downe
Our Thyrse, for Scepter; and our Baies for Crown.
For to say truth, all Garlands are thy due;
The Laurell, Mirtle, Oke, and Ivie too.

The sadnesse of things for Sapho's sicknesse.

Lillies will languish; Violets look ill; Sickly the Prim-rose: Pale the Daffadill: That gallant Tulip will hang down his head, Like to a Virgin newly ravished. Pansies will weep; and Marygolds will wither; And keep a Fast, and Funerall together, If Sapho droop; Daisies will open never, But bid Good-night, and close their lids for ever.

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Leanders Obsequies.

When as Leander young was drown'd, No heart by love receiv'd a wound; But on a Rock himselfe sate by, There weeping sup'rabundantly. Sighs numberlesse he cast about, And all his Tapers thus put out: His head upon his hand he laid; And sobbing deeply, thus he said, Ah cruell Sea! and looking on't, Wept as he'd drowne the Hellespont, And sure his tongue had more exprest, But that his teares forbad the rest.

Hope heartens.

None goes to warfare, but with this intent; The gaines must dead the feare of detriment.

Foure things make us happy here.

A gentle disposition then:

Next, to be rich by no by-wayes;
Lastly, with friends t'enjoy our dayes.

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His parting from Mrs Dorothy Keneday.

When I did goe from thee, I felt that smart,
Which Bodies do, when Souls from them depart.
Thou did'st not mind it; though thou then might'st see
Me turn'd to tears; yet did'st not weep for me.
'Tis true, I kist thee; but I co'd not heare
Thee spend a sigh, t'accompany my teare.
Me thought 'twas strange, that thou so hard sho'dst prove,
Whose heart, whose hand, whose ev'ry part spake love.
Prethee (lest Maids sho'd censure thee) but say
Thou shed'st one teare, when as I went away;
And that will please me somewhat: though I know,
And Love will swear't, my Dearest did not so.

The Teare sent to her from Stanes.

- Glide, gentle streams, and beare Along with you my teare To that coy Girle; Who smiles, yet slayes Me with delayes; And strings my tears as Pearle.
- See! see she's yonder set,
 Making a Carkanet
 Of Maiden-flowers!
 There, there present
 This Orient,
 And Pendant Pearle of ours.
- 3. Then say, I've sent one more Jem to enrich her store;
 And that is all
 Which I can send,
 Or vainly spend,
 For tears no more will fall.

44

4.	Nor will I seek supply Of them, the spring's once drie; But Ile devise, (Among the rest) A way that's best How I may save mine eyes.	20
	now I may save mine eyes.	
۲.	Yet say; sho'd she condemne	25
,	Me to surrender them;	•
	Then say; my part	
	Must be to weep	
	Out them, to keep	
	A poore, yet loving heart.	30
6.	Say too, She wo'd have this;	
	She shall: Then my hope is,	
	That when I'm poore,	
	And nothing have	
	To send, or save;	35
	I'm sure she'll ask no more.	

Upon one Lillie, who marryed with a maid call'd Rose.

What times of sweetnesse this faire day fore-shows, When as the Lilly marries with the Rose! What next is lookt for? but we all sho'd see To spring from these a sweet Posterity.

An Epitaph upon a child.

Virgins promis'd when I dy'd, That they wo'd each Primrose-tide, Duely, Morne and Ev'ning, come, And with flowers dresse my Tomb. Having promis'd, pay your debts, Maids, and here strew Violets.

The Houre-glasse.

That Houre-glasse, which there ye see With Water fill'd, (Sirs, credit me) The humour was, (as I have read) But Lovers tears inchristalled, Which, as they drop by drop doe passe From th' upper to the under-glasse, Do in a trickling manner tell, (By many a watrie syllable) That Lovers tears in life-time shed, Do restless run when they are dead.

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His fare-well to Sack.

Farewell thou Thing, time-past so knowne, so deare To me, as blood to life and spirit: Neare, Nay, thou more neare then kindred, friend, man, wife, Male to the female, soule to body: Life To quick action, or the warme soft side Of the resigning, yet resisting Bride. The kisse of Virgins; First-fruits of the bed: Soft speech, smooth touch, the lips, the Maiden-head: These, and a thousand sweets, co'd never be So neare, or deare, as thou wast once to me. O thou the drink of Gods, and Angels! Wine That scatter'st Spirit and Lust; whose purest shine, More radiant then the Summers Sun-beams shows; Each way illustrious, brave; and like to those Comets we see by night; whose shagg'd portents Fore-tell the comming of some dire events: Or some full flame, which with a pride aspires, Throwing about his wild, and active fires. 'Tis thou, above Nectar, O Divinest soule! (Eternall in thy self) that canst controule That, which subverts whole nature, grief and care; Vexation of the mind, and damn'd Despaire. 'Tis thou, alone, who with thy Mistick Fan, Work'st more then Wisdome, Art, or Nature can,

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To rouze the sacred madnesse; and awake 25 The frost-bound-blood, and spirits; and to make Them frantick with thy raptures, flashing through The soule, like lightning, and as active too. 'Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice three Castalian Sisters, sing, if wanting thee. 30 Horace, Anacreon both had lost their fame, Hadst thou not fill'd them with thy fire and flame. Phæbean splendour! and thou Thespian spring! Of which, sweet Swans must drink, before they sing Their true-pac'd-Numbers, and their Holy-Layes, 35 Which makes them worthy *Cedar*, and the *Bayes*. But why? why longer doe I gaze upon Thee with the eve of admiration? Since I must leave thee; and enforc'd, must say To all thy witching beauties, Goe, Away. 40 But if thy whimpring looks doe ask me why? Then know, that Nature bids thee goe, not I. 'Tis her erroneous self has made a braine Uncapable of such a Soveraigne. As is thy powerful selfe. Prethee not smile; 45 Or smile more inly; lest thy looks beguile My vowes denounc'd in zeale, which thus much show thee, That I have sworn, but by thy looks to know thee. Let others drink thee freely; and desire Thee and their lips espous'd; while I admire, 50 And love thee; but not taste thee. Let my Muse Faile of thy former helps; and onely use Her inadult'rate strength: what's done by me Hereafter, shall smell of the Lamp, not thee.

Upon Mrs. Eliz: Wheeler, under the name of Amarillis.

Sweet Amarilis, by a Spring's Soft and soule-melting murmurings, Slept; and thus sleeping, thither flew A Robin-Red-brest; who at view, Not seeing her at all to stir, Brought leaves and mosse to cover her:

47

But while he, perking, there did prie About the Arch of either eye; The lid began to let out day; At which poore Robin flew away: And seeing her not dead, but all disleav'd; He chirpt for joy, to see himself disceav'd.

To Myrrha hard-hearted.

Fold now thine armes; and hang the head, Like to a Lillie withered: Next, look thou like a sickly Moone; Or like *Jocasta* in a swoone. Then weep, and sigh, and softly goe, Like to a widdow drown'd in woe: Or like a Virgin full of ruth, For the lost sweet-heart of her youth: And all because, Faire Maid, thou art Insensible of all my smart; And of those evill dayes that be Now posting on to punish thee. The Gods are easie, and condemne All such as are not soft like them.

The Eye.

Make me a heaven; and make me there Many a lesse and greater spheare. Make me the straight, and oblique lines; The Motions, Lations, and the Signes. Make me a Chariot, and a Sun; And let them through a Zodiac run: Next, place me Zones, and Tropicks there; With all the Seasons of the Yeare. Make me a Sun-set; and a Night: And then present the Mornings-light Cloath'd in her Chamlets of Delight.

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To these, make Clouds to poure downe raine: With weather foule, then faire againe. And when, wise Artist, that thou hast, With all that can be, this heaven grac't; Ah! what is then this curious skie, But onely my Corinna's eye?

> Upon the much lamented, Mr. I. Warr.

What Wisdome, Learning, Wit, or Worth, Youth, or sweet Nature, co'd bring forth, Rests here with him; who was the Fame, The Volumne of himselfe, and Name. If, Reader, then thou wilt draw neere, And doe an honour to thy teare; Weep then for him, for whom laments Not one, but many Monuments.

The suspition upon his over-much familiarity with a Gentlesvoman.

And must we part, because some say, Loud is our love, and loose our play, And more then well becomes the day? Alas for pitty! and for us Most innocent, and injur'd thus. Had we kept close, or play'd within, Suspition now had been the sinne. And shame had follow'd long ere this, T'ave plagu'd, what now unpunisht is. · But we as fearlesse of the Sunne. As faultlesse; will not wish undone. What now is done: since where no sin Unbolts the doore, no shame comes in.

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Then comely and most fragrant Maid, Be you more warie, then afraid Of these Reports; because you see The fairest most suspected be.	15
The common formes have no one eye, Or eare of burning jealousie To follow them: but chiefly, where Love makes the cheek, and chin a sphere To dance and play in: (Trust me) there	20
Suspicion questions every haire. Come, you are faire; and sho'd be seen While you are in your sprightfull green: And what though you had been embrac't By me, were you for that unchast? No no no more than is youd' Moone	25
No, no, no more then is yond' Moone, Which shining in her perfect Noone; In all that great and glorious light, Continues cold, as is the night. Then, beauteous Maid, you may retire; And as for me, my chast desire	30
Shall move t'wards you; although I see Your face no more: So live you free From Fames black lips, as you from me.	35

Single life most secure.

Suspicion, Discontent, and Strife, Come in for Dowrie with a Wife.

The Curse. A Song.

Goe, perjur'd man; and if thou ere return
To see the small remainders in mine Urne:
When thou shalt laugh at my Religious dust;
And ask, Where's now the colour, forme and trust
Of Womans beauty? and with hand more rude
Rifle the Flowers which the Virgins strew'd:
Know, I have pray'd to Furie, that some wind
May blow my ashes up, and strike thee blind.

5

The wounded Cupid. Song.

Cupid as he lay among
Roses, by a Bee was stung.
Whereupon in anger flying
To his Mother, said thus crying;
Help! O help! your Boy's a dying.
And why, my pretty Lad, said she?
Then blubbering, replyed he,
A winged Snake has bitten me,
Which Country people call a Bee.
At which she smil'd; then with her hairs
And kisses drying up his tears:
Alas! said she, my Wag! if this
Such a pernicious torment is:
Come tel me then, how great's the smart
Of those, thou woundest with thy Dart!

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To Dewes. A Song.

I burn, I burn; and beg of you
To quench, or coole me with your Dew.
I frie in fire, and so consume,
Although the Pile be all perfume.
Alas! the heat and death's the same;
Whether by choice, or common flame:
To be in Oyle of Roses drown'd,
Or water; where's the comfort found?
Both bring one death; and I die here,
Unlesse you coole me with a Teare:
Alas! I call; but ah! I see
Ye coole, and comfort all, but me.

Some comfort in calamity.

To conquer'd men, some comfort 'tis to fall By th'hand of him who is the Generall.

The Vision.

Sitting alone (as one forsook) Close by a Silver-shedding Brook; With hands held up to Love, I wept; And after sorrowes spent, I slept: Then in a Vision I did see 5 A glorious forme appeare to me: A Virgins face she had; her dresse Was like a sprightly Spartanesse. A silver bow with green silk strung, Down from her comely shoulders hung: 10 And as she stood, the wanton Aire Dandled the ringlets of her haire. Her legs were such Diana shows, When tuckt up she a hunting goes; With Buskins shortned to descrie 15 The happy dawning of her thigh: Which when I saw, I made accesse To kisse that tempting nakednesse: But she forbad me, with a wand Of Mirtle she had in her hand: 20 And chiding me, said, Hence, Remove, Herrick, thou art too coorse to love.

Love me little, love me long.

You say, to me-wards your affection's strong; Pray love me little, so you love me long. Slowly goes farre: The meane is best: Desire Grown violent, do's either die, or tire.

Upon a Virgin kissing a Rose.

'Twas but a single Rose,
Till you on it did breathe;
But since (me thinks) it shows
Not so much Rose, as Wreathe.

Upon a Wife that dyed mad with Jealousie.

In this little Vault she lyes, Here, with all her jealousies: Quiet yet; but if ye make Any noise, they both will wake, And such spirits raise, 'twill then Trouble Death to lay agen.

Upon the Bishop of Lincolne's Imprisonment.

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Never was Day so over-sick with showres. But that it had some intermitting houres. Never was Night so tedious, but it knew The Last Watch out, and saw the Dawning too. Never was Dungeon so obscurely deep, Wherein or Light, or Day, did never peep. Never did Moone so ebbe, or seas so wane, But they left Hope-seed to fill up againe. So you, my Lord, though you have now your stay, Your Night, your Prison, and your Ebbe; you may Spring up afresh; when all these mists are spent, And Star-like, once more, guild our Firmament. Let but That Mighty Cesar speak, and then, All bolts, all barres, all gates shall cleave; as when That Earth-quake shook the house, and gave the stout Apostles, way (unshackled) to goe out. This, as I wish for, so I hope to see; Though you (my Lord) have been unkind to me: To wound my heart, and never to apply, (When you had power) the meanest remedy: Well; though my griefe by you was gall'd, the more; Yet I bring Balme and Oile to heal your sore.

Disswasions from Idlenesse.

Cynthius pluck ye by the eare, That ye may good doctrine heare. Play not with the maiden-haire; For each Ringlet there's a snare.

Cheek, and eye, and lip, and chin; These are traps to take fooles in. Armes, and hands, and all parts else, Are but Toiles, or Manicles Set on purpose to enthrall Men, but Slothfulls most of all. Live employ'd, and so live free From these fetters; like to me Who have found, and still can prove, The lazie man the most doth love.

An Epithalamie to Sir Thomas Southwell and his Ladie.

Now, now's the time; so oft by truth Promis'd sho'd come to crown your youth.

Then Faire ones, doe not wrong Your joyes, by staying long: Or let Love's fire goe out, By lingring thus in doubt: But learn, that Time once lost, Is ne'r redeem'd by cost.

Then away; come, Hymen guide To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

11.

Is it (sweet maid) your fault these holy Bridall-Rites goe on so slowly?

Deare, is it this you dread, The losse of Maiden-head? Beleeve me; you will most Esteeme it when 'tis lost: Then it no longer keep, Lest Issue lye asleep.

Then away; come, Hymen guide To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

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III.

These Precious-Pearly-Purling teares, But spring from ceremonious feares.
And 'tis but Native shame,
That hides the loving flame:
And may a while controule
The soft and am'rous soule;
But yet, Loves fire will wast
Such bashfulnesse at last.
Then away; come, Hymen guide
To the bed, the bashfull Bride,

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IV.

Night now hath watch'd her self half blind;
Yet not a Maiden-head resign'd!
'Tis strange, ye will not flie
To Love's sweet mysterie.
Might yon Full-Moon the sweets
Have, promis'd to your sheets;
She soon wo'd leave her spheare,
To be admitted there.
Then away; come, Hymen guide
To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

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V.

On, on devoutly, make no stay;
While Domiduca leads the way:
And Genius who attends
The bed for luckie ends:
With Juno goes the houres,
And Graces strewing flowers.
And the boyes with sweet tunes sing,
Hymen, O Hymen bring
Home the Turtles; Hymen guide
To the bed, the bashfull Bride.

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VI.

Behold! how Hymens Taper-light
Shews you how much is spent of night.
See, see the Bride-grooms Torch
Halfe wasted in the porch.

Hesperides.	55
And now those Tapers five, That shew the womb shall thrive: Their silv'rie flames advance, To tell all prosp'rous chance Still shall crown the happy life Of the good man and the wife.	55
	33
WII. Move forward then your Rosie feet, And make, what ere they touch, turn sweet. May all, like flowrie Meads Smell, where your soft foot treads; And every thing assume To it, the like perfume: As Zephirus when he 'spires Through Woodbine, and Sweet-bryers. Then away; come Hymen, guide To the bed the bashfull Bride.	6 ₅
VIII	•
VIII. And now the yellow Vaile, at last, Over her fragrant cheek is cast. Now seems, she to expresse A bashfull willingnesse: Shewing a heart consenting; As with a will repenting. Then gently lead her on With wise suspicion: For that, Matrons say, a measure Of that Passion sweetens Pleasure.	75
IX.	
You, you that be of her neerest kin, Now o're the threshold force her in. But to avert the worst; Let her, her fillets first	
Knit to the posts: this point Remembring, to anoint The sides: for 'tis a charme Strong against future harme: And the evil deads, the which	
There was hidden by the Witch.	90

X

O Venus! thou, to whom is known
The best way how to loose the Zone
Of Virgins! Tell the Maid,
She need not be afraid:
And bid the Youth apply
Close kisses, if she cry:
And charge, he not forbears
Her, though she wooe with teares.
Tel them, now they must adventer,
Since that Love and Night bid enter.

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XI.

No Fatal Owle the Bedsted keeps,
With direful notes to fright your sleeps:
No Furies, here about,
To put the Tapers out,
Watch, or did make the bed:
'Tis Omen full of dread:
But all faire signs appeare
Within the Chamber here.
Juno here, far off, doth stand
Cooling sleep with charming wand.

105

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XII.

Virgins, weep not; 'twill come, when, As she, so you'l be ripe for men.

Then grieve her not, with saying She must no more a Maying:
Or by Rose-buds devine,
Who'l be her Valentine.
Nor name those wanton reaks
Y'ave had at Barly-breaks.
But now kisse her, and thus say,
Take time Lady while ye may.

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XIII.

Now barre the doors, the Bride-groom puts The eager Boyes to gather Nuts. And now, both Love and Time To their full height doe clime:

$oldsymbol{H}$ esperi $oldsymbol{des}$.	5 7
O! give them active heat And moisture, both compleat: Fit Organs for encrease, To keep, and to release That, which may the honour'd Stem Circle with a Diadem.	125
XIV. And now, Behold! the Bed or Couch	
That ne'r knew Brides, or Bride-grooms touch, Feels in it selfe a fire; And tickled with Desire, Pants with a Downie brest, As with a heart possest: Shrugging as it did move, Ev'n with the soule of love. And (oh!) had it but a tongue, Doves, 'two'd say, yee bill too long.	135
XV.	
O enter then! but see ye shun A sleep, untill the act be done. Let kisses, in their close, Breathe as the Damask Rose: Or sweet, as is that gumme Doth from Panchaia come. Teach Nature now to know, Lips can make Cherries grow Sooner, then she, ever yet, In her wisdome co'd beget.	145
XVI.	
On your minutes, hours, dayes, months, years, Drop the fat blessing of the sphears. That good, which Heav'n can give To make you bravely live; Fall, like a spangling dew, By day, and night on you. May Fortunes Lilly-hand Open at your command; With all luckie Birds to side	155
With the Bride-groom, and the Bride.	160

XVII.

Let bounteous Fate your spindles full Fill, and winde up with whitest wooll.

Let them not cut the thred Of life, untill ye bid.

May Death yet come at last;
And not with desp'rate hast:
But when ye both can say,
Come, Let us now away.

Be ye to the Barn then born,
Two, like two ripe shocks of corn.

165

170

Teares are Tongues.

When Julia chid, I stood as mute the while, As is the fish, or tonguelesse Crocadile. Aire coyn'd to words, my Julia co'd not heare; But she co'd see each eye to stamp a teare: By which, mine angry Mistresse might descry, Teares are the noble language of the eye. And when true love of words is destitute, The Eyes by tears speak, while the Tongue is mute.

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Upon a young mother of many children.

Let all chaste Matrons, when they chance to see My num'rous issue: Praise, and pitty me. Praise me, for having such a fruitfull wombe; Pity me too, who found so soone a Tomb.

To Electra.

Ile come to thee in all those shapes
As Jove did, when he made his rapes:
Onely, Ile not appeare to thee,
As he did once to Semele.
Thunder and Lightning Ile lay by,
To talk with thee familiarly.
Which done, then quickly we'll undresse
To one and th'others nakednesse.

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And ravisht, plunge into the bed, (Bodies and souls commingled) And kissing, so as none may heare, We'll weary all the Fables there.

His wish.

It is sufficient if we pray
To Jove, who gives, and takes away:
Let him the Land and Living finde;
Let me alone to fit the mind.

His Protestation to Perilla.

Noone-day and Midnight shall at once be seene: Trees, at one time, shall be both sere and greene: Fire and water shall together lye. In one-self-sweet-conspiring sympathie: Summer and Winter shall at one time show. Ripe eares of corne, and up to th'eares in snow: Seas shall be sandlesse; Fields devoid of grasse; Shapelesse the world (as when all *Chaos* was). Before, my deare *Perilla*, I will be False to my vow, or fall away from thee.

Love perfumes all parts.

If I kisse Anthea's brest,
There I smell the Phenix nest:
If her lip, the most sincere
Altar of Incense, I smell there.
Hands, and thighs, and legs, are all
Richly Aromaticall.
Goddesse Isis cann't transfer
Musks and Ambers more from her:
Nor can Juno sweeter be,
When she lyes with Jove, then she.

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To Julia.

Permit me, Julia, now to goe away; Or by thy love, decree me here to stay. If thou wilt say, that I shall live with thee; Here shall my endless Tabernacle be: If not, (as banisht) I will live alone There, where no language ever yet was known.

On himselfe.

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Love-sick I am, and must endure A desp'rate grief, that finds no cure. Ah me! I try; and trying, prove, No Herbs have power to cure Love. Only one Soveraign salve, I know, And that is Death, the end of Woe.

Vertue is sensible of suffering.

Though a wise man all pressures can sustaine; His vertue still is sensible of paine: Large shoulders though he has, and well can beare, He feeles when Packs do pinch him; and the where.

The cruell Maid.

And Cruell Maid, because I see
You scornful of my love, and me:
Ile trouble you no more; but goe
My way, where you shall never know
What is become of me: there I
Will find me out a path to die;
Or learne some way how to forget
You, and your name, for ever: yet

On himselfe. 5 Only one] Onely our 1648: corr. in orig. Errata.

6 **1**

Ere I go hence; know this from me, What will, in time, your Fortune be: 10 This to your coynesse I will tell; And having spoke it once, Farewell. The Lillie will not long endure; Nor the Snow continue pure: The Rose, the Violet, one day 15 See, both these Lady-flowers decay: And you must fade, as well as they. And it may chance that Love may turn, And (like to mine) make your heart burn And weep to see't; yet this thing doe, 20 That my last Vow commends to you: When you shall see that I am dead, For pitty let a teare be shed; And (with your Mantle o're me cast) Give my cold lips a kisse at last: 25 If twice you kisse, you need not feare, That I shall stir, or live more here. Next, hollow out a Tombe to cover Me; me, the most despised Lover: And write thereon, This, Reader, know, 30 Love kill'd this man. No more but so.

To Dianeme.

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes, Which Star-like sparkle in their skies: Nor be you proud, that you can see All hearts your captives; yours, yet free: Be you not proud of that rich haire, Which wantons with the Love-sick aire: When as that *Rubie*, which you weare, Sunk from the tip of your soft eare, Will last to be a precious Stone, When all your world of Beautie's gone.

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TO THE KING,

To cure the Evill.

To find that Tree of Life, whose Fruits did feed, And Leaves did heale, all sick of humane seed: To finde Bethesda, and an Angel there, Stirring the waters, I am come; and here, At last, I find, (after my much to doe) 5 The Tree, Bethesda, and the Angel too: And all in Your Blest Hand, which has the powers Of all those suppling-healing herbs and flowers. To that soft Charm, that Spell, that Magick Bough, That high Enchantment I betake me now: 10 And to that Hand, (the Branch of Heavens faire Tree) I kneele for help; O! lay that hand on me, Adored Cesar! and my Faith is such, I shall be heal'd, if that my King but touch. The Evill is not Yours: my sorrow sings, 15 Mine is the Evill, but the Cure, the KINGS.

His misery in a Mistresse.

Water, Water I espie: Come, and coole ye; all who frie In your loves; but none as I.

Though a thousand showres be Still a falling, yet I see Not one drop to light on me.

Happy you, who can have seas For to quench ye, or some ease From your kinder Mistresses.

Hesperides.

63

I have one, and she alone, Of a thousand thousand known, Dead to all compassion.

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Such an one, as will repeat Both the cause, and make the heat More by Provocation great.

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Gentle friends, though I despaire Of my cure, doe you beware Of those Girles, which cruell are.

To a Gentlewoman objecting to him his gray haires.

Am I despis'd, because you say, And I dare sweare, that I am gray? Know, Lady, you have but your day: And time will come when you shall weare Such frost and snow upon your haire: And when (though long it comes to passe) You question with your Looking-glasse; And in that sincere *Christall* seek, But find no Rose-bud in your cheek: Nor any bed to give the shew Where such a rare Carnation grew. Ah! then too late, close in your chamber keeping, It will be told That you are old;

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By those true teares y'are weeping.

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To Cedars.

If 'mongst my many Poems, I can see One, onely, worthy to be washt by thee: I live for ever; let the rest all lye In dennes of Darkness, or condemn'd to die.

Upon Cupid.

Love, like a Gypsie, lately came;
And did me much importune
To see my hand; that by the same
He might fore-tell my Fortune.

He saw my Palme; and then, said he, I tell thee, by this score here; That thou, within few months, shalt be The youthfull Prince D'Amour here.

I smil'd; and bade him once more prove, And by some crosse-line show it; That I co'd ne'r be Prince of Love, Though here the Princely Poet.

How Primroses came green.

Virgins, time-past, known were these, Troubled with Green-sicknesses, Turn'd to flowers: Stil the hieu Sickly Girles, they beare of you.

To Jos: Lo: Bishop of Exeter.

Whom sho'd I feare to write to, if I can Stand before you, my learn'd Diocesan? And never shew blood-guiltinesse, or feare To see my Lines Excathedrated here. Since none so good are, but you may condemne Or here so bad, but you may pardon them. If then, (my Lord) to sanctifie my Muse One onely Poem out of all you'l chuse; And mark it for a Rapture nobly writ, 'Tis Good Confirm'd; for you have Bishop't it.

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Upon a black Twist, rounding the Arme of the Countesse of Carlile.

I saw about her spotlesse wrist, Of blackest silk, a curious twist; Which, circumvolving gently, there Enthrall'd her Arme, as Prisoner. Dark was the Jayle; but as if light Had met t'engender with the night; Or so, as Darknesse made a stay To shew at once, both night and day. One fancie more! but if there be Such Freedome in Captivity; 10 I beg of Love, that ever I May in like Chains of Darknesse lie.

On himselfe.

I feare no Earthly Powers; But care for crowns of flowers: And love to have my Beard With Wine and Oile besmear'd. This day Ile drowne all sorrow; Who knowes to live to morrow?

A Ring presented to Julia.

Julia, I bring To thee this Ring. Made for thy finger fit; To shew by this, That our love is (Or sho'd be) like to it.

Close though it be, The joynt is free: So when Love's yoke is on, It must not gall, Or fret at all With hard oppression.

In the original 'I'; the compositor mistook the roman numeral I for a pronoun HERRICK

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But it must play
Still either way;
And be, too, such a yoke,
As not too wide,
To over-slide;
Or be so strait to choak.

So we, who beare,
This beame, must reare
Our selves to such a height:
As that the stay
Of either may
Create the burden light.

And as this round
Is no where found
To flaw, or else to sever:
So let our love
As endless prove;
And pure as Gold for ever.

To the Detracter.

Where others love, and praise my Verses; still Thy long-black-Thumb-nail marks 'em out for ill: A fellon take it, or some Whit-flaw come For to unslate, or to untile that thumb! But cry thee Mercy: Exercise thy nailes To scratch or claw, so that thy tongue not railes: Some numbers prurient are, and some of these Are wanton with their itch; scratch, and 'twill please.

Upon the same.

I ask't thee oft, what Poets thou hast read, And lik'st the best? Still thou reply'st, The dead. I shall, ere long, with green turfs cover'd be; Then sure thou't like, or thou wilt envie me.

Julia's Petticoat.

Thy Azure Robe, I did behold, As ayrie as the leaves of gold; Which erring here, and wandring there, Pleas'd with transgression ev'ry where: Sometimes 'two'd pant, and sigh, and heave, 5 As if to stir it scarce had leave: But having got it; thereupon, 'Two'd make a brave expansion. And pounc't with Stars, it show'd to me Like a Celestiall Canopie. 10 Sometimes 'two'd blaze, and then abate, Like to a flame growne moderate: Sometimes away 'two'd wildly fling; Then to thy thighs so closely cling, That some conceit did melt me downe. 15 As Lovers fall into a swoone: And all confus'd, I there did lie Drown'd in Delights; but co'd not die. That Leading Cloud, I follow'd still, Hoping t'ave seene of it my fill; 20 But ah! I co'd not: sho'd it move To Life Eternal, I co'd love.

To Musick.

Begin to charme, and as thou stroak'st mine eares With thy enchantment, melt me into tears. Then let thy active hand scu'd o're thy Lyre: And make my spirits frantick with the fire. That done, sink down into a silv'rie straine; And make me smooth as Balme, and Oile againe.

Distrust.

To safe-guard Man from wrongs, there nothing must Be truer to him, then a wise Distrust. And to thy selfe be best this sentence knowne, Heare all men speak; but credit few or none.

Corinna's going a Maying.

Get up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne Upon her wings presents the god unshorne. See how Aurora throwes her faire Fresh-quilted colours through the aire: Get up, sweet-Slug-a-bed, and see 5 The Dew-bespangling Herbe and Tree. Each Flower has wept, and bow'd toward the East, Above an houre since; yet you not drest, Nay! not so much as out of bed? When all the Birds have Mattens seyd, 10 And sung their thankfull Hymnes: 'tis sin, Nay, profanation to keep in, When as a thousand Virgins on this day, Spring, sooner then the Lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your Foliage, and be seene 15 To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and greene; And sweet as *Flora*. Take no care For Jewels for your Gowne, or Haire: Feare not; the leaves will strew Gemms in abundance upon you: 20 Besides, the childhood of the Day has kept, Against you come, some Orient Pearls unwept: Come, and receive them while the light Hangs on the Dew-locks of the night: And Titan on the Eastern hill 25 Retires himselfe, or else stands still Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be briefe in praying:

Come, my Corinna, come; and comming, marke
How each field turns a street; each street a Parke
Made green, and trimm'd with trees: see how
Devotion gives each House a Bough,
Or Branch: Each Porch, each doore, ere this,
An Arke a Tabernacle is
Made up of white-thorn neatly enterwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Few Beads are best, when once we goe a Maying.

Can such delights be in the street, And open fields, and we not see't? Come, we'll abroad; and let's obay The Proclamation made for May: And sin no more, as we have done, by staying; But my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.	40
There's not a budding Boy, or Girle, this day, But is got up, and gone to bring in May. A deale of Youth, ere this, is come Back, and with <i>Whitethorn</i> laden home. Some have dispatcht their Cakes and Creame, Before that we have left to dreame:	45
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted Troth, And chose their Priest, ere we can cast off sloth: Many a green-gown has been given; Many a kisse, both odde and even: Many a glance too has been sent From out the eye, Loves Firmament:	50
Many a jest told of the Keyes betraying This night, and Locks pickt, yet w'are not a Maying.	55
Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime; And take the harmlesse follie of the time. We shall grow old apace, and die	
Before we know our liberty. Our life is short; and our dayes run As fast away as do's the Sunne:	60
And as a vapour, or a drop of raine Once lost, can ne'r be found againe:	
So when or you or I are made A fable, song, or fleeting shade; All love, all liking, all delight	65
Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night. Then while time serves, and we are but decaying;	
Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.	סל

On Julia's breath.

Breathe, *Julia*, breathe, and Ile protest, Nay more, Ile deeply sweare, That all the Spices of the East Are circumfused there.

Upon a Child. An Epitaph.

But borne, and like a short Delight, I glided by my Parents sight.
That done, the harder Fates deny'd My longer stay, and so I dy'd.
If pittying my sad Parents Teares, You'l spil a tear, or two with theirs:
And with some flowrs my grave bestrew, Love and they'l thank you for't. Adieu.

A Dialogue betwixt Horace and Lydia, Translated Anno 1627. and set by Mr. Ro: Ramsey.

- Hor. While, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,
 Nor any was preferr'd 'fore me
 To hug thy whitest neck: Then I,
 The Persian King liv'd not more happily.
- Lyd. While thou no other didst affect, Nor Cloe was of more respect; Then Lydia, far-fam'd Lydia, I flourish't more then Roman Ilia.
- Hor. Now Thracian Cloe governs me,
 Skilfull i' th' Harpe, and Melodie:
 For whose affection, Lydia, I
 (So Fate spares her) am well content to die.
- Lyd. My heart now set on fire is
 By Ornithes sonne, young Calais;
 For whose commutuall flames here I
 (To save his life) twice am content to die.
- Hor. Say our first loves we sho'd revoke, And sever'd, joyne in brazen yoke: Admit I Cloe put away, And love againe love-cast-off Lydia?

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Lyd. Though mine be brighter then the Star;
Thou lighter then the Cork by far:
Rough as th' Adratick sea, yet I
Will live with thee, or else for thee will die.

The captiv'd Bee: or, The little Filcher.

As *Julia* once a-slumb'ring lay, It chanc't a Bee did flie that way, (After a dew, or dew-like shower) To tipple freely in a flower. For some rich flower, he took the lip 5 Of Julia, and began to sip; But when he felt he suckt from thence Hony, and in the quintessence: He drank so much he scarce co'd stir; So *Julia* took the Pilferer. 10 And thus surprized (as Filchers use) He thus began himselfe t'excuse: Sweet Lady-Flower, I never brought Hither the least one theeving thought: But taking those rare lips of yours 15 For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers: I thought I might there take a taste, Where so much sirrop ran at waste. Besides, know this, I never sting The flower that gives me nourishing: 20 But with a kisse, or thanks, doe pay For Honie, that I beare away. This said, he laid his little scrip Of hony, 'fore her Ladiship: And told her, (as some tears did fall) 25 That, that he took, and that was all. At which she smil'd; and bade him goe And take his bag; but thus much know, When next he came a pilfring so, He sho'd from her full lips derive, 30 Hony enough to fill his hive.

An Ode to Master Endymion Porter, upon his Brothers death.

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Not all thy flushing Sunnes are set,

Herrick, as yet:

Nor doth this far-drawn Hemisphere
Frown, and look sullen ev'ry where.

Daies may conclude in nights; and Suns may rest,

As dead, within the West;

Yet the next Morne, re-guild the fragrant East.

Alas for me! that I have lost E'en all almost:

Sunk is my sight; set is my Sun; And all the loome of life undone:

The staffe, the Elme, the prop, the shelt'ring wall
Whereon my Vine did crawle,

Now, now, blowne downe; needs must the old stock fall.

Yet, *Porter*, while thou keep'st alive, In death I thrive: And like a *Phenix* re-aspire

From out my *Narde*, and Fun'rall fire: And as I prune my feather'd youth, so I

Doe mar'l how I co'd die, When I had Thee, my chiefe Preserver, by.

I'm up, I'm up, and blesse that hand, Which makes me stand

Now as I doe; and but for thee, I must confesse, I co'd not be. The debt is paid: for he who doth resigne

Thanks to the gen'rous Vine; Invites fresh Grapes to fill his Presse with Wine.

To his dying Brother, Master William Herrick.

Life of my life, take not so soone thy flight, But stay the time till we have bade Good night. Thou hast both Wind and Tide with thee; Thy way As soone dispatcht is by the Night, as Day.

Hesperides.

73

Let us not then so rudely henceforth goe 5 Till we have wept, kist, sigh't, shook hands, or so. There's paine in parting; and a kind of hell, When once true-lovers take their last Fare-well. What? shall we two our endlesse leaves take here Without a sad looke, or a solemne teare? 10 He knowes not Love, that hath not this truth proved, Love is most loth to leave the thing beloved. Pay we our Vowes, and goe; yet when we part, Then, even then, I will bequeath my heart Into thy loving hands: For Ile keep none 15 To warme my Breast, when thou my Pulse art gone. No, here Ile last, and walk (a harmless shade) About this Urne, wherein thy Dust is laid, To guard it so, as nothing here shall be Heavy, to hurt those sacred seeds of thee. 20

The Olive Branch.

Sadly I walk't within the field,
'To see what comfort it wo'd yeeld:
And as I went my private way,
An Olive-branch before me lay:
And seeing it, I made a stay.
And took it up, and view'd it; then
Kissing the Omen, said Amen:
Be, be it so, and let this be
A Divination unto me:
That in short time my woes shall cease;
And Love shall crown my End with Peace

To Cherry-blossomes.

Ye may simper, blush, and smile, And perfume the aire a while: But (sweet things) ye must be gone; Fruit, ye know, is comming on: Then, Ah! Then, where is your grace, When as Cherries come in place?

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How Lillies came white.

White though ye be; yet, Lillies, know, From the first ye were not so:

But Ile tell ye
What befell ye;
Cupid and his Mother lay
In a Cloud; while both did play,
He with his pretty finger prest
The rubie niplet of her breast;
Out of the which, the creame of light,
Like to a Dew,
Fell downe on you,
And made ye white.

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To Pansies.

Ah, cruell Love! must I endure
Thy many scorns, and find no cure?
Say, are thy medicines made to be
Helps to all others, but to me?
Ile leave thee, and to *Pansies* come;
Comforts you'l afford me some:
You can ease my heart, and doe
What Love co'd ne'r be brought unto.

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On Gelli-flowers begotten.

What was't that fell but now From that warme kisse of ours? Look, look, by Love I vow They were two Gelli-flowers.

Let's kisse, and kisse agen;
For if so be our closes
Make Gelli-flowers, then
I'm sure they'l fashion Roses.

The Lilly in a Christal.

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You have beheld a smiling Rose When Virgins hands have drawn O'r it a Cobweb-Lawne: And here, you see, this Lilly shows, Tomb'd in a Christal stone, More faire in this transparent case, Then when it grew alone; And had but single grace.	5
You see how Creame but naked is; Nor daunces in the eye Without a Strawberrie: Or some fine tincture, like to this, Which draws the sight thereto, More by that wantoning with it; Then when the paler hieu No mixture did admit.	15
You see how Amber through the streams More gently stroaks the sight, With some conceal'd delight; Then when he darts his radiant beams Into the boundlesse aire: Where either too much light his worth Doth all at once impaire, Or set it little forth.	20
Put Purple Grapes, or Cherries in- To Glasse, and they will send More beauty to commend Them, from that cleane and subtile skin, Then if they naked stood, And had no other pride at all, But their own flesh and blood, And tinctures naturall.	a ₅
Thus Lillie, Rose, Grape, Cherry, Creame, And Straw-berry do stir More love, when they transfer A weak, a soft, a broken beame;	3!

36 soft] foft 1648: misprint for foft (soft): corr. in orig. Errata

Then if they sho'd discover At full their proper excellence; Without some Scean cast over, To juggle with the sense.	40
Thus let this Christal'd Lillie be A Rule, how far to teach, Your nakednesse must reach: And that, no further, then we see Those glaring colours laid By Arts wise hand, but to this end They sho'd obey a shade; Lest they too far extend.	45
So though y'are white as Swan, or Snow, And have the power to move A world of men to love: Yet, when your Lawns & Silks shal flow; And that white cloud divide Into a doubtful Twi-light; then,	50
Then will your hidden Pride Raise greater fires in men.	5 5

To his Booke.

Like to a Bride, come forth my Book, at last, With all thy richest jewels over-cast:
Say, if there be 'mongst many jems here; one Deservelesse of the name of *Paragon*:
Blush not at all for that; since we have set
Some *Pearls* on *Queens*, that have been counterfet.

Upon some women.

Thou who wilt not love, doe this; Learne of me what Woman is. Something made of thred and thrumme; A meere Botch of all and some. Pieces, patches, ropes of haire; In-laid Garbage ev'ry where.

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Hesperides.

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Out-side silk, and out-side Lawne; Sceanes to cheat us neatly drawne. False in legs, and false in thighes; False in breast, teeth, haire, and eyes: False in head, and false enough; Onely true in shreds and stuffe.

Supreme fortune falls soonest.

While leanest Beasts in Pastures feed, The fattest Oxe the first must bleed.

The Welcome to Sack.

So soft streams meet, so springs with gladder smiles Meet after long divorcement by the Iles: When Love (the child of likenesse) urgeth on Their Christal natures to an union. So meet stolne kisses, when the Moonie nights 5 Call forth fierce Lovers to their wisht Delights: So Kings & Queens meet, when Desire convinces All thoughts, but such as aime at getting Princes, As I meet thee. Soule of my life, and fame! Eternall Lamp of Love! whose radiant flame 10 Out-glares the Heav'ns *Osiris; and thy gleams * The Sun. Out-shine the splendour of his mid-day beams. Welcome, O welcome my illustrious Spouse; Welcome as are the ends unto my Vowes: I! far more welcome then the happy soile, 15 The Sea-scourg'd Merchant, after all his toile, Salutes with tears of joy; when fires betray The smoakie chimneys of his Ithaca. Where hast thou been so long from my embraces, Poore pittyed Exile? Tell me, did thy Graces 20 Flie discontented hence, and for a time Did rather choose to blesse another clime? Or went'st thou to this end, the more to move me, By thy short absence, to desire and love thee? Why frowns my Sweet? Why won't my Saint confer 25 Favours on me, her fierce Idolater?

Why are Those Looks, Those Looks the which have been Time-past so fragrant, sickly now drawn in Like a dull Twi-light? Tell me; and the fault Ile expiate with Sulphur, Haire, and Salt: And with the Christal humour of the spring, Purge hence the guilt, and kill this quarrelling. Wo't thou not smile, or tell me what's amisse?
Have I been cold to hug thee, too remisse, Too temp'rate in embracing? Tell me, ha's desire To thee-ward dy'd i'th'embers, and no fire Left in this rak't-up Ash-heap, as a mark
To testifie the glowing of a spark? Have I divorc't thee onely to combine In hot Adult'ry with another Wine? True, I confesse I left thee, and appeale 'Twas done by me, more to confirme my zeale,
And double my affection on thee; as doe those, Whose love growes more enflam'd, by being Foes. But to forsake thee ever, co'd there be A thought of such like possibilitie? When thou thy selfe dar'st say, thy Iles shall lack
Grapes, before Herrick leaves Canarie Sack. Thou mak'st me ayrie, active to be born, Like Iphyclus, upon the tops of Corn. Thou mak'st me nimble, as the winged howers, To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,
And ride the Sun-beams. Can there be a thing Under the heavenly *Isis, that can bring * The Moon.
More love unto my life, or can present 55
My Genius with a fuller blandishment? Illustrious Idoll! co'd th' Egyptians seek Help from the Garlick, Onyon, and the Leek, And pay no vowes to thee? who wast their best God, and far more transcendent then the rest? Had Cassius, that weak Water-drinker, known
Thee in thy Vine, or had but tasted one Small Chalice of thy frantick liquor; He As the wise Cato had approv'd of thee. Had not *Joves son, that brave Tyrinthian Swain, * Hercules. (Invited to the Thesbian banquet) ta'ne Full goblets of thy gen'rous blood; his spright Ne'r had kept heat for fifty Maids that night.

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Come, come and kisse me; Love and lust commends	
Thee, and thy beauties; kisse, we will be friends,	70
Too strong for Fate to break us: Look upon	_
Me, with that full pride of complexion,	
As Queenes, meet Queenes; or come thou unto me,	
As Cleopatra came to Anthonie;	
When her high carriage did at once present	75
To the Triumvir, Love and Wonderment.	
Swell up my nerves with spirit; let my blood	
Run through my veines, like to a hasty flood.	
Fill each part full of fire, active to doe	
What thy commanding soule shall put it to.	80
And till I turne Apostate to thy love,	
Which here I vow to serve, doe not remove	
Thy Fiers from me; but Apollo's curse	
Blast these-like actions, or a thing that's worse;	
When these Circumstants shall but live to see	85
The time that I prevaricate from thee.	
Call me The sonne of Beere, and then confine	
Me to the Tap, the Tost, the Turfe; Let Wine	
Ne'r shine upon me; May my Numbers all	
Run to a sudden Death, and Funerall.	99
And last, when thee (deare Spouse) I disavow,	
Ne'r may Prophetique Daphne crown my Brow.	

Impossibilities to his friend.

My faithful friend, if you can see
The Fruit to grow up, or the Tree:
If you can see the colour come
Into the blushing Peare, or Plum:
If you can see the water grow
To cakes of Ice, or flakes of Snow:
If you can see, that drop of raine
Lost in the wild sea, once againe:
If you can see, how Dreams do creep
Into the Brain by easie sleep:
Then there is hope that you may see
Her love me once, who now hates me.

✓ To live merrily, and to trust to Good Verses.

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Now is the time for mirth,
Nor cheek, or tongue be dumbe:
For with the flowrie earth,
The golden pomp is come.

The golden Pomp is come;
For now each tree do's weare
(Made of her Pap and Gum)
Rich beads of Amber here.

Now raignes the Rose, and now Th' Arabian Dew besmears My uncontrolled brow, And my retorted haires.

Homer, this Health to thee, In Sack of such a kind, That it wo'd make thee see, Though thou wert ne'r so blind.

Next, Virgil, Ile call forth,
To pledge this second Health
In Wine, whose each cup's worth
An Indian Common-wealth.

A Goblet next Ile drink
To Ovid; and suppose,
Made he the pledge, he'd think
The world had all one Nose.

Then this immensive cup
Of Aromatike wine,
Catullus, I quaffe up
To that Terce Muse of thine.

To live merrily, &c. 3 the flowrie] flowrie 1648: corr. in orig. Errata

Faire dayes: or, Dawnes deceitfull.

Faire was the Dawne; and but e'ne now the Skies Shew'd like to Creame, enspir'd with Strawberries: But on a sudden, all was chang'd and gone That smil'd in that first-sweet complexion. Then Thunder-claps and Lightning did conspire To teare the world, or set it all on fire. What trust to things below, when as we see, As Men, the Heavens have their Hypocrisie?

With endless life are crown'd.

Faire dayes: &c. 7 things below,] things, below 1648 (an evident mispunctuation)

Lips Tonguelesse.

For my part, I never care For those lips, that tongue-ty'd are: Tell-tales I wo'd have them be Of my Mistresse, and of me. Let them prattle how that I 5 Sometimes freeze, and sometimes frie: Let them tell how she doth move Fore- or backward in her love: Let them speak by gentle tones, One and th'others passions: 10 How we watch, and seldome sleep; How by Willowes we doe weep: How by stealth we meet, and then Kisse, and sigh, so part agen. This the lips we will permit 15 For to tell, not publish it.

To the Fever, not to trouble Julia.

Th'ast dar'd too farre; but Furie now forbeare To give the least disturbance to her haire: But lesse presume to lay a Plait upon Her skins most smooth, and cleare expansion. 'Tis like a Lawnie-Firmament as yet 5 Quite dispossest of either fray, or fret. Come thou not neere that Filmne so finely spred, Where no one piece is yet unlevelled. This if thou dost, woe to thee Furie, woe, Ile send such Frost, such Haile, such Sleet, and Snow, 10 Such Flesh-quakes, Palsies, and such fears as shall Dead thee to th' most, if not destroy thee all. And thou a thousand thousand times shalt be More shak't thy selfe, then she is scorch't by thee.

To the Fever, &c. 11 Flesh-quakes,] fears, quakes, Hazlitt, Grosart, &c. fears] Heates 1648: corr. in orig. Errata

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To Violets.

- Welcome Maids of Honour, You doe bring In the Spring;
 And wait upon her.
- 2. She has Virgins many,
 Fresh and faire;
 Yet you are
 More sweet then any.
- 3. Y'are the Maiden Posies, And so grac't, 'To be plac't, 'Fore Damask Roses.
- 4. Yet though thus respected,
 By and by
 Ye doe lie,
 Poore Girles, neglected.

To Carnations. A Song.

- Stay while ye will, or goe;
 And leave no scent behind ye:
 Yet trust me, I shall know
 The place, where I may find ye.
- Within my Lucia's cheek, (Whose Livery ye weare)
 Play ye at Hide or Seek,
 I'm sure to find ye there.

To the Virgins, to make much of Time.

- Gather ye Rose-buds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a flying:
 And this same flower that smiles to day,
 To morrow will be dying.
- The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun, The higher he's a getting;
 The sooner will his Race be run, And neerer he's to Setting.
- That Age is best, which is the first,
 When Youth and Blood are warmer;
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times, still succeed the former.
- 4. Then be not coy, but use your time;
 And while ye may, goe marry:
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.

Safety to look to ones selfe.

For my neighbour Ile not know, Whether high he builds or no: Onely this Ile look upon, Firm be my foundation. Sound, or unsound, let it be; 'Tis the lot ordain'd for me. He who to the ground do's fall, Has not whence to sink at all.

To his Friend, on the untuneable Times.

Play I co'd once; but (gentle friend) you see My Harp hung up, here on the Willow tree. Sing I co'd once; and bravely too enspire (With luscious Numbers) my melodious Lyre. Praw I co'd once (although not stocks or stones, Amphion-like) men made of flesh and bones,

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Whether I wo'd; but (ah!) I know not how, I feele in me, this transmutation now. Griefe, (my deare friend) has first my Harp unstrung; Wither'd my hand, and palsie-struck my tongue.

His Poetrie his Pillar

Onely a little more

 I have to write,
 Then Ile give o're,

 And bid the world Good-night.

 Tis but a flying minute, That I must stay, Or linger in it;
 And then I must away.

O time that cut'st down all!
 And scarce leav'st here Memorial!
 Of any men that were.

4. How many lye forgot
In Vaults beneath?
And piece-meale rot
Without a fame in death?

Behold this living stone,

 I reare for me,
 Ne'r to be thrown

 Downe, envious Time by thee.

 Pillars let some set up, (If so they please) Here is my hope, And my Pyramides.

Safety on the Shore.

What though the sea be calme? Trust to the shore: Ships have been drown'd, where late they danc't before.

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A Pastorall upon the birth of Prince Charles,

Presented to the King, and Set by Mr. Nic: Laniere.

The Speakers, Mirtillo, Amintas, and Amarillis.

Amin. Good day, Mirtillo. Mirt. And to you no lesse:	
And all faire Signs lead on our Shepardesse.	
Amar. With all white luck to you. Mirt. But say, What news	
Stirs in our Sheep-walk? Amin. None, save that my Ewes,	
My Weathers, Lambes, and wanton Kids are well,	5
Smooth, faire, and fat, none better I can tell:	
Or that this day Menalchas keeps a feast	
For his Sheep-shearers. Mir. True, these are the least.	
But dear Amintas, and sweet Amarillis,	
Rest but a while here, by this bank of Lillies,	10
And lend a gentle eare to one report	
The Country has. Amint. From whence? Amar. From whence	e?
Mir. The Court.	
Three dayes before the shutting in of May,	
(With whitest Wool be ever crown'd that day!)	
To all our joy, a sweet-fac't child was borne,	I 5
More tender then the childhood of the Morne.	
Chor. Pan pipe to him, and bleats of lambs and sheep,	
Let Lullaby the pretty Prince asleep!	
Mirt. And that his birth sho'd be more singular,	
	20
Bright as the Wise-men's Torch, which guided them	
To Gods sweet Babe, when borne at Bethlehem;	
While Golden Angels (some have told to me)	
Sung out his Birth with Heav'nly Minstralsie.	
	25
Sho'd wend along his Baby-ship to see?	
Mir. Not so, not so. Chor. But if it chance to prove	
At most a fault, 'tis but a fault of love.	
Amar. But deare Mirtillo, I have heard it told,	
Those learned men brought <i>Incense</i> , <i>Myrrhc</i> , and <i>Gold</i> ,	30
From Countries far, with Store of Spices, (sweet)	
And laid them downe for Offrings at his feet.	
Mirt. 'Tis true indeed; and each of us will bring	
Unto our smiling, and our blooming King,	
A neat, though not so great an Offering.	35

Hesperides.

87

Amar. A Garland for my Gift shall be
Of flowers, ne'r suckt by th' theeving Bee:
And all most sweet; yet all lesse sweet then he.
Amint. And I will beare along with you
Leaves dropping downe the honyed dew,
With oaten pipes, as sweet, as new.
Mirt. And I a Sheep-hook will bestow,
To have his little King-ship know,
As he is Prince, he's Shepherd too.
Chor. Come let's away, and quickly let's be drest,
And quickly give, The swiftest Grace is best.
And when before him we have laid our treasures,
We'll blesse the Babe, Then back to Countrie pleasures.

To the Lark.

Good speed, for I this day Betimes my Mattens say: Because I doe Begin to wooe: Sweet singing Lark, Be thou the Clark, And know thy when To say, Amen. And if I prove Blest in my love; Then thou shalt be High-Priest to me, At my returne, To Incense burne; And so to solemnize Love's, and my Sacrifice.

The Bubble. A Song.

To my revenge, and to her desp'rate feares, Flie thou made Bubble of my sighs, and tears. In the wild aire, when thou hast rowl'd about, And (like a blasting Planet) found her out; Stoop, mount, passe by to take her eye, then glare Like to a dreadfull Comet in the Aire:

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Next, when thou dost perceive her fixed sight, For thy revenge to be most opposite; Then like a Globe, or Ball of Wild-fire, flie, And break thy self in shivers on her eye.

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A Meditation for his Mistresse.

- You are a *Tulip* seen to day, But (Dearcst) of so short a stay; That where you grew, scarce man can say.
- 2. You are a lovely *July-flower*, Yet one rude wind, or ruffling shower, Will force you hence, (and in an houre.)

3. You are a sparkling *Rose* i'th'bud, Yet lost, ere that chast flesh and blood Can shew where you or grew, or stood.

 You are a full-spread faire-set Vine, And can with Tendrills love intwine, Yet dry'd, ere you distill your Wine.

You are like Balme inclosed (well)
 In Amber, or some Chrystall shell,
 Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

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- You are a dainty Violet, Yet wither'd, ere you can be set Within the Virgins Coronet.
- You are the Queen all flowers among, But die you must (faire Maid) ere long, As He, the maker of this Song.

20

The bleeding hand: or, The sprig of Eglantine given to a maid.

From this bleeding hand of mine, Take this sprig of *Eglantine*. Which (though sweet unto your smell) Yet the fretfull bryar will tell, He who plucks the sweets shall prove Many thorns to be in Love.

Lyrick for Legacies.

Gold I've none, for use or show, Neither Silver to bestow At my death; but thus much know, That each Lyrick here shall be Of my love a Legacie, Left to all posterity. Gentle friends, then doe but please, To accept such coynes as these; As my last Remembrances.

A Dirge upon the Death of the Right Valiant Lord, Bernard Stuart.

- 1. Hence, hence, profane; soft silence let us have; While we this *Trentall* sing about thy Grave.
- Had Wolves or Tigers seen but thee, 2. They wo'd have shew'd civility; And in compassion of thy yeeres, Washt those thy purple wounds with tears. But since th'art slaine; and in thy fall, The drooping Kingdome suffers all.

Chor. This we will doe; we'll daily come And offer Tears upon thy Tomb: And if that they will not suffice, Thou shalt have soules for sacrifice.

Sleepe in thy peace, while we with spice perfume thee, And *Cedar* wash thee, that no times consume thee.

Live, live thou dost, and shalt; for why? 3. Soules doe not with their bodies die: Ignoble off-springs, they may fall Into the flames of Funerall: When as the chosen seed shall spring Fresh, and for ever flourishing.

Cho. And times to come shall, weeping, read thy glory, Lesse in these Marble stones, then in thy story.

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To Perenna, a Mistresse.

Deare *Perenna*, prethee come, And with *Smallage* dresse my Tomb: Adde a *Cypresse*-sprig thereto, With a teare; and so *Adicu*.

The Fairie Temple: or, Oberons Chappell. Dedicated to Mr. John Merrifield, Counsellor at Law.

Rare Temples thou hast seen, I know, And rich for in and outward show: Survey this Chappell, built, alone, Without or Lime, or Wood, or Stone: Then say, if one th'ast seene more fine Then this, the Fairies once, now *Thine*.

The Temple.

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A way enchac't with glasse & beads There is, that to the Chappel leads: Whose structure (for his holy rest) Is here the *Halcion's* curious nest: Into the which who looks shall see His Temple of Idolatry: Where he of God-heads has such store, As Rome's Pantheon had not more. His house of *Rimmon*, this he calls, Girt with small bones, instead of walls. First, in a *Neech*, more black than jet, His Idol-Cricket there is set: Then in a Polisht Ovall by There stands his Idol-Beetle-flie: Next in an Arch, akin to this, His *Idol-Canker* seated is: Then in a Round, is plac't by these, His golden god, Cantharides.

Hesperides.

So that where ere ye look, ye see,	
No Capitoll, no Cornish free,	20
Or Freeze, from this fine Fripperie.	
Now this the Fairies wo'd have known,	
Theirs is a mixt Religion.	
And some have heard the Elves it call	
Part Pagan, part Papisticall.	25
If unto me all Tongues were granted,	_
I co'd not speak the Saints here painted.	
Saint Tit, Saint Nit, Saint Is, Saint Itis,	
Who 'gainst Mabs-state plac't here right is.	
Saint Will o'th' Wispe (of no great bignes)	30
But alias call'd here Fatuus ignis.	
Saint Frip, Saint Trip, Saint Fill, S. Fillie,	
Neither those other-Saint-ships will I	
Here goe about for to recite	
Their number (almost) infinite,	35
Which one by one here set downe are	
In this most curious Calendar.	
First, at the entrance of the gate,	
A little-Puppet-Priest doth wait,	
Who squeaks to all the commers there,	40
Favour your tongues, who enter here.	_
Pure hands bring hither, without staine.	
A second pules, Hence, hence, profanc.	
Hard by, i'th'shell of halfe a nut	
The Holy-water there is put:	45
A little brush of Squirrils haires,	
(Compos'd of odde, not even paires)	
Stands in the Platter, or close by,	
To purge the Fairie Family.	
Neere to the Altar stands the Priest,	50
There off'ring up the Holy-Grist:	_
Ducking in Mood, and perfect Tense,	
With (much-good-do't him) reverence.	
The Altar is not here foure-square,	
Nor in a forme Triangular;	55
Nor made of glasse, or wood, or stone,	_
But of a little Transverce bone;	
Which boyes, and Bruckel'd children call	
(Playing for Points and Pins) Cockall.	
Whose Linnen-Drapery is a thin	60

Subtile and ductile Codlin's skin; Which o're the board is smoothly spred, With little Seale-work Damasked. The Fringe that circumbinds it too. Is Spangle-work of trembling dew. 65 Which, gently gleaming, makes a show, Like Frost-work glitt'ring on the Snow. Upon this fetuous board doth stand Something for Shew-bread, and at hand (Just in the middle of the Altar) 70 Upon an end, the Fairie-Psalter, Grac't with the Trout-flies curious wings, Which serve for watched Ribbanings. Now, we must know, the Elves are led Right by the Rubrick, which they read. 75 And if Report of them be true, They have their Text for what they doe: I, and their Book of Canons too. And, as Sir Thomas Parson tells, They have their Book of Articles: 80 And if that Fairie Knight not lies, They have their Book of Homilies: And other Scriptures, that designe A short, but righteous discipline. The Bason stands the board upon 85 To take the Free-Oblation: A little Pin-dust; which they hold More precious, then we prize our gold: Which charity they give to many Poore of the Parish, (if there's any) 90 Upon the ends of these neat Railes (Hatcht, with the Silver-light of snails) The Elves, in formall manner, fix Two pure, and holy Candlesticks: In either which a small tall bent 95 Burns for the Altars ornament. For sanctity, they have, to these, Their curious Copes and Surplices Of cleanest *Cobweb*, hanging by In their Religious Vesterie. 100 They have their Ash-pans, & their Brooms To purge the Chappel and the rooms:

Their many mumbling Masse-priests here,	
And many a dapper Chorister.	
There ush'ring Vergers, here likewise,	105
Their Canons, and their Chaunteries:	
Of Cloyster-Monks they have enow,	
I, and their Abby-Lubbers too:	
And if their Legend doe not lye,	
They much affect the Papacie:	110
And since the last is dead, there's hope,	
Elve Boniface shall next be Pope.	
They have their Cups and Chalices;	
Their Pardons and Indulgences:	
Their Beads of Nits, Bels, Books, & Wax	115
Candles (forsooth) and other knacks:	
Their Holy Oyle, their Fasting-Spittle;	
Their sacred Salt here, (not a little.)	
Dry chips, old shooes, rags, grease, & bones;	
Beside their Fumigations,	120
To drive the Devill from the Cod-piece	
Of the Fryar, (of work an odde-piece.)	
Many a trifle too, and trinket,	
And for what use, scarce man wo'd think it.	
Next, then, upon the <i>Chanters</i> side	125
An Apples-core is hung up dry'd,	
With ratling Kirnils, which is rung	
To call to Morn, and Even-Song.	
The Saint, to which the most he prayes	
And offers Incense Nights and dayes,	130
The Lady of the Lobster is,	
Whose foot-pace he doth stroak and kisse	
And, humbly, chives of Saffron brings,	
For his most cheerfull offerings.	
When, after these, h'as paid his vows,	135
He lowly to the Altar bows:	
And then he dons the Silk-worms shed,	
(Like a Turks Turbant on his head)	•
And reverently departeth thence,	
Hid in a cloud of Frankincense:	140
And by the glow-worms light wel guided,	
Goes to the Feast that's now provided.	

To Mistresse Katherine Bradshaw, the lovely, that crowned him with Laurel.

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My Muse in Meads has spent her many houres, Sitting, and sorting severall sorts of flowers, To make for others garlands; and to set On many a head here, many a Coronet: But, amongst All encircled here, not one Gave her a day of Coronation; Till you (sweet Mistresse) came and enterwove A Laurel for her, (ever young as love) You first of all crown'd her; she must of due, Render for that, a crowne of life to you.

The Plaudite, or end of life.

If after rude and boystrous seas,
My wearyed Pinnace here finds case:
If so it be I've gain'd the shore
With safety of a faithful Ore:
If having run my Barque on ground,
Ye see the aged Vessell crown'd:
What's to be done? but on the Sands
Ye dance, and sing, and now clap hands.
The first Act's doubtfull, (but we say)
It is the last commends the Play.

To the most vertuous Mistresse Pot, who many times entertained him.

When I through all my many Poems look, And see your selfe to beautifie my Book; Me thinks that onely lustre doth appeare A Light ful-filling all the Region here. Guild still with flames this Firmament, and be A Lamp Eternall to my Poetrie. Which if it now, or shall hereafter shine, 'Twas by your splendour (Lady) not by mine The Oile was yours; and that I owe for yet: He payes the halfe, who do's confesse the Debt.

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To Musique, to becalme his Fever.

I. Charm me asleep, and melt me so
With thy Delicious Numbers;
That being ravisht, hence I goe
Away in easie slumbers.
Ease my sick head,
And make my bed,
Thou Power that canst sever
From me this ill:
And quickly still:
Though thou not kill
My Fever.

2. Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire,
Into a gentle-licking flame,
And make it thus expire.
Then make me weep
My paines asleep;
And give me such reposes,
That I, poore I,
May think, thereby,
I live and die
'Mongst Roses.

3. Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those Maiden showrs,
Which, by the peepe of day, doe strew
A Baptime o're the flowers.
Melt, melt my paines,
With thy soft straines;
That having ease me given,
With full delight,
I leave this light;
And take my flight
For Heaven.

Upon a Gentlewoman with a sweet Voice.

So long you did not sing, or touch your Lute, We knew 'twas Flesh and Blood, that there sate mute. But when your Playing, and your Voice came in, 'Twas no more you then, but a *Cherubin*.

Upon Cupid.

As lately I a Garland bound,
'Mongst Roses, I there *Cupid* found:
I took him, put him in my cup,
And drunk with Wine, I drank him up
Hence then it is, that my poore brest
Co'd never since find any rest.

Upon Julia's breasts.

Display thy breasts, my *Julia*, there let me Behold that circummortall purity: Betweene whose glories, there my lips Ile lay, Ravisht, in that faire *Via Lactea*.

Best to be merry.

Fooles are they, who never know How the times away doe goe: But for us, who wisely see Where the bounds of black Death be: Let's live merrily, and thus Gratifie the *Genius*.

The Changes to Corinna.

Be not proud, but now encline Your soft eare to Discipline. You have changes in your life, Sometimes peace, and sometimes strife:

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Hesperides. 97 You have ebbes of face and flowes, As your health or comes, or goes; You have hopes, and doubts, and feares Numberlesse, as are your haires. You have Pulses that doe beat High, and passions lesse of heat. You are young, but must be old, And, to these, ye must be told, Time, ere long, will come and plow Loathed Furrowes in your brow:

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Will no other thing imply,
But you must die
As well as I.

And the dimnesse of your eve

Neglect.

Art quickens Nature; Care will make a face: Neglected beauty perisheth apace.

Upon himselfe.

Mop-ey'd I am, as some have said, Because I've liv'd so long a maid: But grant that I sho'd wedded be, Sho'd I a jot the better see? No, I sho'd think, that Marriage might, Rather then mend, put out the light.

Upon a Physitian.

Thou cam'st to cure me (Doctor) of my cold, And caught'st thy selfe the more by twenty fold: Prethee goe home; and for thy credit be First cur'd thy selfe; then come and cure me.

E.

To the Rose. Song.

- I. Goe happy Rose, and enterwove With other Flowers, bind my Love. Tell her too, she must not be, Longer flowing, longer free, That so oft has fetter'd me.
- 2. Say (if she's fretfull) I have bands
 Of Pearle, and Gold, to bind her hands:
 Tell her, if she struggle still,
 I have Mirtle rods, (at will)
 For to tame, though not to kill.
- 3. Take thou my blessing, thus, and goe, And tell her this, but doe not so, Lest a handsome anger flye, Like a Lightning, from her eye, And burn thee 'up, as well as I.

To his Booke.

Thou art a plant sprung up to wither never, But like a Laurell, to grow green for ever.

Upon a painted Gentlewoman.

Men say y'are faire; and faire ye are, 'tis true; But (Hark!) we praise the Painter now, not you.

Draw Gloves.

At Draw-Gloves we'l play,
And prethee, let's lay
A wager, and let it be this;
Who first to the Summe
Of twenty shall come,
Shall have for his winning a kisse.

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To Musick, to becalme a sweet-sick-youth.

Charms, that call down the moon from out her sphere, On this sick youth work your enchantments here: Bind up his senses with your numbers, so, As to entrance his paine, or cure his woe. Fall gently, gently, and a while him keep Lost in the civill Wildernesse of sleep: That done, then let him, dispossest of paine, Like to a slumbring Bride, awake againe.

To the High and Noble Prince, GEORGE, Duke, Marquesse, and Earle of Buckingham.

Never my Book's perfection did appeare, Til I had got the name of VILLARS here. Now 'tis so full, that when therein I look, I see a Cloud of Glory fills my Book. Here stand it stil to dignifie our Muse, Your sober Hand-maid; who doth wisely chuse, Your Name to be a Laureat Wreathe to Hir, Who doth both love and feare you Honour'd Sir.

His Recantation.

Love, I recant,
And pardon crave,
That lately I offended,
But 'twas,
Alas,
To make a brave,
But no disdaine intended.

No more Ile vaunt,
For now I see,
Thou onely hast the power,
To find,
And bind
A heart that's free,
And slave it in an houre.

The comming of good luck.

So Good-luck came, and on my roofe did light, Like noyse-lesse Snow; or as the dew of night: Not all at once, but gently, as the trees Are, by the Sun-beams, tickel'd by degrees.

The Present: or, The Bag of the Bee.

Fly to my Mistresse, pretty pilfring Bee, And say, thou bring'st this Hony-bag from me: When on her lip, thou hast thy sweet dew plac't, Mark, if her tongue, but slily, steale a taste. If so, we live; if not, with mournfull humme, Tole forth my death; next, to my buryall come.

On Love.

Love bade me aske a gift,
And I no more did move,
But this, that I might shift
Still with my clothes, my Love:
That favour granted was;
Since which, though I love many,
Yet so it comes to passe,
That long I love not any.

The Hock-Cart, or Harvest Home:
To the Right Honourable,
Mildmay, Earle of
Westmorland.

Come Sons of Summer, by whose toile, We are the Lords of Wine and Oile: By whose tough labours, and rough hands, We rip up first, then reap our lands. Crown'd with the eares of corne, now come, And, to the Pipe, sing Harvest home. Come forth, my Lord, and see the Cart Drest up with all the Country Art.

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See, here a Maukin, there a sheet,	
As spotlesse pure, as it is sweet:	10
The Horses, Mares, and frisking Fillies,	
(Clad, all, in Linnen, white as Lillies.)	
The Harvest Swaines, and Wenches bound	
For joy, to see the <i>Hock-cart</i> crown'd.	
About the Cart, heare, how the Rout	15
Of Rurall Younglings raise the shout;	_
Pressing before, some coming after,	
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.	
Some blesse the Cart; some kisse the sheaves;	
Some prank them up with Oaken leaves:	20
Some crosse the Fill-horse; some with great	
Devotion, stroak the home-borne wheat:	
While other Rusticks, lesse attent	
To Prayers, then to Merryment,	
Run after with their breeches rent.	25
Well, on, brave boyes, to your Lords Hearth,	
Glitt'ring with fire; where, for your mirth,	
Ye shall see first the large and cheefe	
Foundation of your Feast, Fat Beefe:	
With Upper Stories, Mutton, Veale	30
And Bacon, (which makes full the meale)	
With sev'rall dishes standing by,	
As here a Custard, there a Pie,	
And here all tempting Frumentie.	
And for to make the merry cheere,	35
If smirking Wine be wanting here,	
There's that, which drowns all care, stout Beere;	
Which freely drink to your Lords health,	
Then to the Plough, (the Common-wealth)	
Next to your Flailes, your Fanes, your Fatts;	40
Then to the Maids with Wheaten Hats:	
To the rough Sickle, and crookt Sythe,	
Drink frollick boyes, till all be blythe.	
Feed, and grow fat; and as ye eat,	
Be mindfull, that the lab'ring Neat	45
(As you) may have their fill of meat.	
And know, besides, ye must revoke	
The patient Oxe unto the Yoke,	
And all goe back unto the Plough	
And Harrow, (though they'r hang'd up now.)	50

And, you must know, your Lords word's true, Feed him ye must, whose food fils you. And that this pleasure is like raine, Not sent ye for to drowne your paine, But for to make it spring againe.

55

The Perfume.

To-morrow, *Julia*, I betimes must rise, For some small fault, to offer sacrifice: The Altar's ready; Fire to consume The fat; breathe thou, and there's the rich perfume.

Upon her Voice.

Let but thy voice engender with the string, And Angels will be borne, while thou dost sing.

Not to love.

He that will not love, must be My Scholar, and learn this of me: There be in Love as many feares. As the Summers Corne has eares: Sighs, and sobs, and sorrowes more Then the sand, that makes the shore: Freezing cold, and firie heats, Fainting swoones, and deadly sweats; Now an Ague, then a Fever. Both tormenting Lovers ever. Wods't thou know, besides all these, How hard a woman 'tis to please? How crosse, how sullen, and how soone She shifts and changes like the Moone. How false, how hollow she's in heart; And how she is her owne least part: How high she's priz'd, and worth but small; Little thou't love, or not at all.

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To Musick. A Song.

Musick, thou Queen of Heaven, Care-charming-spel,
That strik'st a stilnesse into hell:
Thou that tam'st Tygers, and fierce storms (that rise)
With thy soule-melting Lullabies:
Fall down, down, down, from those thy chiming spheres,
To charme our soules, as thou enchant'st our eares.

To the Western wind.

- Sweet Western Wind, whose luck it is, (Made rivall with the aire)
 To give Perenn'as lip a kisse, And fan her wanton haire.
- Bring me but one, Ile promise thee, Instead of common showers, Thy wings shall be embalm'd by me, And all beset with flowers.

Upon the death of his Sparrow. An Elegie.

Why doe not all fresh maids appeare
To work Love's Sampler onely here,
Where spring-time smiles throughout the yeare?
Are not here Rose-buds, Pinks, all flowers,
Nature begets by th' Sun and showers,
Met in one Hearce-cloth, to ore-spred
The body of the under-dead?
Phill, the late dead, the late dead Deare,
O! may no eye distill a Teare
For you once lost, who weep not here!
Had Lesbia (too-too-kind) but known
This Sparrow, she had scorn'd her own:
And for this dead which under-lies,
Wept out her heart, as well as eyes.

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	But endlesse Peace, sit here, and keep My <i>Phill</i> , the time he has to sleep,	15
	And thousand Virgins come and weep,	
	To make these flowrie Carpets show	
	Fresh, as their blood; and ever grow,	
	Till passengers shall spend their doome,	20
	Not Virgil's Gnat had such a Tomb.	
	To Primroses fill d with morning-dew.	
ı.	Why doe ye weep, sweet Babes? can Tears	
	Speak griefe in you,	
	Who were but borne	
	Just as the modest Morne	_
	Teem'd her refreshing dew? Alas you have not known that shower,	5
	That marres a flower;	
	Nor felt th'unkind	
	Breath of a blasting wind;	
	Nor are ye worne with yeares;	10
	Or warpt, as we,	
	Who think it strange to see,	
	Such pretty flowers, (like to Orphans young)	
	To speak by Teares, before ye have a Tongue.	
2.	Speak, whimp'ring Younglings, and make known	15
	The reason, why	_
	Ye droop, and weep;	
	Is it for want of sleep?	
	Or childish Lullabie?	
	Or that ye have not seen as yet	20
	The Violet?	
	Or brought a kisse	
	From that Sweet-heart, to this?	
	No, no, this sorrow shown	
	By your teares shed, Wo'd have this Lecture read,	25
	That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,	
	Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares brought forth.	
	Consort a man give and with teates brought forth.	

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How Roses came red.

- Roses at first were white,
 Till they co'd not agree,
 Whether my Sapho's breast,
 Or they more white sho'd be.
- 2. But being vanquisht quite,
 A blush their cheeks bespred;
 Since which (beleeve the rest)
 The Roses first came red.

Comfort to a Lady upon the Death of her Husband.

Dry your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrows raine; Since Clouds disperst, Suns guild the Aire again. Seas chafe and fret, and beat, and over-boile; But turne soone after calme, as Balme, or Oile. Winds have their time to rage; but when they cease, The leavie-trees nod in a still-born peace. Your storme is over; Lady, now appeare Like to the peeping spring-time of the yeare. Off then with grave clothes; put fresh colours on; And flow, and flame, in your Vermillion. Upon your cheek sate Ysicles awhile; Now let the Rose raigne like a Queene, and smile.

How Violets came blew.

Love on a day (wise Poets tell)
Some time in wrangling spent,
Whether the Violets sho'd excell,
Or she, in sweetest scent.

But Venus having lost the day, Poore Girles, she fell on you And beat ye so, (as some dare say) Her blowes did make ye blew.

E 3

To the Willow-tree.

- Thou art to all lost love the best,
 The onely true plant found,
 Wherewith young men and maids distrest,
 And left of love, are crown'd.
- When once the Lovers Rose is dead, Or laid aside forlorne; Then Willow-garlands, 'bout the head, Bedew'd with teares, are worne.
- When with Neglect, (the Lovers bane)
 Poore Maids rewarded be,
 For their love lost; their onely gaine
 Is but a Wreathe from thee.

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Mrs. Eliz. Wheeler, under the name of the lost Shepardesse.

Among the Mirtles, as I walkt, Love and my sighs thus intertalkt: Tell me, said I, in deep distresse, Where I may find my Shepardesse. Thou foole, said Love, know'st thou not this? 5 In every thing that's sweet, she is. In yond' Carnation goe and seek, There thou shalt find her lip and cheek: In that ennamel'd Pansie by, There thou shalt have her curious eye: 10 In bloome of *Peach*, and *Roses* bud, There waves the Streamer of her blood. 'Tis true, said I, and thereupon I went to pluck them one by one, To make of parts an union; 15 But on a sudden all were gone.

107

At which I stopt; Said Love, these be The true resemblances of thee; For as these flowers, thy joyes must die, And in the turning of an eye; And all thy hopes of her must wither, Like those short sweets ere knit together.

TO THE KING.

If when these Lyricks (CESAR) You shall heare, And that *Apollo* shall so touch Your eare, As for to make this, that, or any one Number, Your owne, by free Adoption; That Verse, of all the Verses here, shall be The Heire to This *great Realme of Poetry*.

TO THE QUEENE.

Goddesse of Youth, and Lady of the Spring, (Most fit to be the Consort to a King)

Be pleas'd to rest you in This Sacred Grove,

Beset with Mirtles; whose each leafe drops Love.

Many a sweet-fac't Wood-Nymph here is seene,

Of which chast Order You are now the Queene:

Witnesse their Homage, when they come and strew

Your Walks with Flowers, and give their Crowns to you.

Your Leavie-Throne (with Lilly-work) possesse;

And be both Princesse here, and Poetresse.

The Poets good wishes for the most hopefull and handsome Prince, the Duke of Yorke.

May his pretty Duke-ship grow Like t' a Rose of *Jericho*: Sweeter far, then ever yet Showrs or Sun-shines co'd beget. May the Graces, and the Howers Strew his hopes, and Him with flowers: 20

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And so dresse him up with Love,	
As to be the Chick of Jove.	
May the thrice-three-Sisters sing	
Him the Soveraigne of their Spring:	10
And entitle none to be	
Prince of <i>Hellicon</i> , but He.	
May his soft foot, where it treads,	
Gardens thence produce and Meads:	
And those Meddowes full be set	15
With the Rose, and Violet.	
May his ample Name be knowne	
To the last succession:	
And his actions high be told	
Through the world, but writ in gold.	20

To Anthea, who may command him any thing.

1. Bid me to live, and I will live Thy Protestant to be:

Or bid me love, and I will give A loving heart to thee.	
 A heart as soft, a heart as kind, A heart as sound and free, As in the whole world thou canst find, That heart Ile give to thee. 	5
 Bid that heart stay, and it will stay, To honour thy Decree: Or bid it languish quite away, And't shall doe so for thee. 	10

- 4. Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
 While I have eyes to see:
 And having none, yet I will keep
 A heart to weep for thee.
- Bid me despaire, and Ile despaire, Under that Cypresse tree:
 Or bid me die, and I will dare E'en Death, to die for thee.

6. Thou art my life, my love, my heart, The very eyes of me: And hast command of every part, To live and die for thee.

Prevision, or Provision.

That Prince takes soone enough the Victors roome, Who first provides, not to be overcome.

Obedience in Subjects.

The Gods to Kings the Judgement give to sway: The Subjects onely glory to obay.

More potent, lesse peccant.

He that may sin, sins least; Leave to transgresse Enfeebles much the seeds of wickednesse.

Upon a maid that dyed the day she was marryed.

That Morne which saw me made a Bride, The Evining witnest that I dy'd. Those holy lights, wherewith they guide Unto the bed the bashfull Bride; Serv'd, but as Tapers, for to burne, And light my Reliques to their Urne. This *Epitaph*, which here you see, Supply'd the *Epithalamie*.

To Meddowes.

- Ye have been fresh and green,
 Ye have been fill'd with flowers:
 And ye the Walks have been
 Where Maids have spent their houres.
- You have beheld, how they
 With Wicker Arks did come
 To kisse, and beare away
 The richer Couslips home.

5

 Y'ave heard them sweetly sing, And seen them in a Round: Each Virgin, like a Spring, With Hony-succles crown'd.

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4. But now, we see, none here, Whose silv'rie feet did tread, And with dishevell'd Haire, Adorn'd this smoother Mead.

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 Like Unthrifts, having spent, Your stock, and needy grown, Y'are left here to lament Your poore estates, alone.

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Crosses.

Though good things answer many good intents; Crosses doe still bring forth the best events.

Miseries.

Though hourely comforts from the Gods we see, No life is yet life-proofe from miserie.

Laugh and lie downe.

Y'ave laught enough (sweet) vary now your Text; And laugh no more; or laugh, and lie down next.

To his Houshold gods.

Rise, Houshold-gods, and let us goe; But whither, I my selfe not know. First, let us dwell on rudest seas; Next, with severest Salvages; Last, let us make our best abode, Where humane foot, as yet, n'er trod: Search worlds of Ice; and rather there Dwell, then in lothed *Devonshire*.

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To the Nightingale, and Robin-Red-brest.

When I departed am, ring thou my knell, Thou pittifull, and pretty *Philomel*: And when I'm laid out for a Corse; then be Thou Sexton (Red-brest) for to cover me.

To the Yew and Cypresse to grace his Funerall.

Relation to the grave:

And where

The Fun'rall-Trump sounds, you are there.

2. I shall be made

Ere long a fleeting shade:

Pray come,

And doe some honour to my Tomb.

3. Do not deny
My last request; for I
Will be

Thankfull to you, or friends, for me.

I call and I call.

I call, I call, who doe ye call? The Maids to catch this Cowslip-ball: But since these Cowslips fading be, Troth, leave the flowers, and Maids, take me. Yet, if that neither you will doe, Speak but the word, and Ile take you.

On a perfum'd Lady.

You say y'are sweet; how sho'd we know Whether that you be sweet or no? From *Powders* and *Perfumes* keep free; Then we shall smell how sweet you be.

А	Nuptiall .	Song, o	r Epit	halan	nie, on	Sir
	Clipseb	y Cre	w and	his I	Lady.	

1.	What's that we see from far? the spring of Day Bloom'd from the East, or faire Injewel'd May Blowne out of April; or some New-Star fill'd with glory to our view, Reaching at heaven,	5
	To adde a nobler Planet to the seven? Say, or doe we not descrie	3
	Some Goddesse, in a cloud of Tiffanie To move, or rather the	
	Emergent <i>Venus</i> from the Sea?	10
2.	'Tis she! 'tis she! or else some more Divine Enlightned substance; mark how from the Shrine Of holy Saints she paces on, Treading upon Vermilion	
	And Amber; Spice-	15
	ing the Chafte Aire with fumes of Paradise. Then come on, come on, and yeeld	
	A savour like unto a blessed field,	
	When the bedabled Morne Washes the golden eares of corne.	
	•	20
3∙	See where she comes; and smell how all the street Breathes Vine-yards and Pomgranats: O how sweet! As a fir'd Altar, is each stone,	
	Perspiring pounded Cynamon. The Phenix nest,	25
	Built up of odours, burneth in her breast. Who therein wo'd not consume	-5
	His soule to Ash-heaps in that rich perfume? Bestroaking Fate the while	
	He burnes to Embers on the Pile.	30
4.	Himen, O Himen! Tread the sacred ground; Shew thy white feet, and head with Marjoram crown'd Mount up thy flames, and let thy Torch Display the Bridegroom in the porch,	:
	In his desires	35
	More towring, more disparkling then thy fires:	

	And roule about, and in their motions burne Their balls to Cindars: haste, Or else to ashes he will waste.	40
5•	Glide by the banks of Virgins then, and passe The Shewers of Roses, lucky-foure-leav'd grasse: The while the cloud of younglings sing, And drown yee with a flowrie Spring: While some repeat Your praise, and bless you, sprinkling you with Wheat While that others doe divine; Blest is the Bride, on whom the Sun doth shine;	45 :
	And thousands gladly wish You multiply, as doth a Fish.	50
6.	And beautious Bride we do confess y'are wise, In dealing forth these bashfull jealousies: In Lov's name do so; and a price Set on your selfe, by being nice: But yet take heed; What now you seem, be not the same indeed, And turne Apostate: Love will Part of the way be met; or sit stone-still. On then, and though you slowly go, yet, howsoever, go.	55 60
7.	And now y'are enter'd; see the Codled Cook Runs from his Torrid Zone, to prie, and look, And blesse his dainty Mistresse: see, The Aged point out, This is she, Who now must sway The House (Love shield her) with her Yea and Nay: And the smirk Butler thinks it Sin, in's Nap'rie, not to express his wit; Each striving to devise Some gin, wherewith to catch your eyes.	65
		•

8. To bed, to bed, kind Turtles, now, and write	
This the short'st day, and this the longest night;	
But yet too short for you: 'tis we,	
Who count this night as long as three,	
Lying alone,	75
Telling the Clock strike Ten, Eleven, Twelve, One.	
Quickly, quickly then prepare;	
And let the Young-men and the Bride-maids share	
Your Garters; and their joynts	
Encircle with the Bride-grooms Points.	80
9. By the Brides eyes, and by the teeming life	
Of her green hopes, we charge ye, that no strife,	
(Farther then Gentlenes tends) gets place	
Among ye, striving for her lace:	
O doe not fall	85
Foule in these noble pastimes, lest ye call	·
Discord in, and so divide	
The youthfull Bride-groom, and the fragrant Bride:	
Which Love fore-fend; but spoken	
Be't to your praise, no peace was broken.	90
10. Strip her of Spring-time, tender-whimpring-maids,	
Now Autumne's come, when all those flowrie aids	
Of her Delayes must end; Dispose	
That Lady-smock, that Pansie, and that Rose	
Neatly apart;	95
But for Prick-madam, and for Gentle-heart;	70
And soft-Maidens-blush, the Bride	
Makes holy these, all others lay aside:	
Then strip her, or unto her	
Let him come, who dares undo her.	100
11. And to enchant yee more, see every where	
About the Roofe a Syren in a Sphere;	
(As we think) singing to the dinne	
Of many a warbling Cherubim:	

Hesper $ides$.	115
O marke yee how The soule of Nature melts in numbers: now See, a thousand Cupids flye, To light their Tapers at the Brides bright eye. To Bed; or her they'l tire,	105
Were she an Element of fire.	110
12. And to your more bewitching, see, the proud Plumpe Bed beare up, and swelling like a cloud, Tempting the two too modest; can Yee see it brusle like a Swan,	
And you be cold To meet it, when it woo's and seemes to fold The Armes to hugge it? throw, throw Your selves into the mighty over-flow Of that white Pride, and Drowne	115
The night, with you, in floods of Downe.	120
13. The bed is ready, and the maze of Love Lookes for the treaders; every where is wove Wit and new misterie; read, and Put in practise, to understand	
And know each wile, Each hieroglyphick of a kisse or smile; And do it to the full; reach High in your own conceipt, and some way teach Nature and Art, one more	125
Play then they ever knew before.	130
14. If needs we must for Ceremonies-sake, Blesse a Sack-posset; Luck go with it; take The Night-Charme quickly; you have spell. And magicks for to end, and hells,	s,
To passe; but such And of such Torture as no one would grutch To live therein for ever: Frie And consume, and grow again to die, And live, and in that case,	135
Love the confusion of the place.	140

15. But since It must be done, dispatch, and sowe Up in a sheet your Bride, and what if so It be with Rock, or walles of Brasse, Ye Towre her up, as Danae was; Thinkse you that this,	145
Or hell it selfe a powerfull Bulwarke is? I tell yee no; but like a	
Bold bolt of thunder he will make his way,	
And rend the cloud, and throw The sheet about, like flakes of snow.	150
	- 3-
16. All now is husht in silence; <i>Midwife-moone</i> , With all her <i>Owle-ey'd</i> issue begs a boon	
Which you must grant; that's entrance; with	
Which extract, all we can call pith	
And quintiscence	155
Of Planetary bodies; so commence	
All faire <i>Constellations</i> Looking upon yee, That two Nations	
Springing from two such Fires,	
May blaze the vertue of their Sires.	160
The silken Snake.	
For sport my Julia threw a Lace	
Of silke and silver at my face:	
Watchet the silke was; and did make	
A shew, as if 't 'ad been a snake:	_
The suddenness did me affright; But though it scar'd, it did not bite.	5
and though to some at the most site.	
Upon himselfe.	
I am Sive-like, and can hold	
Nothing hot, or nothing cold.	
Put in Love, and put in too	
Jealousie, and both will through:	
Put in Feare, and hope, and doubt;	5
What comes in, runnes quickly out:	

117

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Put in secrecies withall, What ere enters, out it shall: But if you can stop the Sive, For mine own part I'de as lieve, Maides sho'd say, or Virgins sing, Herrick keeps, as holds nothing.

Upon Love.

Love's a thing, (as I do heare)
Ever full of pensive feare;
Rather then to which I'le fall,
Trust me, I'le not like at all:
If to love I should entend,
Let my haire then stand an end:
And that terrour likewise prove,
Fatall to me in my love.
But if horrour cannot slake
Flames, which wo'd an entrance make;
Then the next thing I desire,
Is to love, and live i'th fire.

Reverence to Riches.

Like to the Income must be our expence; Mans Fortune must be had in reverence.

Devotion makes the Deity.

Who formes a Godhead out of Gold or Stone, Makes not a God; but he that prayes to one.

To all young men that love.

I could wish you all, who love, That ye could your thoughts remove From your Mistresses, and be, Wisely wanton (like to me.) 5

118

I could wish you dispossest
Of that Fiend that marres your rest;
And with Tapers comes to fright
Your weake senses in the night.
I co'd wish, ye all, who frie
Cold as Ice, or coole as I.
But if flames best like ye, then
Much good do't ye Gentlemen.
I a merry heart will keep,
While you wring your hands and weep.

The Eyes.

'Tis a known principle in War, The eies be first, that conquer'd are.

No fault in women.

No fault in women to refuse The offer, which they most wo'd chuse. No fault in women, to confesse How tedious they are in their dresse. No fault in women, to lay on The tincture of Vermillion: And there to give the cheek a die Of white, where nature doth deny. No fault in women, to make show Of largeness, when th'are nothing so: (When true it is, the out-side swels With inward Buckram, little else.) No fault in women, though they be But seldome from suspition free: No fault in womankind, at all, If they but slip, and never fall.

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Oberons Feast.

Shapcot! To thee the Fairy State
I with discretion, dedicate.
Because thou prizest things that are
Curious, and un-familiar.
Take first the feast; these dishes gone;
Wee'l see the Fairy-Court anon.

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A little mushroome table spred, After short prayers, they set on bread; A Moon-parcht grain of purest wheat, With some small glit'ring gritt, to eate His choyce bitts with; then in a trice They make a feast lesse great then nice. But all this while his eye is serv'd, We must not thinke his eare was sterv'd: But that there was in place to stir His Spleen, the chirring Grasshopper; The merry Cricket, puling Flie, The piping Gnat for minstralcy. And now, we must imagine first, The Elves present to quench his thirst A pure seed-Pearle of Infant dew, Brought and besweetned in a blew And pregnant violet; which done, His kitling eyes begin to runne Quite through the table, where he spies The hornes of paperic Butterflies, Of which he eates, and tastes a little Of that we call the Cuckoes spittle. A little Fuz-ball-pudding stands By, yet not blessed by his hands, That was too coorse; but then forthwith He ventures boldly on the pith Of sugred Rush, and eates the sagge And well bestrutted Bees sweet bagge:

Gladding his pallat with some store

Of Emits eggs; what wo'd he more? But Beards of Mice, a Newt's stew'd thigh,

A bloated Earewig, and a Flie;

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With the Red-capt worme, that's shut Within the concave of a Nut. 40 Browne as his Tooth. A little Moth, Late fatned in a piece of cloth: With withered cherries; Mandrakes eares; Moles eyes; to these, the slain-Stags teares: The unctuous dewlaps of a Snaile; 45 The broke-heart of a Nightingale Ore-come in musicke; with a wine, Ne're ravisht from the flattering Vinc, But gently prest from the soft side Of the most sweet and dainty Bride, 50 Brought in a dainty daizie, which He fully quaffs up to bewitch His blood to height; this done, commended Grace by his Priest; The feast is ended.

Event of things not in our power.

By Time, and Counsell, doe the best we can, Th'event is never in the power of man.

Upon her blush.

When Julia blushes, she do's show Cheeks like to Roses, when they blow.

Merits make the man.

Our Honours, and our Commendations be Due to the Merits, not Authoritie.

To Virgins.

Heare ye Virgins, and Ile teach, What the times of old did preach. Rosamond was in a Bower Kept, as Danae in a Tower: But yet Love (who subtile is) Crept to that, and came to this. Be ye lockt up like to these, Or the rich Hesperides;

Or those Babies in your eyes, In their Christall Nunneries; Notwithstanding Love will win, Or else force a passage in: And as coy be, as you can, Gifts will get ye, or the man.

Vertue.

Each must, in vertue, strive for to excell; That man lives twice, that lives the first life well.

The Bell-man.

From noise of Scare-fires rest ye free, From Murders *Benedicitie*. From all mischances, that may fright Your pleasing slumbers in the night: Mercie secure ye all, and keep The Goblin from ye, while ye sleep. Past one aclock, and almost two, My Masters all, *Good day to you*.

Bashfulnesse.

Of all our parts, the eyes expresse The sweetest kind of bashfulnesse.

To the most accomplisht Gentleman, Master Edward Norgate, Clark of the Signet to His Majesty. Epig.

For one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts;
For one to whom espous'd are all the Arts;
Long have I sought for: but co'd never see
Them all concenter'd in one man, but Thee.
Thus, thou, that man art, whom the Fates conspir'd
To make but One (and that's thy selfe) admir'd.

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Upon Prudence Baldwin her sicknesse.

Prue, my dearest Maid, is sick, Almost to be Lunatick:

Esculapius / come and bring Means for her recovering;

And a gallant Cock shall be Offer'd up by Her, to Thee.

To Apollo. A short Hymne.

Phæbus / when that I a Verse, Or some numbers more rehearse; Tune my words, that they may fall, Each way smoothly Musicall: For which favour, there shall be Swans devoted unto thee.

A Hymne to Bacchus.

Bacchus, let me drink no more; Wild are Seas, that want a shore. When our drinking has no stint, There is no one pleasure in't. I have drank up for to please Thee, that great cup Hercules: Urge no more; and there shall be Daffadills g'en up to Thee.

On himselfe.

Here down my wearyed limbs Ile lay; My Pilgrims staffe; my weed of grey: My Palmers hat; my Scallops shell; My Crosse; my Cord; and all farewell.

Upon Prudence Baldwin. Prudence Brudence 1648 (misprint)
To Apollo. 2 Or] In Grosart's copy of 1648, Or, he says, is misprinted Of

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TT .	• 7
Hest	erides.
	0, ,,,,,,,,

For having now my journey done,	5
(Just at the setting of the Sun)	
Here I have found a Chamber fit,	
(God and good friends be thankt for it)	
Where if I can a lodger be	
A little while from Tramplers free;	10
At my up-rising next, I shall,	
If not requite, yet thank ye all.	
Meane while, the Holy-Rood hence fright	
The fouler Fiend, and evill Spright,	
From scaring you or yours this night.	15

Casualties.

Good things, that come of course, far lesse doe please, Then those, which come by sweet contingences.

Bribes and Gifts get all.

Dead falls the Cause, if once the Hand be mute; But let that speak, the Client gets the suit.

The end.

If well thou hast begun, goe on fore-right; It is the End that crownes us, not the Fight.

Upon a child that dyed.

Here she lies, a pretty bud, Lately made of flesh and blood: Who, as soone, fell fast asleep, As her little eyes did peep. Give her strewings; but not stir The earth, that lightly covers her.

Content, not cates.

Tis not the food, but the content That makes the Tables merriment. Where Trouble serves the board, we eate The Platters there, as soone as meat. A little Pipkin with a bit Of Mutton, or of Veale in it, Set on my Table, (Trouble-free) More then a Feast contenteth me.

The Entertainment: or, Porch-werse, at the Marriage of Mr. Hen. Northly, and the most witty Mrs. Lettice Yard.

Weelcome! but yet no entrance, till we blesse First you, then you, and both for white successe. Profane no Porch young man and maid, for fear Ye wrong the *Threshold-god*, that keeps peace here: Please him, and then all good-luck will betide You, the brisk Bridegroome, you the dainty Bride. Do all things sweetly, and in comely wise; Put on your Garlands first, then Sacrifice: That done; when both of you have seemly fed, We'll call on Night, to bring ye both to Bed: Where being laid, all Faire signes looking on, Fish-like, encrease then to a million: And millions of spring-times may ye have, Which spent, one death, bring to ye both one Grave.

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The good-night or Blessing.

Blessings, in abundance come, To the Bride, and to her Groome; May the Bed, and this short night, Know the fulness of delight!

The Entertainment. 14 one death] on death 1648

	Hesperides,	125
	Pleasures, many here attend ye, And ere long, a Boy Love send ye Curld and comely, and so trimme, Maides (in time) may ravish him. Thus a dew of Graces fall	5
	On ye both; Goodnight to all.	10
	∨ To Duffadills.	
ı.	Faire Daffadills, we weep to see You haste away so soone:	
	As yet the early-rising Sun Has not attain'd his Noone.	
	Stay, stay,	5
	Untill the hasting day	•
	Has run	
	But to the Even-song; And, having pray'd together, we	
	Will goe with you along.	10
	and the same year area.	
2.	We have short time to stay, as you,	
	We have as short a Spring;	
	As quick a growth to meet Decay,	
	As you, or any thing. We die.	*=
	As your hours doe, and drie	15
	Away,	
	Like to the Summers raine;	

To a Maid.

20

You say, you love me; that I thus must prove; If that you lye, then I will sweare you love.

Or as the pearles of Mornings dew Ne'r to be found againe.

Upon a Lady that dyed in child-bed, and left a daughter behind her.

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As Gilly flowers do but stay
To blow, and seed, and so away;
So you sweet Lady (sweet as May)
The gardens-glory liv'd a while,
To lend the world your scent and smile.
But when your own faire print was set
Once in a Virgin Flosculet,
(Sweet as your selfe, and newly blown)
To give that life, resign'd your own:
But so, as still the mothers power
Lives in the pretty Lady-flower.

A New-yeares gift sent to Sir Simeon Steward

No newes of Navies burnt at Seas; No noise of late spawn'd *Tittyries*: No closset plot, or open vent, That frights men with a Parliament: No new devise, or late found trick, To read by th' Starres, the Kingdoms sick: No ginne to catch the State, or wring The free-born Nosthrills of the King, We send to you; but here a jolly Verse crown'd with Yvie, and with Holly. That tels of Winters Tales and Mirth, That Milk-maids make about the hearth, Of Christmas sports, the Wassell-boule, That tost up, after Fox-i'th'hole: Of Blind-man-buffe, and of the care That young men have to shooe the Mare: Of Twelf-tide Cakes, of Pease, and Beanes Wherewith ye make those merry Sceanes, When as ye chuse your King and Queen, And cry out, Hey, for our town green.

A New-yeares gift. 8 Nosthrills] Nosthrill Some copies of 1648

Of Ash-heapes, in the which ye use Husbands and Wives by streakes to chuse: Of crackling Laurell, which fore-sounds, A Plentious harvest to your grounds: Of these, and such like things, for shift, 25 We send in stead of New-yeares gift. Read then, and when your faces shine With bucksome meat and capring Wine: Remember us in Cups full crown'd, And let our Citie-health go round, 30 Quite through the young maids and the men, To the ninth number, if not tenne; Untill the fired Chesnuts leape For joy, to see the fruits ye reape, From the plumpe Challice, and the Cup, 35 That tempts till it be tossed up: Then as ye sit about your embers, Call not to mind those fled Decembers; But think on these, that are t'appeare, As Daughters to the instant yeare: 40 Sit crown'd with Rose-buds, and carouse, Till *Liber Pater* twirles the house About your eares; and lay upon The yeare (your cares) that's fled and gon. And let the russet Swaines the Plough 45 And Harrow hang up resting now; And to the Bag-pipe all addresse; Till sleep takes place of wearinesse. And thus, throughout, with Christmas playes Frolick the full twelve Holy-dayes. 50

Mattens, or morning Prayer.

When with the Virgin morning thou do'st rise, Crossing thy selfe; come thus to sacrifice: First wash thy heart in innocence, then bring Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure every thing. Next to the Altar humbly kneele, and thence, Give up thy soule in clouds of frankinsence. Thy golden Censors fil'd with odours sweet, Shall make thy actions with their ends to meet.

Evensong.

Beginne with Jove; then is the worke halfe done; And runnes most smoothly, when tis well begunne. Jove's is the first and last: The Morn's his due, The midst is thine; but Joves the Evening too; As sure a Mattins do's to him belong, So sure he layes claime to the Evensong.

The Braclet to Julia.

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Why I tye about thy wrist, Julia, this my silken twist;
For what other reason is't,
But to shew thee how in part,
Thou my pretty Captive art?
But thy Bondslave is my heart:
"Tis but silke that bindeth thee,
Knap the thread, and thou art free:
But 'tis otherwise with me;
I am bound, and fast bound so,
That from thee I cannot go;
If I co'd, I wo'd not so.

The Christian Militant.

A man prepar'd against all ills to come,
That dares to dead the fire of martirdome:
That sleeps at home; and sayling there at case,
Feares not the fierce sedition of the Seas:
That's counter-proofe against the Farms mishaps,
Undreadfull too of courtly thunderclaps:
That weares one face (like heaven) and never showes
A change, when Fortune either comes, or goes:
That keepes his own strong guard, in the despight
Of what can hurt by day, or harme by night:
That takes and re-delivers every stroake
Of Chance, (as made up all of rock, and oake:)

129

That sighs at others death; smiles at his own Most dire and horrid crucifixion. Who for true glory suffers thus; we grant Him to be here our *Christian militant*.

15

A short Hymne to Larr.

Though I cannot give thee fires Glit'ring to my free desires: These accept, and Ile be free, Offering *Poppy* unto thee.

Another to Neptune.

Mighty Neptune, may it please Thee, the Rector of the Seas, That my Barque may safely runne Through thy watrie-region; And a Tunnie-fish shall be Offer'd up, with thanks to thee.

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His embalming to Julia.

For my embalming, Julia, do but this, Give thou my lips but their supreamest kiss: Or else trans-fuse thy breath into the chest, Where my small reliques must for ever rest: That breath the Balm, the myrrh, the Nard shal be, To give an incorruption unto me.

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Gold, before Goodnesse.

How rich a man is, all desire to know; But none enquires if good he be, or no.

HERRICK

The Kisse. A Dialogue.

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- 1. Among thy Fancies, tell me this, What is the thing we call a kisse?
- 2. I shall resolve ye, what it is.

It is a creature born and bred Between the lips, (all cherrie-red,) By love and warme desires fed,

Chor. And makes more soft the Bridall Bed.

- 2. It is an active flame, that flies,
 First, to the Babies of the eyes;
 And charmes them there with lullabies;
 Chor. And stils the Bride too, when she cries.
- 2. Then to the chin, the cheek, the eare, It frisks, and flyes, now here, now there, 'Tis now farre off, and then tis nere; Chor. And here, and there, and every where.
- Ha's it a speaking virtue?
 Yes;
 How speaks it, say?
 Do you but this,
 Part your joyn'd lips, then speaks your kisse;

 Chor. And this loves sweetest language is.
- Has it a body?
 I, and wings
 With thousand rare encolourings:
 And as it flyes, it gently sings,
 Chor. Love, honie yeelds; but never stings.

The admonition.

Seest thou those *Diamonds* which she weares
In that rich Carkanet;
Or those on her dishevel'd haires,
Faire *Pearles* in order set?

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To his honoured kinsman Sir William Soame. Epig.

She that will weare thy teares, wo'd weare thine eyes.

I can but name thee, and methinks I call
All that have been, or are canonicall
For love and bountie, to come neare, and see,
Their many vertues volum'd up in thee;
In thee Brave Man! Whose incorrupted fame,
Casts forth a light like to a Virgin flame:
And as it shines, it throwes a scent about,
As when a Rain-bow in perfumes goes out.
So vanish hence, but leave a name, as sweet,
As Benjamin, and Storax, when they meet.

On himselfe.

Aske me, why I do not sing
To the tension of the string,
As I did, not long ago,
When my numbers full did flow?
Griefe (ay me!) hath struck my Lute,
And my tongue at one time mute.

To Larr.

No more shall I, since I am driven hence, Devote to thee my graines of Frankinsence: No more shall I from mantle-trees hang downe, To honour thee, my little Parsly crown: No more shall I (I feare me) to thee bring My chives of Garlick for an offering:
No more shall I, from henceforth, heare a quire Of merry Crickets by my Country fire,
Go where I will, thou luckie Larr stay here,
Warme by a glit'ring chimnie all the yeare.

The departure of the good Dæmon.

What can I do in Poetry, Now the good Spirit's gone from me? Why nothing now, but lonely sit, And over-read what I have writ.

Clemency.

For punishment in warre, it will suffice, If the chiefe Author of the faction dyes; Let but few smart, but strike a feare through all: Where the fault springs, there let the judgement fall.

His age, dedicated to his peculiar friend, M. John Wickes, under the name of Posthumus.

Ah Posthumus! Our yeares hence flye,
 And leave no sound; nor piety,
 Or prayers, or vow
 Can keepe the wrinkle from the brow:
 But we must on,
 As Fate do's lead or draw us; none,
 None, Posthumus, co'd ere decline
 The doome of cruell Proserpine.

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2. The pleasing wife, the house, the ground Must all be left, no one plant found

To follow thee,
Save only the Curst-Cipresse tree:

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The departure, &c. Dæmon] The Malone copy of 1648 in Bodleian reads Demon. Clemency. 2 Author] author Malone copy

	He sperides.	133
Let's live, my	A merry mind, scornes what's left behind: Wickes, then, while we may, y our Holiday.	1 5
Will nere return But they fill u Like to a Lilly Nere can repu	e past-best Times, and these rn, we see the Seas, And Moons to wain; p their Ebbs again: But vanisht man, r-lost, nere ean, llulate, or bring ee a second Spring.	20
	st, and thither tend, s and rich Tullus blend	25
Ere long, a so Why then, sin	Their sacred seed: rnall Jove decreed; We must be made, ng, ere long, a shade. ce life to us is short, full up, by our sport.	30
And 'noint wi The world wit As is the Air, Our own fair v	Heads with Roses then, th Tirian Balme; for when We two are dead, h us is buried. Then live we free, and let us be wind, and mark each one white and Luckie stone.	3 5
6. We are not po No roofs of C Account of su To lard the sh To kisse our h	ore; although we have edar, nor our brave Baiæ, nor keep ch a flock of sheep; Nor Bullocks fed nambles: Barbels bred hands, nor do we wish ampries in our dish.	45

7.	If we can meet, and so conferre, Both by a shining Salt-seller; And have our Roofe, Although not archt, yet weather proofe, And seeling free,	50
	From that cheape Candle baudery: We'le eate our Beane with that full mirth, As we were Lords of all the earth.	55
8.	Well then, on what Seas we are tost, Our comfort is, we can't be lost. Let the winds drive Our Barke; yet she will keepe alive	6 0
	Amidst the deepes; 'Tis constancy (my Wickes) which keepes The Pinnace up; which though she erres I'th' Seas, she saves her passengers.	
9.	Say, we must part (sweet mercy blesse Us both i'th' Sea, Camp, Wildernesse) Can we so farre Stray, to become lesse circular,	65
	Then we are now? No, no, that selfe same heart, that vow, Which made us one, shall ne'r undoe; Or ravell so, to make us two.	70
10.	Live in thy peace; as for my selfe, When I am bruised on the Shelfe Of Time, and show My locks behung with frost and snow:	75
	When with the reume, The cough, the ptisick, I consume Unto an almost nothing; then, The Ages fled, Ile call agen:	80
ΙΙ.	And with a teare compare these last. Lame, and bad times, with those are past, While Baucis by, My old leane wife, shall kisse it dry:	

11espervices.	- 3 3
And so we'l sit By'th'fire, foretelling snow and slit, And weather by our aches, grown Now old enough to be our own	85
12. True Calenders, as Pusses eare Washt ore's to tell what change is neare: The gripings of the chine by age;	90
I'le call my young Iilus to sing such a song. I made upon my Julia's brest; And of her blush at such a feast.	95
13. Then shall he read that flowre of mine Enclos'd within a christall shrine: A Primrose next; A piece, then of a higher text: For to beget In me a more transcendant heate, Then that insinuating fire, Which crept into each aged Sire,	100
14. When the faire <i>Hellen</i> , from her eyes, Shot forth her loving Sorceries: At which I'le reare	105
Mine aged limbs above my chaire: And hearing it, Flutter and crow, as in a fit Of fresh concupiscence, and cry, No lust theres like to Poetry.	110
If thus frantick crazie man (God wot) Ile call to mind things half forgot: And oft between, Repeat the Times that I have seen!	125
90 Washt o're, to tell 1648: Washt or's to tell Errata copy of 1648 in Bodleian; also Heber copy: neare other copies	neare: Douce

Hosporidos

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Thus ripe with tears,	
And twisting my Iülus hairs;	
Doting, Ile weep and say (In Truth)	
Baucis, these were my sins of youth.	120
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16. Then next Ile cause my hopefull Lad	
(If a wild Apple can be had)	
To crown the Hearth,	
(Larr thus conspiring with our mirth)	
Then to infuse	125
Our browner Ale into the cruse:	·
Which sweetly spic't, we'l first carouse	
Unto the Genius of the house.	
17. Then the next health to friends of mine	
(Loving the brave Burgundian wine)	130
High sons of Pith,	•
Whose fortunes I have frolickt with:	
Such as co'd well	
Bear up the Magick bough, and spel:	
And dancing bout the Mystick Thyrse,	135
Give up the just applause to verse:	
18. To those, and then agen to thee	
We'l drink, my Wickes, untill we be	
Plump as the cherry,	
Though not so fresh, yet full as merry	140
As the crickit;	- 4-
The untam'd Heifer, or the Pricket,	
Untill our tongues shall tell our ears,	
W'are younger by a score of years.	
19. Thus, till we see the fire lesse shine	145
From th' embers, then the kitlings eyne,	.13
We'l still sit up,	
Sphering about the wassail cup,	
To all those times,	
Which gave me honour for my Rhimes,	150
The cole once spent, we'l then to bed,	0 -
Farre more then night bewearied.	
The cole once spent, we'l then to bed,	150

A short hymne to Venus.

Goddesse, I do love a Girle Rubie-lipt, and tooth'd with Pearl: If so be, I may but prove Luckie in this Maide I love: I will promise there shall be Mirtles offer'd up to Thee.

To a Gentlewoman on just dealing.

True to your self, and sheets; you'l have me swear, You shall; if righteous dealing I find there, Do not you fall through frailty; Ile be sure To keep my Bond still free from forfeiture.

The hand and tongue.

Two parts of us successively command; The tongue in peace; but then in warre the hand.

Upon a delaying Lady.

- Or let me go;
 Must I here stay,
 Because y'are slow;
 And will continue so?
 Troth Lady, no.
- I scorne to be
 A slave to state:
 And since I'm free,
 I will not wait,
 Henceforth at such a rate,
 For needy Fate.
- If you desire
 My spark sho'd glow,
 The peeping fire
 You must blow;
 Or I shall quickly grow,
 To Frost or Snow.

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To the Lady Mary Villars, Governesse to the Princesse Henretta

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When I of Villars doe but heare the name, It calls to mind, that mighty Buckingham, Who was your brave exalted Uncle here, (Binding the wheele of Fortune to his Sphere) Who spurn'd at Envie; and co'd bring, with ease, An end to all his stately purposes. For his love then, whose sacred Reliques show Their Resurrection, and their growth in you: And for my sake, who ever did prefer You, above all Those Sweets of Westminster: Permit my Book to have a free accesse To kisse your hand, most Dainty Governesse.

Upon his Julia.

Will ye heare, what I can say Briefly of my Julia? Black and rowling is her eye, Double chinn'd, and forehead high: Lips she has, all Rubie red, Cheeks like Creame Enclarited: And a nose that is the grace And Prosenium of her face. So that we may guesse by these, The other parts will tichly please.

To Flowers.

In time of life, I grac't ye with my Verse; Doe now your flowrie honours to my Herse. You shall not languish, trust me: Virgins here Weeping, shall make ye flourish all the yeere.

To my ill Reader.

Thou say'st my lines are hard;
And I the truth will tell;
They are both hard, and marr'd,
If thou not read'st them well.

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The power in the people.

Let Kings Command, and doe the best they may, The saucie Subjects still will beare the sway.

A Hymne to Venus, and Cupid.

Sea-born Goddesse, let me be, By thy sonne thus grac't, and thee; That when ere I wooe, I find Virgins coy, but not unkind. Let me when I kisse a maid, Taste her lips, so over-laid With Loves-sirrop; that I may, In your Temple, when I pray, Kisse the Altar, and confess Ther's in love, no bitterness.

On Julia's Picture.

How am I ravisht! When I do but see, The Painters art in thy *Sciography*? If so, how much more shall I dote thereon, When once he gives it incarnation?

Her Bed.

See'st, thou that Cloud as silver cleare, Plump, soft, & swelling every where? Tis *Julia's* Bed, and she sleeps there.

Her Legs.

Fain would I kiss my *Julia's* dainty Leg, Which is as white and hair-less as an egge.

Upon her Almes.

See how the poore do waiting stand, For the expansion of thy hand. A wafer Dol'd by thee, will swell Thousands to feed by miracle.

Rewards.

Still to our gains our chief respect is had; Reward it is, that makes us good or bad.

Nothing new.

Nothing is New: we walk where others went. Ther's no vice now, but has his president.

The Rainbow.

Look, how the *Rainbow* doth appeare But in one onely *Hemisphere*: So likewise after our disseace, No more is seen the Arch of Peace. That Cov'nant's here; The under-bow, That nothing shoots, but war and woe.

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The meddow verse or Aniversary to Mistris Bridget Lowman.

Come with the Spring-time, forth Fair Maid, and be This year again, the medows Deity.
Yet ere ye enter, give us leave to set
Upon your Head this flowry Coronet:
To make this neat distinction from the rest;
You are the Prime, and Princesse of the Feast:
To which, with silver feet lead you the way,
While sweet-breath Nimphs, attend on you this Day.
This is your houre; and best you may command,
Since you are Lady of this Fairie land.
Full mirth wait on you; and such mirth as shall
Cherrish the cheek, but make none blush at all.

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The parting verse, the feast there ended.

Loth to depart, but yet at last, each one
Back must now go to's habitation:
Not knowing thus much, when we once do sever,
Whether or no, that we shall meet here ever.
As for my self, since time a thousand cares
And griefs hath fil'de upon my silver hairs;
'Tis to be doubted whether, I next yeer,
Or no, shall give ye a re-meeting here.
If die I must, then my last vow shall be,
You'l with a tear or two, remember me,
Your sometime Poet; but if fates do give
Me longer date, and more fresh springs to live:
Oft as your field, shall her old age renew,
Herrick shall make the meddow-verse for you.

Long and lazie.

That was the Proverb. Let my mistresse be Lasie to others, but be long to me.

To the right honourable, Philip, Earle of Pembroke, and Montgomerie.

How dull and dead are books, that cannot show A *Prince* or *Pembroke*, and that *Pembroke*, you! You, who are High born, and a Lord no lesse Free by your fate, then Fortunes mightinesse, Who hug our Poems (Honourd Sir) and then The paper gild, and Laureat the pen. Nor suffer you the Poets to sit cold, But warm their wits, and turn their lines to gold. Others there be, who righteously will swear Those smooth-pac't Numbers, amble every where;

To the right honourable Philip, &c. 2 or] of Hazlitt, Grosart, and others (probably rightly)

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Hesperides.

142

And these brave Measures go a stately trot; Love those, like these; regard, reward them not. But you, my Lord, are One, whose hand along Goes with your mouth, or do's outrun your tongue; Paying before you praise; and cockring wit, Give both the Gold and Garland unto it.

An hymne to Juno.

Stately Goddesse, do thou please, Who art chief at marriages, But to dresse the Bridall-Bed, When my Love and I shall wed: And a *Peacock* proud shall be Offerd up by us, to thee.

Upon Sapho, sweetly playing, and sweetly singing.

When thou do'st play, and sweetly sing, Whether it be the voice or string, Or both of them, that do agree Thus to en-trance and ravish me: This, this I know, I'm oft struck mute; And dye away upon thy Lute.

Chop-Cherry.

- Thou gav'st me leave to kisse;
 Thou gav'st me leave to wooe;
 Thou mad'st me thinke by this,
 And that, thou lov'dst me too.
- But I shall ne'r forget,
 How for to make thee merry;
 Thou mad'st me chop, but yet,
 Another snapt the Cherry.

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To the most learned, wise, and Arch-Antiquary, M. John Selden.

I who have favour'd many, come to be Grac't (now at last) or glorifi'd by thee.

Loe, I, the Lyrick Prophet, who have set
On many a head the Delphick Coronet,
Come unto thee for Laurell, having spent,
My wreaths on those, who little gave or lent.
Give me the Daphne, that the world may know it,
Whom they neglected, thou hast crown'd a Poet.
A City here of Heroes I have made,
Upon the rock, whose firm foundation laid,
Shall never shrink, where making thine abode,
Live thou a Selden, that's a Demi-god.

Upon himself.

Thou shalt not All die; for while Love's fire shines Upon his Altar, men shall read thy lines; And learn'd Musicians shall to honour *Herricks* Fame, and his Name, both set, and sing his Lyricks.

Upon wrinkles.

Wrinkles no more are, or no lesse, Then beauty turn'd to sowernesse.

Pray and prosper.

First offer Incense, then thy field and meads. Shall smile and smell the better by thy beads. The spangling Dew dreg'd o're the grasse shall be Turn'd all to Mell, and Manna there for thee.

Hesperides.

144

Butter of Amber, Cream, and IVine, and Oile Shall run, as rivers, all throughout thy soyl. Wod'st thou to sincere-silver turn thy mold? Pray once, twice pray; and turn thy ground to gold.

His Lachrimæ or Mirth, turn'd to mourning.

r. Call me no more,
As heretofore,
The musick of a Feast;
Since now (alas)
The mirth, that was
In me, is dead or ceast.

2. Before I went
To banishment
Into the loathed West;
I co'd rehearse
A Lyrick verse,
And speak it with the best.

But time (Ai me)
Has laid, I see
My Organ fast asleep;
And turn'd my voice
Into the noise
Of those that sit and weep.

Gain and Gettings.

When others gain much by the present cast, The coblers getting time, is at the Last.

Lachrimæ] Lacrime 1648: corr. in orig. Errata

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To the most fair and lovely Mistris, Anne Soame, now Lady Abdie.

So smell those odours that do rise From out the wealthy spiceries: So smels the flowre of blooming Clove; Or Roses smother'd in the stove: So smells the Aire of spiced wine; 5 Or Essences of Jessimine: So smells the Breath about the hives, When well the work of hony thrives; And all the busie Factours come Laden with wax and hony home: 10 So smell those neat and woven Bowers, All over-archt with Oringe flowers; And Almond blossoms, that do mix To make rich these Aromatikes: So smell those bracelets, and those bands 15 Of Amber chaf't between the hands, When thus enkindled they transpire A noble perfume from the fire. The wine of cherries, and to these, The cooling breath of Respasses; 20 The smell of mornings milk, and cream; Butter of Cowslips mixt with them; Of rosted warden, or bak'd peare, These are not to be reckon'd here: When as the meanest part of her, 25 Smells like the maiden-Pomander. Thus sweet she smells, or what can be More lik'd by her, or lov'd by mee.

Upon his kinswoman Mistris Elizabeth Herrick.

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Sweet virgin, that I do not set
The pillars up of weeping Jet,
Or mournfull Marble; let thy shade
Not wrathfull seem, or fright the Maide,
Who hither at her wonted howers
Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.
No, know (Blest Maide) when there's not one
Remainder left of Brasse or stone,
Thy living Epitaph shall be,
Though lost in them, yet found in me.
Dear, in thy bed of Roses, then,
Till this world shall dissolve as men,
Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,
Drawing thy curtains round: Good night.

A Panegerick to Sir Lewis Pemberton.

Till I shall come again, let this suffice,	
I send my salt, my sacrifice	
To Thee, thy Lady, younglings, and as farre	
As to thy Genius and thy Larre,	
To the worn Threshold, Porch, Hall, Parlour, Kitchin,	5
The fat-fed smoking Temple, which in	
The wholsome savour of thy mighty Chines	
Invites to supper him who dines,	
Where laden spits, warp't with large Ribbs of Beefe,	
Not represent, but give reliefe	10
To the lanke-Stranger, and the sowre Swain;	
Where both may feed, and come againe:	
For no black-bearded Vigil from thy doore	
Beats with a button'd-staffe the poore:	
But from thy warm-love-hatching gates each may	15
Take friendly morsels, and there stay	
To Sun his thin-clad members, if he likes,	
For thou no Porter keep'st who strikes.	
No commer to thy Roofe his Guest-rite wants;	
Or staying there, is scourg'd with taunts	20

Of some rough Groom, who (yirkt with Corns) sayes, Sir	
Y'ave dipt too long i'th' Vinegar;	
And with our Broth and bread, and bits; Sir, friend,	
Y'ave farced well, pray make an end;	
Two dayes y'ave larded here; a third, yee know,	25
Makes guests and fish smell strong; pray go	
You to some other chimney, and there take	
Essay of other giblets; make	
Merry at anothers hearth; y'are here	
Welcome as thunder to our beere:	30
Manners knowes distance, and a-man unrude	-
Wo'd soon recoile, and not intrude	
His Stomach to a second Meale. No, no,	
Thy house, well fed and taught, can show	
No such crab'd vizard: Thou hast learnt thy Train,	35
With heart and hand to entertain:	
And by the Armes-full (with a Brest unhid)	
As the old Race of mankind did,	
When eithers heart, and eithers hand did strive	
To be the nearer Relative:	40
Thou do'st redeeme those times; and what was lost	
Of antient honesty, may boast	
It keeps a growth in thee; and so will runne	
A course in thy Fames-pledge, thy Sonne.	
Thus, like a Roman Tribune, thou thy gate	45
Early setts ope to feast, and late:	
Keeping no currish Waiter to affright,	
With blasting eye, the appetite,	
Which fain would waste upon thy Cates, but that	
The Trencher-creature marketh what	50
Best and more suppling piece he cuts, and by	
Some private pinch tels danger's nie	
A hand too desp'rate, or a knife that bites	
Skin deepe into the Porke, or lights	
Upon some part of Kid, as if mistooke,	55
When checked by the Butlers look.	
No, no, thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund Beere Is not reserv'd for <i>Trebius</i> here,	
But all, who at thy table seated are,	C -
Find equall freedome, equall fare;	60

And Thou, like to that <i>Hospitable God</i> ,	
Jove, joy'st when guests make their abode	
To eate thy Bullocks thighs, thy Veales, thy fat	
Weathers, and never grudged at.	
The Phesant, Partridge, Gotwit, Reeve, Ruffe, Raile,	65
The Cock, the Curlew, and the quaile;	
These, and thy choicest viands do extend	
Their taste unto the lower end	
Of thy glad table: not a dish more known	
To thee, then unto any one:	70
But as thy meate, so thy immortall wine	
Makes the smirk face of each to shine,	
And spring fresh Rose-buds, while the salt, the wit	
Flowes from the Wine, and graces it:	
While Reverence, waiting at the bashfull board,	75
Honours my Lady and my Lord.	
No scurrile jest; no open Sceane is laid	
Here, for to make the face affraid;	
But temp'rate mirth dealt forth, and so discreet-	
ly that it makes the meate more sweet;	8c
And adds perfumes unto the Wine, which thou	
Do'st rather poure forth, then allow	
By cruse and measure; thus devoting Wine,	
As the Canary Isles were thine:	
But with that wisdome, and that method, as	85
No One that's there his guilty glasse	
Drinks of distemper, or ha's cause to cry	
Repentance to his liberty.	
No, thou know'st order, Ethicks, and ha's read	
All Oeconomicks, know'st to lead	90
A House-dance neatly, and can'st truly show,	
How farre a Figure ought to go,	
Forward, or backward, side-ward, and what pace	
Can give, and what retract a grace;	
What Gesture, Courtship; Comliness agrees,	95
With those thy primitive decrees,	
To give subsistance to thy house, and proofe,	
What Genii support thy roofe,	
Goodnes and Greatnes; not the oaken Piles;	
For these, and marbles have their whiles	100
To last, but not their ever: Vertues Hand	
It is, which builds, 'gainst Fate to stand.	

Such is thy house, whose firme foundations trust	
Is more in thee, then in her dust,	
Or depth, these last may yeeld, and yearly shrinke,	105
When what is strongly built, no chinke	·
Or yawning rupture can the same devoure,	
But fixt it stands, by her own power,	
And well-laid bottome, on the iron and rock,	
Which tryes, and counter-stands the shock,	110
And Ramme of time and by vexation growes	
The stronger: Vertue dies when foes	
Are wanting to her exercise, but great	
And large she spreads by dust, and sweat	
Safe stand thy Walls, and Thee, and so both will,	115
Since neithers height was rais'd by th'ill	
Of others; since no Stud, no Stone, no Piece,	
Was rear'd up by the Poore-mans fleece:	
No Widowes Tenement was rackt to guild	
Or fret thy Seeling, or to build	120
A Sweating-Closset, to annoint the silke-	
soft-skin, or bath in Asses milke:	
No Orphans pittance, left him, serv'd to set	
The Pillars up of lasting Jet,	
For which their cryes might beate against thine eares,	125
Or in the dampe Jet read their Teares.	
No Planke from Hallowed Altar, do's appeale	•
To yond' Star-chamber, or do's scale	
A curse to Thee, or Thine; but all things even	
Make for thy peace, and pace to heaven.	130
Go on directly so, as just men may	
A thousand times, more sweare, then say,	
This is that <i>Princely Pemberton</i> , who can	
Teach man to keepe a God in man:	
And when wise Poets shall search out to see	135
Good men, They find them all in Thee.	

To his Valentine, on S. Valentines day

Oft have I heard both Youths and Virgins say, Birds chuse their Mates, and couple too, this day: But by their flight I never can divine, When I shall couple with my Valentine.

Upon M. Ben. Johnson. Epig.

After the rare Arch-Poet Johnson dy'd, The Sock grew loathsome, and the Buskins pride, Together with the Stages glory stood Each like a poore and pitied widowhood. The Cirque prophan'd was; and all postures rackt: 5 For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act Then temper flew from words; and men did squeake, Looke red, and blow, and bluster, but not speake: No Holy-Rage, or frantick-fires did stirre, Or flash about the spacious Theater. 01 No clap of hands, or shout, or praises-proofe Did crack the Play-house sides, or cleave her roofe. Artlesse the Sceane was; and that monstrous sin Of deep and arrant ignorance came in; Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hist 15 At thy unequal'd Play, the Alchymist: Oh fie upon 'em! Lastly too, all witt In utter darkenes did, and still will sit Sleeping the lucklesse Age out, till that she Her Resurrection ha's again with Thee. 20

Another.

Thou had'st the wreath before, now take the Tree; That henceforth none be Laurel crown'd but Thee.

To his Nephew, to be prosperous in his art of Painting.

On, as thou hast begunne, brave youth, and get The Palme from *Urbin*, *Titian*, *Tintarret*, *Brugel* and *Coxu*, and the workes out doe, Of *Holben*, and That mighty Ruben too. So draw, and paint, as none may do the like No, not the glory of the World, *Vandike*.

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A Vow to Mars.

Store of courage to me grant, Now I'm turn'd a combatant: Helpe me so, that I my shield, (Fighting) lose not in the field. That's the greatest shame of all That in warfare can befall. Do but this; and there shall be Offer'd up a Wolfe to thee.

To his maid Prew.

These Summer-Birds did with thy Master stay The times of warmth; but then they flew away Leaving their Poet (being now grown old) Expos'd to all the comming Winters cold. But thou kind Prew did'st with my Fates abide, As well the Winters, as the Summers Tide: For which thy Love, live with thy Master here, Not two, but all the seasons of the yeare.

A Canticle to Apollo.

- Play Phæbus on thy Lute; And we will, all sit mute By listning to thy Lire, That sets all eares on fire.
- 2. Hark, harke, the God do's play!
 And as he leads the way
 Through heaven, the very Spheres,
 As men, turne all to eares.

A just man.

A Just man's like a Rock that turnes the wroth Of all the raging Waves, into a froth

To his maid Prew. 'Maid' Douce and Malone copies, which also read—

1 master 5 fates 7 love . . . master 8 Not one

A Canticle. 1 Pochbus Douce and Malone 7 Speres Douce and Malone

Upon a hoarse Singer.

Sing me to death; for till thy voice be cleare, 'Twill never please the pallate of mine eare.

How Pansies or Heart-ease came first.

Frollick Virgins once these were, Overloving, (living here:) Being here their ends deny'd Ran for Sweet-hearts mad, and dy'd. Love in pitie of their teares, And their losse in blooming yeares; For their restlesse here-spent-houres, Gave them *Hearts-ease* turn'd to Flow'rs.

To his peculiar friend Sir Edward Fish, Knight Baronet.

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Since for thy full deserts (with all the rest Of these chaste spirits, that are here possest Of Life eternall) Time has made thee one, For growth in this my rich Plantation: Live here: But know 'twas vertue, & not chance, That gave thee this so high inheritance. Keepe it for ever; grounded with the good, Who hold fast here an endlesse lively-hood.

Larr's portion, or the Poets part.

At my homely Country-seat, I have there a little wheat; Which I worke to Meale, and make Therewithall a *Holy-cake*: Part of which I give to *Larr*, Part is my peculiar.

How Pansies or Heart-ease, &c. Heart-ease] Some copies of 1648 read Hearts-ease: Douce and Malone copies Hart-ease 4 di'd Douce and Malone To his peculiar friend, &c. 5 &] and Douce and Malone 7 forever Douce and Malone 8 lively-hood] lively food Douce and Malone copies (a misprint) Larr's portion. Tille. or] and Douce and Malone

Upon man.

Man is compos'd here of a two-fold part; The first of Nature, and the next of Art: Art presupposes Nature; Nature shee Prepares the way for mans docility.

Liberty.

Those ills that mortall men endure, So long are capable of cure, As they of freedome may be sure: But that deni'd; a griefe, though small, Shakes the whole Roofe, or ruines all.

Lots to be liked.

Learn this of me, where e'r thy Lot doth fall; Short lot, or not, to be content with all.

Griefes.

Jove may afford us thousands of reliefs; Since man expos'd is to a world of griefs.

The Dreame.

By Dream I saw, one of the three Sisters of Fate appeare to me. Close to my Beds side she did stand Shewing me there a fire brand; She told me too, as that did spend, So drew my life unto an end. Three quarters were consum'd of it; Onely remaind a little bit, Which will be burnt up by and by, Then Juha weep, for I must dy.

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Clothes do but cheat and cousen us.

Away with silks, away with Lawn, Ile have no Sceans, or Curtains drawn: Give me my Mistresse, as she is, Drest in her nak't simplicities: For as my Heart, ene so mine Eye Is wone with flesh, not *Drapery*.

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Upon Electra.

When out of bed my Love doth spring, 'Tis but as day a kindling:
But when She's up and fully drest, 'Tis then broad Day throughout the East.

To his Booke.

Have I not blest Thee? Then go forth; nor fear Or spice, or fish, or fire, or close-stools here. But with thy fair Fates leading thee, Go on With thy most white Predestination. Nor thinke these Ages that do hoarcely sing The farting Tanner, and familiar King; The dancing Frier, tatter'd in the bush; Those monstrous lies of little Robin Rush: Tom Chipperfeild, and pritty-lisping Ned, That doted on a Maide of Gingerbred: The flying Pilcher, and the frisking Dace, With all the rabble of Tim-Trundells race, (Bred from the dung-hils, and adulterous rhimes,) Shall live, and thou not superlast all times? No, no, thy Stars have destin'd Thee to see The whole world die, and turn to dust with thee. He's greedie of his life, who will not fall, When as a publick ruine bears down All.

Of Love.

I do not love, nor can it be Love will in vain spend shafts on me: I did this God-head once defie; Since which I freeze, but cannot frie. Yet out alas! the deaths the same, Kil'd by a frost or by a flame.

Upon himself.

I dislikt but even now; Now I love I know not how. Was I idle, and that while Was I fier'd with a smile? Ile too work, or pray; and then I shall quite dislike agen.

Another.

Love he that will; it best likes me, To have my neck from Loves yoke-free.

The mad Maids song.

- 1. Good morrow to the Day so fair; Good morning Sir to you: Good morrow to mine own torn hair Bedabled with the dew.
- 2. Good morning to this Prim-rose too; Good morrow to each maid; That will with flowers the *Tomb* bestrew, Wherein my Love is laid.
- 3. Ah woe is me, woe, woe is me, Alack and welladay! For pitty, Sir, find out that Bee, Which bore my Love away.

The mad Maids song. 9 Ah woe . . .] Ah! woe woe woe woe is me 1648: corr. in orig. Errata

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Hesperides.

1	
I'le seek him in your <i>Bonnet</i> brave; Ile seek him in your eyes; Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave I'th'bed of strawburies.	15
Ile seek him there; I know, ere this, The cold, cold Earth doth shake him; But I will go, or send a kisse By you, Sir, to awake him.	20
Pray hurt him not; though he be dead, He knowes well who do love him, And who with green-turfes reare his head, And who do rudely move him.	
He's soft and tender (Pray take heed) With bands of Cow-slips bind him; And bring him home, but 'tis decreed, That I shall never find him.	25
To Springs and Fountains.	
I heard ye co'd coole heat; and came With hope you would allay the same: Thrice I have washt, but feel no cold, Nor find that true, which was foretold. Me thinks like mine, your pulses beat; And labour with unequall heat: Cure, cure your selves, for I discrie,	5
	Ile seek him in your eyes; Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave I'th'bed of strawburies. Ile seek him there; I know, ere this, The cold, cold Earth doth shake him; But I will go, or send a kisse By you, Sir, to awake him. Pray hurt him not; though he be dead, He knowes well who do love him, And who with green-turfes reare his head, And who do rudely move him. He's soft and tender (Pray take heed) With bands of Cow-slips bind him; And bring him home, but 'tis decreed, That I shall never find him. To Springs and Fountains. I heard ye co'd coole heat; and came With hope you would allay the same: Thrice I have washt, but feel no cold, Nor find that true, which was foretold. Me thinks like mine, your pulses beat; And labour with unequall heat:

Upon Julia's unlacing her self.

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Tell, if thou canst, (and truly) whence doth come This Camphire, Storax, Spiknard, Gallanum: These Musks, these Ambers, and those other smells (Sweet as the Vestrie of the Oracles.) Ile tell thee; while my Julia did unlace Her silken bodies, but a breathing space: The passive Aire such odour then assum'd, As when to Jove Great Juno goes perfum'd. Whose pure-Immortall body doth transmit A scent, that fills both Heaven and Earth with it.

To Bacchus, a Canticle.

Whither dost thou whorry me, Bacchus, being full of Thee? This way, that way, that way, this, Here, and there a fresh Love is. That doth like me, this doth please; Thus a thousand Mistresses, I have now; yet I alone, Having All, injoy not One.

The Lawne.

Wo'd I see Lawn, clear as the Heaven, and thin? It sho'd be onely in my *Julia's* skin: Which so betrayes her blood, as we discover The blush of cherries, when a Lawn's cast over.

The Frankincense.

When my off'ring next I make, Be thy hand the hallowed Cake: And thy brest the Altar, whence Love may smell the *Frankincense*.

To Sycamores.

I'm sick of Love; O let me lie Under your shades, to sleep or die! Either is welcome; so I have Or here my Bed, or here my Grave. Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep Time with the tears, that I do weep? Say, have ye sence, or do you prove What *Crucifixions* are in Love? I know ye do; and that's the why, You sigh for Love, as well as I.

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A Pastorall sung to the King: Montano, Silvio, and Mirtillo, Shepheards.

Mon. Bad are the times. Sil. And wors then they are we.	
Mon. Troth, bad are both; worse fruit, and ill the tree:	
The feast of Shepheards fail. Sil. None crowns the cup	
Of Wassaile now, or sets the quintell up:	
And He, who us'd to leade the Country-round,	5
Youthfull Mirtillo, Here he comes, Griefdrownd.	•/
Ambo. Lets cheer him up. Sil. Behold him weeping ripe.	
Mirt. Ah! Amarillis, farewell mirth and pipe;	
Since thou art gone, no more I mean to play,	
To these smooth Lawns, my mirthfull Roundelay.	10
Dear Amarillis! Mon. Hark! Sil. mark: Mir. this ea	
grew sweet	
Where, Amarillis, Thou didst set thy feet	
Ambo. Poor pittied youth! Mir. And here the breth of kine	
And sheep, grew more sweet, by that breth of Thine.	
This flock of wooll, and this rich lock of hair,	
This ball of <i>Cow-slips</i> , these she gave me here.	15
This ban of Cow-sups, these she gave me here.	
Sil. Words sweet as Love it self. Montano, Hark.	
Mirt. This way she came, and this way too she went;	
How each thing smells divinely redolent!	
Like to a field of beans, when newly blown;	30
Or like a medow being lately mown.	
Mont. A sweet-sad passion.——	
Mirt. In dewie-mornings when she came this way,	
Sweet Bents wode bow, to give my Love the day:	
And when at night, she folded had her sheep,	25
Daysies wo'd shut, and closing, sigh and weep.	
Besides (Ai me!) since she went hence to dwell,	
The voices Daughter nea'r spake syllable.	
But she is gone. Sil. Mirtillo, tell us whether,	
Mirt. Where she and I shall never meet together.	30
Mont. Fore-fend it Pan, and Pales do thou please	
To give an end: Mir. To what? Scil. such griefs as these.	
Mirt. Never, O never! Still I may endure	
The wound I suffer, never find a cure.	
Mont. Love for thy sake will bring her to these hills	35
And dales again: Mir. No I will languish still:	

And all the while my part shall be to weepe;
And with my sighs, call home my bleating sheep:
And in the Rind of every comely tree
Ile carve thy name, and in that name kisse thee:
Mont. Set with the Sunne, thy woes: Scil. The day grows old:
And time it is our full-fed flocks to fold.
Chor. The shades grow great; but greater growes our sorrow,
But lets go steepe
Our eyes in sleepe;
And meet to weepe
To morrow.

The Poet loves a Mistresse, but not to marry.

- I do not love to wed, Though I do like to wooe; And for a maidenhead Ile beg, and buy it too.
- 2. Ile praise, and Ile approve Those maids that never vary; And fervently Ile love; But yet I would not marry.
- Ile hug, Ile kisse, Ile play, And Cock-like Hens Ile tread: And sport it any way; But in the Bridall Bed:
- 4. For why? that man is poore,
 Who hath but one of many;
 But crown'd he is with store,
 That single may have any.
- 5. Why then, say, what is he (To freedome so unknown) Who having two or three, Will be content with one?

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The Willow Garland.

A willow Garland thou did'st send Perfum'd (last day) to me: Which did but only this portend, I was forsooke by thee.

Since so it is; Ile tell thee what,
To morrow thou shalt see
Me weare the Willow; after that,
To dye upon the Tree.

As Beasts unto the Altars go
With Garlands drest, so I
Will, with my Willow-wreath also,
Come forth and sweetly dye.

A Hymne to Sir Clipseby Crew.

"Twas not Lov's Dart; Or any blow Of want, or foe, Did wound my heart With an eternall smart:

But only you,
My sometimes known
Companion,
(My dearest Crew,)
That me unkindly slew.

May your fault dye, And have no name In Bookes of fame; Or let it lye Forgotten now, as I. 5

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Hesperides.

161

We parted are,
And now no more,
As heretofore,
By jocund Larr,
Shall be familiar.

20

But though we Sever My Crew shall see, That I will be Here faithlesse never; But love my Chipseby ever.

25

Observation.

Who to the North, or South, doth set His Bed, Male children shall beget.

Empires.

Empires of Kings, are now, and ever were. (As Salust saith) co-incident to feare.

Felicity, quick of flight.

Every time seems short to be, That's measur'd by felicity: But one halfe houre, that's made up het With griefe; seems longer then a yeare.

Putrefaction.

Putrefaction is the end Of all that Nature doth entend.

Passion.

Were there not a Matter known, There wo'd be no Passion.

HERRICK G

Jack and Jill.

Since *Jack* and *Jill* both wicked be; It seems a wonder unto me, That they no better do agree.

Upon Parson Beanes.

Old Parson *Beanes* hunts six dayes of the week, And on the seaventh, he has his Notes to seek. Six dayes he hollows so much breath away, That on the seaventh, he can nor preach, or pray.

The crowd and company.

In holy meetings, there a man may be One of the crowd, not of the companie.

Short and long both likes.

This Lady's short, that Mistresse she is tall; But long or short, I'm well content with all.

Pollicie in Princes.

That Princes may possesse a surer seat, 'Tis fit they make no One with them too great.

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breast.

Have ye beheld (with much delight)
A red-Rose peeping through a white?
Or else a Cherrie (double grac't)
Within a Lillie? Center plac't?
Or ever mark't the pretty beam,
A Strawberry shewes halfe drown'd in Creame?
Or seen rich Rubies blushing through
A pure smooth Pearle, and Orient too?
So like to this, nay all the rest,
Is each neate Niplet of her breast.

10

To Daisies, not to shut so soone.

- shut not so soon; the dull-ey'd night
 Ha's not as yet begunne
 To make a seisure on the light,
 Or to seale up the Sun.
- No Marigolds yet closed are;
 No shadowes great appeare;
 Nor doth the early Shepheards Starre Shine like a spangle here.
- 3. Stay but till my Julia close

 Her life-begetting eye;

 And let the whole world then dispose

 It selfe to live or dye.

To the little Spinners.

Yee pretty Huswives, wo'd ye know The worke that I wo'd put ye to? This, this it sho'd be, for to spin, A Lawn for me, so fine and thin, As it might serve me for my skin. For cruell Love ha's me so whipt, That of my skin, I all am stript; And shall dispaire, that any art Can ease the rawnesse, or the smart; Unlesse you skin again each part. Which mercy if you will but do, I call all Maids to witnesse too What here I promise, that no Broom Shall now, or ever after come To wrong a Spinner or her Loome.

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Oberons Palace.

After the Feast (my Shapcot) see, The Fairie Court I give to thee:	
Where we'le present our Oberon led	
Halfe tipsie to the Fairie Bed,	
Where <i>Mab</i> he finds; who there doth lie	5
Not without mickle majesty.	•
Which, done; and thence remov'd the light,	
We'l wish both Them and Thee, good night.	
Full as a Bee with Thyme, and Red,	
As Cherry harvest, now high fed	10
For Lust and action; on he'l go,	
To lye with <i>Mab</i> , though all say no.	
Lust ha's no eares; He's sharpe as thorn;	
And fretfull, carries Hay in's horne,	
And lightning in his eyes; and flings	15
Among the Elves, (if mov'd) the stings	
Of peltish wasps; we'l know his Guard	
Kings though th'are hated, will be fear'd.	
Wine lead him on. Thus to a Grove	
(Sometimes devoted unto Love)	20
Tinseld with Twilight, He, and They	
Lead by the shine of Snails; a way	
Beat with their num'rous feet, which by	
Many a neat perplexity,	
Many a turn, and man' a crosse-	25
Track they redeem a bank of mosse	
Spungie and swelling, and farre more	
Soft then the finest Lemster Ore.	
Mildly disparkling, like those fiers,	
Which break from the Injeweld tyres	30
Of curious Brides; or like those mites	
Of Candi'd dew in Moony nights.	
Upon this Convex, all the flowers	
(Nature begets by th' Sun, and showers,)	
Are to a wilde digestion brought,	35
As if Loves Sampler here was wrought:	
Or Citherea's Ceston, which	
All with temptation doth bewitch.	

Sweet Aires move here; and more divine	
Made by the breath of great-ey'd kine,	40
Who as they lowe empearl with milk	
The four-leav'd grasse, or mosse-like silk.	
The breath of Munkies met to mix	
With Musk-flies, are th' Aromaticks,	
Which cense this Arch; and here and there,	45
And farther off, and every where,	
Throughout that Brave Mosaick yard	
Those Picks or Diamonds in the Card:	
With peeps of Harts, of Club and Spade	
Are here most neatly inter-laid.	50
Many a Counter, many a Die,	
Half rotten, and without an eye,	
Lies here abouts; and for to pave	
The excellency of this Cave,	
Squirrils and childrens teeth late shed,	55
Are neatly here enchequered.	
With brownest <i>Toadstones</i> , and the Gum	
That shines upon the blewer Plum.	
The nails faln off by Whit-flawes: Art's	
Wise hand enchasing here those warts,	60
Which we to others (from our selves)	
Sell, and brought hither by the Elves.	
The tempting Mole, stoln from the neck	
Of the shie Virgin, seems to deck	
The holy Entrance; where within	6;
The roome is hung with the blew skin	
Of shifted Snake: enfreez'd throughout	
With eyes of Peacocks Trains, & Trout-	
flies curious wings; and these among	
Those silver-pence, that cut the tongue	70
Of the red infant, neatly hung.	
The glow-wormes eyes; the shining scales	
Of silv'rie fish; wheat-strawes, the snailes	
Soft Candle-light; the Kitling's eyne;	
Corrupted wood; serve here for shine.	75
No glaring light of bold-fac't Day,	
Or other over radiant Ray	
Ransacks this roome; but what weak beams	
Can make reflected from these jems,	

40 great-ey'd kine] Misprinted great ey'd-kine like Grosart and some others (unnecessarily)

42 mosse-like] mosse,

And multiply; Such is the light,	80
But ever doubtfull Day, or night.	
By this quaint Taper-light he winds	
His Errours up; and now he finds	
His Moon-tann'd Mab, as somewhat sick,	
And (Love knowes) tender as a chick.	85
Upon six plump Dandillions, high-	
Rear'd, lyes her Elvish-majestie:	
Whose woollie-bubbles seem'd to drowne	
Hir Mab-ship in obedient Downe.	
For either sheet, was spread the Caule	90
That doth the Infants face enthrall,	-
When it is born: (by some enstyl'd	
The luckie Omen of the child)	
And next to these two blankets ore-	
Cast of the finest Gossamore.	95
And then a Rug of carded wooll,	
Which, Spunge-like drinking in the dull-	
Light of the Moon, seem'd to comply,	
Cloud-like, the daintie Deitie.	
Thus soft she lies: and over-head	100
A Spinners circle is bespread,	
With Cob-web-curtains: from the roof	
So neatly sunck, as that no proof	
Of any tackling can declare	
What gives it hanging in the Aire.	105
The Fringe about this, are those Threds	•
Broke at the Losse of Maiden-heads:	
And all behung with these pure Pearls,	
Dropt from the eyes of ravisht Girles	`
Or writhing Brides; when, (panting) they	110
Give unto Love the straiter way.	
For Musick now; He has the cries	
Of fained-lost-Virginities;	
The which the Elves make to excite	
A more unconquer'd appetite.	115
The Kings undrest; and now upon	-
The Gnats-watch-word the <i>Elves</i> are gone.	
And now the bed, and Mab possest	
Of this great-little-kingly-Guest.	
We'll nobly think, what's to be done,	120
He'll do no doubt; This flax is spun.	

To his peculiar friend Master Thomas Shapcott, Lawyer.

I've paid Thee, what I promis'd; that's not All; Besides I give Thee here a Verse that shall (When hence thy Circum-mortall-part is gon) Arch-like, hold up, Thy Name's Inscription.

Brave men can't die; whose Candid Actions are Writ in the Poets Endlesse-Kalendar: Whose velome, and whose volumne is the Skie, And the pure Starres the praising Poetrie.

Farewell.

To Julia in the Temple.

Besides us two, i' th' Temple here's not one To make up now a Congregation. Let's to the *Altar of perfumes* then go, And say short Prayers; and when we have done so, Then we shall see, how in a little space, Saints will come in to fill each Pew and Place.

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To Oenone.

- 1. What Conscience, say, is it in thee When I a Heart had one, To Take away that Heart from me, And to retain thy own?
- For shame or pitty now encline
 To play a loving part;
 Either to send me kindly thine,
 Or give me back my heart.

Covet not both; but if thou dost
 Resolve to part with neither;
 Why! yet to shew that thou art just,
 Take me and mine together.

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His weaknesse in woes.

I cannot suffer; And in this, my part Of Patience wants. Grief breaks the stoutest Heart.

Fame makes us forward.

To Print our Poems, the propulsive cause Is Fame, (the breath of popular applause.)

To Groves.

Yee silent shades, whose each tree here Some Relique of a Saint doth weare: Who for some sweet-hearts sake, did prove The fire, and martyrdome of love. Here is the Legend of those Saints 5 That di'd for love; and their complaints: Their wounded hearts; and names we find Encarv'd upon the Leaves and Rind. Give way, give way to me, who come Scorch't with the selfe-same martyrdome: 10 And have deserv'd as much (Love knowes) As to be canoniz'd 'mongst those, Whose deeds, and deaths here written are Within your *Greenie-Kalendar*: By all those Virgins Fillets hung 15 Upon your Boughs, and Requiems sung For Saints and Soules departed hence, (Here honour'd still with Frankincense) By all those teares that have been shed, As a Drink-offering, to the dead: 20 By all those True-love-knots, that be With Motto's carv'd on every tree By sweet S. *Phillis*; pitie me: By deare S. Iphis; and the rest, Of all those other Saints now blest; 25 Me, me, forsaken, here admit Among your Mirtles to be writ: That my poore name may have the glory To live remembred in your story.

An Epitaph upon a Virgin.

Here a solemne Fast we keepe, While all beauty lyes asleep Husht be all things; (no noyse here) But the toning of a teare: Or a sigh of such as bring Cowslips for her covering.

To the right gratious Prince, Lodwick, Duke of Richmond and Lenox.

Of all those three-brave-brothers, faln i' th' Warre, (Not without glory) Noble Sir, you are, Despite of all concussions left the Stem To shoot forth Generations like to them. Which may be done, if (Sir) you can beget 5 Men in their substance, not in counterfeit. Such Essences as those Three Brothers; known Eternall by their own production. Of whom, from Fam's white Trumpet, This Ile Tell, Worthy their everlasting Chronicle, 10 Never since first Bellona us'd a Shield, Such Three brave Brothers fell in Mars his Field. These were those Three Horatii Rome did boast, Rom's were these Three Horatii we have lost. One Cordelion had that Age long since; 15 This, Three; which Three, you make up Foure Brave Prince.

To Jealousie.

I. O Jealousie, that art
 The Canker of the heart:
 And mak'st all hell
 Where thou do'st dwell;
 For pitie be

 No Furie, or no Fire-brand to me.

To the right gratious Prince, Lodwick, &c. 14 were] Misprinted where

Farre from me Ile remove
 All thoughts of irksome Love:
 And turn to snow,
 Or Christall grow;
 To keep still free
 (O! Soul-tormenting Jealousie,) from Thee.

To live Freely.

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Let's live in hast; use pleasures while we may: Co'd life return, 'twod never lose a day.

His Almes.

Here, here I live,
And somewhat give,
Of what I have,
To those, who crave.
Little or much,
My Almnes is such:
But if my deal
Of Oyl and Meal
Shall fuller grow,
More Ile bestow:
Mean time be it
E'en but a bit,
Or else a crum,
The scrip hath some.

Upon himself.

Come, leave this loathed Country-life, and then Grow up to be a Roman Citizen.

Those mites of Time, which yet remain unspent, Waste thou in that most Civill Government. Get their comportment, and the gliding tongue Of those mild Men, thou art to live among:

Then being seated in that smoother Sphere, Decree thy everlasting Topick there.

And to the Farm-house nere return at all;

Though Granges do not love thee, Cities shall.

To enjoy the Time.

While Fates permits us, let's be merry; Passe all we must the fatall Ferry: And this our life too whirles away, With the Rotation of the Day.

Upon Love.

1. Love, I have broke Thy yoke; The neck is free: But when I'm next Love vext,

Then shackell mc.

2 'Tis better yet To fret The feet or hands; Then to enthrall, Or gall The neck with bands.

To the right Honourable Mildmay, Earle of Westmorland.

You are a Lord, an Earle, nay more, a Man, Who writes sweet Numbers well as any can: If so, why then are not These Verses hurld, Like Sybels Leaves, throughout the ample world? What is a Jewell if it be not set Forth by a Ring, or some rich Carkanet? But being so; then the beholders cry, See, see a Jemme (as rare as Balus eye.) Then publick praise do's runne upon the Stone, For a most rich, a rare, a precious One. Expose your jewels then unto the view, That we may praise Them, or themselves prize You. Vertue conceal'd (with Horace you'l confesse) Differs not much from drowzie slothfullnesse.

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The Plunder.

I am of all bereft; Save but some few Beanes left, Whereof (at last) to make For me, and mine a Cake: Which eaten, they and I Will say our grace, and die

Littlenesse no cause of Leannesse.

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One feeds on Lard, and yet is leane; And I but feasting with a Beane, Grow fat and smooth: The reason is, Jove prospers my meat, more then his.

The Jimmall Ring, or True-love-knot.

Thou sent'st to me a True-love-knot; but I Return'd a Ring of Jimmals, to imply Thy Love had one knot, mine a triple tyc.

The parting Verse, or charge to his supposed Wife when he travelled.

Go hence, and with this parting kisse,
Which joyns two souls, remember this;
Though thou beest young, kind, soft, and faire,
And may'st draw thousands with a haire:
Yet let these glib temptations be
Furies to others, Friends to me.
Looke upon all; and though on fire
Thou set'st their hearts, let chaste desire
Steere Thee to me; and thinke (me gone)
In having all, that thou hast none.
Nor so immured wo'd I have
Thee live, as dead and in thy grave;
But walke abroad, yet wisely well
Stand for my comming, Sentinell.

The parting Verse. 8. let] yet 1648: corr. in orig. Errata

And think (as thou do'st walke the street) Me, or my shadow thou do'st meet. I know a thousand greedy eyes Will on thy Feature tirannize, In my short absence; yet behold Them like some Picture, or some Mould Fashion'd like Thee; which though 'tave eares And eyes, it neither sees or heares.	15
Gifts will be sent, and Letters, which	
Are the expressions of that itch,	
And salt, which frets thy Suters; fly	25
Both, lest thou lose thy liberty:	
For that once lost, thou't fall to one,	
Then prostrate to a million.	
But if they wooe thee, do thou say,	
(As that chaste Queen of Ithaca	30
Did to her suitors) this web done	
(Undone as oft as done) I'm wonne;	
I will not urge Thee, for I know,	
Though thou art young, thou canst say no,	
And no again, and so deny,	35
Those thy Lust-burning Incubi.	
Let them enstile Thee Fairest faire, The Pearle of Princes, yet despaire	
That so thou art, because thou must	
Believe, Love speaks it not, but Lust;	40
And this their Flatt'rie do's commend	40
Thee chiefly for their pleasures end.	
I am not jealous of thy Faith,	
Or will be; for the Axiome saith,	
He that doth suspect, do's haste	45
A gentle mind to be unchaste.	73
No, live thee to thy selfe, and keep	
Thy thoughts as cold, as is thy sleep:	
And let thy dreames be only fed	
With this, that I am in thy bed.	50
And thou then turning in that Sphere,	•
Waking shalt find me sleeping there.	
But yet if boundlesse Lust must skaile	
Thy Fortress, and will needs prevaile;	

And wildly force a passage in,	55
Banish consent, and 'tis no sinne	•
Of Thine; so Lucrece fell, and the	
Chaste Syracusian Cyane.	
So Medullina fell, yet none	
Of these had imputation	60
For the least trespasse; 'cause the mind	
Here was not with the act combin'd.	
The body sins not, 'tis the Will	
That makes the Action, good, or ill.	
And if thy fall sho'd this way come,	65
Triumph in such a Martirdome.	•
I will not over-long enlarge	
To thee, this my religious charge.	•
Take this compression, so by this	
Means, I shall know what other kisse	70
Is mixt with mine; and truly know,	•
Returning, if 't be mine or no:	
Keepe it till then; and now my Spouse,	
For my wisht safety pay thy vowes,	
And prayers to Venus; if it please	75
The Great-blew-ruler of the seas;	
Not many full-fac't-moons shall waine,	
Lean-horn'd, before I come again	
As one triumphant; when I find	
In thee, all faith of Woman-kind.	80
Nor wo'd I have thee thinke, that Thou	
Had'st power thy selfe to keep this vow;	
But having scapt temptations shelfe,	
Know vertue taught thee, not thy selfe.	

To his Kinsman, Sir Tho. Soame.

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Seeing thee Soame, I see a Goodly man, And in that Good, a great Patrician. Next to which Two; among the City-Powers, And Thrones, thy selfe one of Those Senatours: Not wearing Purple only for the show; (As many Conscripts of the Citie do) But for True Service, worthy of that Gowne, The Golden chain too, and the Civick Crown.

To Blossoms.

r. Faire pledges of a fruitfull Tree,
Why do yee fall so fast?
Your date is not so past;
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile;
And go at last.

What, were yee borne to be
 An houre or half's delight;
 And so to bid goodnight?
 *Twas pitie Nature brought yee forth
 Meerly to shew your worth,
 And lose you quite.

3. But you are lovely Leaves, where we May read how soon things have Their end, though ne'r so brave: And after they have shown their pride, Like you a while: They glide Into the Grave.

Mans dying-place uncertain.

Man knowes where first he ships himselfe; but he Never can tell, where shall his Landing be.

Nothing Free-cost.

Nothing comes Free-cost here; Jove will not let His gifts go from him; if not bought with sweat.

Few fortunate.

Many we are, and yet but few possesse Those Fields of everlasting happinesse.

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Hesperides.

To Perenna.

How long, *Perenna*, wilt thou see Me languish for the love of Thee? Consent and play a friendly part To save; when thou may'st kill a heart.

To the Ladyes.

Trust me Ladies, I will do Nothing to distemper you; If I any fret or vex, Men they shall be, not your sex.

The old Wives Prayer.

Holy-Rood come forth and shield Us i'th' Citie, and the Field: Safely guard us, now and aye, From the blast that burns by day; And those sounds that us affright In the dead of dampish night. Drive all hurtfull Feinds us fro, By the Time the Cocks first crow.

Upon his departure hence.

Thus I
Passe by,
And die:
As One,
Unknown,
And gon:
I'm made
A shade,
And laid
I'th grave,
There have
My Cave.
Where tell
I dwell,
Farewell.

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The Wassaile.

- Give way, give way ye Gates, and win An easie blessing to your Bin, And Basket, by our entring in.
- 2. May both with manchet stand repleat; Your Larders too so hung with meat, That though a thousand, thousand eat;
- 3. Yet, ere twelve *Moones* shall whirl about Their silv'rie Spheres, ther's none may doubt, But more's sent in, then was serv'd out.
- 4. Next, may your Dairies Prosper so,
 As that your pans no Ebbe may know;
 But if they do, the more to flow.
- Like to a solemne sober Stream Bankt all with Lillies, and the Cream Of sweetest Cow-slips filling Them.
- Then, may your Plants be prest with Fruit, Nor Bee, or Hive you have be mute; But sweetly sounding like a Lute.
- 7. Next may your Duck and teeming Hen Both to the Cocks-tread say Amen; And for their two egs render ten.
- Last, may your Harrows, Shares and Ploughes, Your Stacks, your Stocks, your sweetest Mowes, All prosper by your Virgin-vowes.
- 9. Alas! we blesse, but see none here, That brings us either Ale or Beere; In a drie-house all things are neere.
- 10. Let's leave a longer time to wait, Where Rust and Cobwebs bind the gate; And all live here with needy Fate.

- 11. Where Chimneys do for ever weepe, For want of warmth, and Stomachs keepe With noise, the servants eyes from sleep.
- 12. It is in vain to sing, or stay
 Our free-feet here; but we'l away:
 Yet to the Lares this we'l say,

13. The time will come, when you'l be sad, And reckon this for fortune bad, T'ave lost the good ye might have had.

Upon a Lady faire, but fruitlesse.

Twice has *Pudica* been a Bride, and led By holy *Himen* to the Nuptiall Bed.

Two Youths sha's known, thrice two, and twice 3. yeares; Yet not a Lillie from the Bed appeares; Nor will; for why, *Pudica*, this may know, *Trees never beare*, unlesse they first do blow.

How Springs came first.

These Springs were Maidens once that lov'd, But lost to that they most approv'd:
My Story tells, by Love they were
Turn'd to these Springs, which wee see here:
The pretty whimpering that they make,
When of the Banks their leave they take;
Tels ye but this, they are the same,
In nothing chang'd but in their name.

To Rosemary and Baies.

My wooing's ended: now my wedding's neere; When Gloves are giving, Guilded be you there.

Upon a Scarre in a Virgins Face.

'Tis Heresie in others: In your face That Scarr's no Schisme, but the sign of grace.

31-33 omitted in some copies of 16:18, with the exception of the initial word Where

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Upon his eye-sight failing him.

I beginne to waine in sight; Shortly I shall bid goodnight: Then no gazing more about, When the Tapers once are out.

To his worthy Friend, M. Tho. Falconbirge.

Stand with thy Graces forth, Brave man, and rise High with thine own Auspitious Destinies: Nor leave the search, and proofe, till Thou canst find These, or those ends, to which Thou wast design'd. Thy lucky Genius, and thy guiding Starre, Have made Thee prosperous in thy wayes, thus farre: Nor will they leave Thee, till they both have shown Thee to the World a Prime and Publique One. Then, when Thou see'st thine Age all turn'd to gold, Remember what thy Herrick Thee foretold, When at the holy Threshold of thine house, He Boded good-luck to thy Selfe and Spouse. Lastly, be mindfull (when thou art grown great) That Towrs high rear'd dread most the lightnings threat: When as the humble Cottages not feare The cleaving Bolt of Jove the Thunderer.

Upon Julia's haire fill'd with Dew.

Dew sate on Julia's haire,
And spangled too,
Like Leaves that laden are
With trembling Dew:
Or glitter'd to my sight,
As when the Beames
Have their reflected light,
Daunc't by the Streames.

To M. Tho. Falconbirge 8 Prime] Misprinted Prime

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Another on her.

How can I choose but love, and follow her, Whose shadow smels like milder *Pomander*! How can I chuse but kisse her, whence do's come The *Storax*, *Spiknard*, *Myrrhe*, and *Ladanum*.

Losse from the least.

Great men by small meanes oft are overthrown: He's Lord of thy life, who contemnes his own.

Reward and punishments.

All things are open to these two events, Or to Rewards, or else to Punishments.

Shame, no Statist.

Shame is a bad attendant to a State: He rents his Crown, That feares the Peoples hate.

To Sir Clisebie Crew.

Since to th' Country first I came, I have lost my former flame: And, methinks, I not inherit, As I did, my ravisht spirit. If I write a Verse, or two, 'Tis with very much ado; In regard I want that Wine, Which sho'd conjure up a line. Yet, though now of Muse bereft I have still the manners left For to thanke you (Noble Sir) For those gifts you do conferre Upon him, who only can Be in Prose a gratefull man.

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Upon himselfe.

- I co'd never love indeed;
 Never see mine own heart bleed:
 Never crucifie my life;
 Or for Widow, Maid, or Wife.
- I co'd never seeke to please
 One, or many Mistresses:
 Never like their lips, to sweare
 Oyle of Roses still smelt there.
- 3. I co'd never breake my sleepe,
 Fold mine Armes, sob, sigh, or weep:
 Never beg, or humbly wooe
 With oathes, and lyes, (as others do.)
- 4. I co'd never walke alone;
 Put a shirt of sackcloth on:
 Never keep a fast, or pray
 For good luck in love (that day.)
- 5. But have hitherto liv'd free,
 As the aire that circles me:
 And kept credit with my heart,
 Neither broke i'th whole, or part.

Fresh Cheese and Cream.

Wo'd yee have fresh Cheese and Cream? *Julia*'s Breast can give you them: And if more; Each *Nipple* cries, To your *Cream*, her's *Strawberries*.

An Eclogue, or Pastorall between Endimion Porter and Lycidas Herrick, set and sung.

I. Endym. Ah! Lycidas, come tell me why Thy whilome merry Oate By thee doth so neglected lye; And never purls a Note?

Lyc.	I prithee speake: Lyc. I will. End. Say on: 'Tis thou, and only thou,	5
End.	That art the cause <i>Endimion</i> ; For Loves-sake, tell me how.	
3. <i>Lyc</i> .	In this regard, that thou do'st play Upon an other Plain: And for a Rurall Roundelay, Strik'st now a Courtly strain.	10
4.	Thou leav'st our Hills, our Dales, our Bowers, Our finer fleeced sheep: (Unkind to us) to spend thine houres, Where Shepheards sho'd not keep.	15
5. End. Lyc.	I meane the Court: Let Latmos be My lov'd Endymions Court; But I the Courtly State wo'd see: Then see it in report.	20
6.	What ha's the Court to do with Swaines, Where <i>Phillis</i> is not known? Nor do's it mind the Rustick straines Of us, or <i>Coridon</i> .	
7· End.	Breake, if thou lov'st us, this delay; Dear <i>Lycidas</i> , e're long, I vow by <i>Pan</i> , to come away And Pipe unto thy Song.	25
8.	Then Jessimine, with Florabell; And dainty Amarillis, With handsome-handed Drosomell Shall pranke thy Hooke with Lillies.	30
9. <i>Lyc</i> .	Then Tityrus, and Coridon, And Thyrsis, they shall follow With all the rest; while thou alone Shalt lead, like young Apollo.	35
10.	And till thou com'st, thy Lycidas, In every Geniall Cup, Shall write in Spice, Endimion 'twas That kept his Piping up.	40
Endin	ny most luckie Swain, when I shall live to see nions Moon to fill up full, remember me: time, let Lycidas have leave to Pipe to thee.	

To a Bed of Tulips.

- Bright Tulips, we do know, You had your comming hither; And Fading-time do's show, That Ye must quickly wither.
- 2. Your Sister-hoods may stay, And smile here for your houre; But dye ye must away: Even as the meanest Flower.
- Come Virgins them, and see Your frailties; and bemone ye; For lost like these, 'twill be, As Time had never known ye.

A Caution.

That Love last long; let it thy first care be To find a Wife, that is most fit for Thee. Be She too wealthy, or too poore; be sure, Love in extreames, can never long endure.

To the Water Nymphs, drinking at the Fountain.

- Reach, with your whiter hands, to me, Some Christall of the Spring;
 And I, about the Cup shall see Fresh Lillies flourishing.
- Or else sweet Nimphs do you but this;
 To'th' Glasse your lips encline;
 And I shall see by that one kisse,
 The Water turn'd to Wine.

To his Honoured Kinsman, Sir Richard Stone.

To this white Temple of my Heroes, here Beset with stately Figures (every where) Of such rare Saint-ships, who did here consume Their lives in sweets, and left in death perfume.

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Come thou Brave man! And bring with Thee a Stone Unto thine own Edification. High are These Statues here, besides no lesse Strong then the Heavens for everlastingnesse: Where build aloft; and being fixt by These, Set up Thine own eternall Images. 10

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Upon a Flie.

A golden Flie one shew'd to me Clos'd in a Box of Yvorie: Where both seem'd proud; the Flie to have His buriall in an yvory grave: The yvorie tooke State to hold A Corps as bright as burnisht gold. One Fate had both; both equal Grace; The Buried, and the Burying-place. Not Virgils Gnat, to whom the Spring All Flowers sent to'is burying. 01 Not *Marshals Bee*, which in a Bead Of Amber quick was buried. Nor that fine Worme that do's interre Her self i'th' silken Sepulchre. Nor my rare * Phil, that lately was *Sparrow. 15 With Lillies Tomb'd up in a Glasse; More honour had, then this same Flie; Dead, and closed up in *Yvorie*.

To Julia.

Julia, when thy *Herrick* dies, Close thou up thy Poets eyes: And his last breath, let it be Taken in by none but Thee.

To Mistresse Dorothy Parsons.

If thou aske me (Deare) wherefore I do write of thee no more: I must answer (Sweet) thy part Lesse is here, then in my heart.

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How he would drinke his Wine.

Fill me my Wine in Christall; thus, and thus I see't in's puris naturalibus:
Unmixt. I love to have it smirke and shine,
'Tis sin I know, 'tis sin to throtle Wine.
What Mad-man's he, that when it sparkles so,
Will coole his flames, or quench his fires with snow?

How Marigolds came yellow.

Jealous Girles these sometimes were, While they liv'd, or lasted here: Turn'd to *Flowers*, still they be Yellow, markt for Jealousie.

The broken Christall.

To Fetch me Wine my Lucia went, Bearing a Christall continent: But making haste, it came to passe, She brake in two the purer Glasse, Then smil'd, and sweetly chid her speed; So with a blush, beshrew'd the deed.

Precepts.

Good Precepts we must firmly hold, By daily *Learning* we wax old.

To the right Honourable Edward Earle of Dorset.

If I dare write to You, my Lord, who are, Of your own selfe, a *Publick Theater*. And sitting, see the wiles, wayes, walks of wit, And give a righteous judgement upon it. What need I care, though some dislike me sho'd, If *Dorset* say, what *Herrick* writes, is good? We know y'are learn'd i'th' Muses, and no lesse In our *State-sanctions*, deep, or bottomlesse.

Whose smile can make a Poet; and your glance Dash all bad Poems out of countenance. So, that an Author needs no other Bayes For Coronation, then Your onely Praise. And no one mischief greater then your frown, To null his Numbers, and to blast his Crowne. Few live the life immortall. He ensures His Fame's long life, who strives to set up Yours.

Upon himself.

Th'art hence removing, (like a Shepherds Tent) And walk thou must the way that others went: Fall thou must first, then rise to life with These, Markt in thy Book for faithfull Witnesses.

Hope well and Have well: or, Faire after Foule weather.

What though the Heaven be lowring now, And look with a contracted brow? We shall discover, by and by, A Repurgation of the Skie: And when those clouds away are driven, Then will appeare a cheerfull Heaven.

Upon Love.

- I held Love's head while it did ake;
 But so it chanc't to be;
 The cruell paine did his forsake,
 And forthwith came to me.
- 2. Ai me! How shal my griefe be stil'd? Or where else shall we find One like to me, who must be kill'd For being too-too-kind?

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To his Kinswoman, Mrs. Penelope Wheeler.

Next is your lot (Faire) to be number'd one, Here, in my Book's Canonization: Late you come in; but you a Saint shall be, In Chiefe, in this Poetick Liturgie.

Another upon her.

First, for your shape, the curious cannot shew Any one part that's dissonant in you: And 'gainst your chast behaviour there's no Plea, Since you are knowne to be *Penelope*. Thus faire and cleane you are, although there be A mighty strife 'twixt Forme and Chastitie.

Kissing and bussing.

Kissing and bussing differ both in this; We busse our Wantons, but our Wives we kisse.

Crosse and Pile.

Faire and foule dayes trip Crosse and Pile; The faire Far lesse in number, then our foule dayes are.

To the Lady Crew, upon the death of her Child.

Why, Madam, will ye longer weep, When as your Baby's lull'd asleep? And (pretty Child) feeles now no more Those paines it lately felt before. All now is silent; groanes are fled: Your Child lyes still, yet is not dead: But rather like a flower hid here To spring againe another yeare.

His Winding-sheet.

Come thou, who art the Wine, and wit Of all I've writ:	
The Grace, the Glorie, and the best	
Piece of the rest.	
Thou art of what I did intend	
The All, and End.	5
And what was made, was made to meet	
Thee, thee my sheet.	
Come then, and be to my chast side	
Both Bed, and Bride.	16
We two (as Reliques left) will have	
One Rest, one Grave.	
And, hugging close, we will not feare	
Lust entring here:	
Where all Desires are dead, or cold	15
As is the mould:	15
And all Affections are forgot,	
Or Trouble not.	
Here, here the Slaves and Pris'ners be	
From Shackles free:	20
And weeping Widowes long opprest	20
Doe here find rest.	
The wronged Client ends his Lawes	
Here, and his Cause.	
Here those long suits of Chancery lie	0.0
Quiet, or die:	25
And all Star-chamber-Bils doe cease,	
Or hold their peace.	
Here needs no Court for our Request, Where all are best;	
	30
All wise; all equall; and all just Alike i'th' dust.	
Nor need we here to feare the frowne	
Of Court, or Crown.	
Where Fortune bears no sway o're things	
There all are Kings,	35
In this securer place we'l keep,	
As lull'd asleep;	
Or for a little time we'l lye,	
As Robes laid by;	40

To be another day re-worne,

Turn'd, but not torn:
Or like old Testaments ingrost,

Lockt up, not lost:
And for a while lye here conceal'd,

To be reveal'd
Next, at that great Platonick yeere,

And then meet here.

45

To Mistresse Mary Willand.

One more by Thee, Love, and Desert have sent, T' enspangle this expansive Firmament. O Flame of Beauty! come, appeare, appeare A Virgin Taper, ever shining here.

Change gives content.

What now we like, anon we disapprove: The new successor drives away old Love.

On himselfe.

Borne I was to meet with Age, And to walke Life's pilgrimage. Much I know of Time is spent, Tell I can't, what's Resident. Howsoever, cares, adue; Ile have nought to say to you: But Ile spend my comming houres, Drinking wine, & crown'd with flowres.

5

Fortune favours.

Fortune did never favour one Fully, without exception; Though free she be, ther's something yet Still wanting to her Favourite

To Phillis to love, and live with him.

Live, live with me, and thou shall see	
The pleasures Ile prepare for thee:	
What sweets the Country can afford	
Shall blesse thy Bed, and blesse thy Board.	
The soft sweet Mosse shall be thy bed,	5
With crawling Woodbine over-spread:	
By which the silver-shedding streames	
Shall gently melt thee into dreames.	
Thy clothing next, shall be a Gowne	
Made of the Fleeces purest Downe.	10
The tongues of Kids shall be thy meate;	
Their Milke thy drinke; and thou shalt eate	
The Paste of Filberts for thy bread	
With Cream of Cowslips buttered:	
Thy Feasting-Tables shall be Hills	15
With Daisies spread, and Daffadils;	
Where thou shalt sit, and Red-brest by,	
For meat, shall give thee melody.	
Ile give thee Chaines and Carkanets	
Of Primroses and Violets.	20
A Bag and Bottle thou shalt have;	
That richly wrought, and This as brave;	
So that as either shall expresse	
The Wearer's no meane Shepheardesse.	
At Sheering-times, and yearely Wakes,	25
When Themilis his pastime makes,	_
There thou shalt be; and be the wit,	
Nay more, the Feast, and grace of it.	
On Holy-dayes, when Virgins meet	
To dance the Heyes with nimble feet;	30
Thou shalt come forth, and then appeare	
The Queen of Roses for that yeere.	
And having danc't ('bove all the best)	
Carry the Garland from the rest.	
In Wicker-baskets Maids shal bring	35
To thee, (my dearest Shepharling)	
The blushing Apple, bashfull Peare,	
And shame-fac't Plum, (all simp'ring there).	
Walk in the Groves, and thou shalt find	
The name of <i>Phillis</i> in the Rind	40

Hesperides.

191

Of every straight, and smooth-skin tree; Where kissing that, Ile twice kisse thee. To thee a Sheep-hook I will send, Be-pranckt with Ribbands, to this end, This, this alluring Hook might be 15 Lesse for to catch a sheep, then me. Thou shalt have Possets, Wassails fine, Not made of Ale, but spiced Wine; To make thy Maids and selfe free mirth, All sitting neer the glitt'ring Hearth. 50 Thou sha't have Ribbands, Roses, Rings, Gloves, Garters, Stockings, Shooes, and Strings Of winning Colours, that shall move Others to Lust, but me to Love. These (nay) and more, thine own shal be, 55 If thou wilt love, and live with me.

To his Kinswoman, Mistresse Susanna Herrick.

When I consider (Dearest) thou dost stay But here awhile, to languish and decay; Like to these Garden-glories, which here be The Flowrie-sweet resemblances of Thee: With griefe of heart, methinks, I thus doe cry, Wo'd thou hast ne'r been born, or might'st not die.

Upon Mistresse Susanna Southwell her cheeks.

Rare are thy cheeks Susanna, which do show Ripe Cherries smiling, while that others blow.

Upon her Eyes.

Cleere are her eyes,
Like purest Skies.
Discovering from thence
A Babie there
That turns each Sphere,
Like an Intelligence.

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Upon her feet.

Her pretty feet
Like snailes did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they started at Bo-peep,
Did soon draw in agen.

To his honoured friend, Sir John Mynts.

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For civill, cleane, and circumcised wit, And for the comely carriage of it; Thou art The Man, the onely Man best known, Markt for the *True-wit* of a Million: From whom we'l reckon. Wit came in, but since The *Calculation* of thy Birth, *Brave Mince*.

Upon his gray haires.

Fly me not, though I be gray,
Lady, this I know you'l say;
Better look the Roses red,
When with white commingled.
Black your haires are; mine are white;
This begets the more delight,
When things meet most opposite:
As in Pictures we descry,
Venus standing Vulcan by.

Accusation.

If Accusation onely can draw blood, None shall be guiltlesse, be he n'er so good.

Pride allowable in Poets.

As thou deserv'st, be proud; then gladly let The Muse give thee the Delphick Coronet.

Upon her feet. 4 started] played Douce and Malone copies of 1648
To his honoured friend. Title Mynts] Mince Douce and Malone copies of 1648.

Hesperides.

193

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A Vow to Minerva.

Goddesse, I begin an Art; Come thou in, with thy best part, For to make the Texture lye Each way smooth and civilly: And a broad-fac't Owle shall be Offer'd up with Vows to Thee.

To Electra.

- "Tis Ev'ning, my Sweet,
 And dark; let us meet;
 Long time w'ave here been a toying:
 And never, as yet,
 That season co'd get,
 Wherein t'ave had an enjoying.
- For pitty or shame,
 Then let not Love's flame,
 Be ever and ever a spending;
 Since now to the Port
 The path is but short;
 And yet our way has no ending.
- 3. Time flyes away fast;
 Our houres doe waste:
 The while we never remember,
 How soone our life, here,
 Growes old with the yeere,
 That dyes with the next December.

Discord not disadvantageous.

Fortune no higher Project can devise, Then to sow Discord 'mongst the Enemies.

Ill Government.

Preposterous is that Government, (and rude) When Kings obey the wilder Multitude.

BERRICK

To Marygolds.

Give way, and be ye ravisht by the Sun, (And hang the head when as the Act is done) Spread as He spreads; wax lesse as He do's wane; And as He shuts, close up to Maids again.

To Dianeme.

Give me one kisse,
And no more;
If so be, this
Makes you poore;
To enrich you,
Ile restore
For that one, two
Thousand score.

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To Julia, the Flaminica Dialis, or Queen-Priest.

Thou know'st, my Julia, that it is thy turne This Mornings Incense to prepare, and burne. The Chaplet, and * Inarculum here be, With the white Vestures, all attending Thee. This day, the Queen-Priest, thou art made t'appease 5 Love for our very-many Trespasses. One chiefe transgression is among the rest, Because with Flowers her Temple was not drest: The next, because her Altars did not shine. With daily Fyers: The last, neglect of Wine: 10 For which, her wrath is gone forth to consume Us all, unlesse preserv'd by thy Perfume. Take then thy Censer; Put in Fire, and thus, O *Pious-Priestresse* / make a Peace for us. For our neglect, Love did our Death decree, 15 That we escape. Redemption comes by Thee.

^{*} A twig of a Pomgranat, which the queen-priest did use to weare on her head at sacrificing. (Herrick)

Anacreontike.

Born I was to be old. And for to die here. After that, in the mould Long for to lye here. But before that day comes, Still I be Bousing; For I know, in the Tombs There's no Carousing.

Meat without mirth.

Eaten I have; and though I had good cheere, I did not sup, because no friends were there. Where Mirth and Friends are absent when we Dine Or Sup, there wants the Incense and the Wine.

Large Bounds doe but bury us.

All things o'r-rul'd are here by Chance; The greatest mans Inheritance. Where ere the luckie Lot doth fall, Serves but for place of Buriall.

An Ode to Sir Clipsebie Crew.

1. Here we securely live, and eate The Creame of meat; And keep eternal fires, By which we sit, and doe Divine As Wine And Rage inspires.

2. If full we charme; then call upon Anacreon To grace the frantick Thyrse: And having drunk, we raise a shout

> Throughout To praise his Verse.

10 having havink 1648: corr. in orig. Errata

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3. Then cause we <i>Horace</i> to be read, Which sung, or seyd, A Goblet, to the brim, Of Lyrick Wine, both swell'd and crown'd, A Round We quaffe to him.	rg
4. Thus, thus, we live, and spend the houres In Wine and Flowers: And make the frollick yeere, The Month, the Week, the instant Day To stay The longer here.	20
5. Come then, brave Knight, and see the Cell Wherein I dwell; And my Enchantments too; Which Love and noble freedome is; And this Shall fetter you.	25 30
6. Take Horse, and come; or be so kind, To send your mind (Though but in Numbers few) And I shall think I have the heart, Or part Of Clipseby Crew.	35
To his worthy Kinsman, Mr.	
Stephen Soame.	
Nor is my Number full, till I inscribe Thee sprightly <i>Soame</i> , one of my righteous Tribe: A Tribe of one Lip; Leven, and of One Civil Behaviour, and Religion.	
A Stock of Saints; where ev'ry one doth weare A stole of white, (and Canonized here) Among which Holies, be Thou ever known, Brave Kinsman, markt out with the whiter stone: Which seals Thy Glorie; since I doe prefer	5
Thee here in my eternall Calender.	10

To his Tomb-maker.

Go I must; when I am gone, Write but this upon my Stone; Chaste I liv'd, without a wife, That's the Story of my life. Strewings need none, every flower Is in this word, Batchelour.

5

Great Spirits supervive.

Our mortall parts may wrapt in Seare-cloths lye: Great Spirits never with their bodies dye.

None free from fault.

Out of the world he must, who once comes in: No man exempted is from Death, or sinne.

Upon himselfe being buried.

Let me sleep this night away, Till the Dawning of the day: Then at th' opening of mine eyes, I, and all the world shall rise.

Pitie to the prostrate.

Tis worse then barbarous cruelty to show No part of pitie on a conquer'd foe.

His content in the Country.

Here, here I live with what my Board, Can with the smallest cost afford. Though ne'r so mean the Viands be, They well content my *Prew* and me. Or Pea, or Bean, or Wort, or Beet, What ever comes, content makes sweet: Here we rejoyce, because no Rent We pay for our poore Tenement: Wherein we rest, and never feare The Landlord, or the Usurer.

5

The Quarter-day do's ne'r affright Our Peacefull slumbers in the night. We eate our own, and batten more, Because we feed on no mans score: But pitie those, whose flanks grow great, Swel'd with the Lard of others meat. We blesse our Fortunes, when we see Our own beloved privacie: And like our living, where ware known To very few, or else to none.

The credit of the Conquerer.

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He who commends the vanquisht, speaks the Power, And glorifies the worthy Conquerer.

On himselfe.

Some parts may perish; dye thou canst not all: The most of Thee shall scape the funerall.

The Fairies.

If ye will with *Mab* find grace, ween turned Set each Platter in his -1 Rake the Fier up, and get Water in, ere Sun be set. Wash your Pailes, and clense your Dairies; Sluts are loathsome to the Fairies: Sweep your house: Who doth not so, Mab will pinch her by the toe.

To his honoured friend, M. John Weare, Councellour.

Did I or love, or could I others draw To the indulgence of the rugged Law: The first foundation of that zeale sho'd be By Reading all her Paragraphs in Thee.

11coper voics.	199
Who dost so fitly with the Lawes unite,	5
As if You Two, were one Hermophrodite:	
Nor courts thou Her because she's well attended	
With wealth, but for those ends she was entended:	
Which were, (and still her offices are known)	
Law is to give to ev'ry one his owne.	10
To shore the Feeble up, against the strong;	
To shield the Stranger, and the Poore from wrong:	
This was the Founders grave and good intent,	
To keepe the out-cast in his Tenement:	
To free the Orphan from that Wolfe-like-man,	15
Who is his Butcher more then Guardian.	
To drye the Widowes teares; and stop her Swoones,	
By pouring Balme and Oyle into her wounds.	
This was the old way; and 'tis yet thy course,	
To keep those pious Principles in force.	20
Modest I will be; but one word Ile say	
(Like to a sound that's vanishing away)	
Sooner the in-side of thy hand shall grow	
Hisped, and hairie, ere thy Palm shall know	
A Postern-bribe tooke, or a Forked-Fee	25
To fetter Justice, when She might be free.	_
Eggs Ile not shave: But yet brave man, if I	
Was destin'd forth to golden Soveraignty:	
A Prince I'de be, that I might Thee preferre	
To be my Counsell both, and Chanceller.	30

Hesterides

TOO

30

The Watch.

Man is a Watch, wound up at first, but never Wound up again: Once down, He's down for ever. The Watch once downe, all motions then do cease; And Mans Pulse stopt, All Passions sleep in Peace.

Lines have their Linings, and Bookes their Ruckram.

As in our clothes, so likewise he who lookes, Shall find much farcing Buckram in our Books.

Art above Nature, to Julia.

When I behold a Forrest spread With silken trees upon thy head; And when I see that other Dresse Of flowers set in comlinesse: When I behold another grace 5 In the ascent of curious Lace, Which like a Pinacle doth shew The top, and the top-gallant too. Then, when I see thy Tresses bound Into an Ovall, square, or round; 10 And knit in knots far more then I Can tell by tongue; or true-love tie: Next, when those Lawnie Filmes I see Play with a wild civility: And all those airie silks to flow, 15 Alluring me, and tempting so: I must confesse, mine eye and heart Dotes less on Nature, then on Art.

Upon his kinswoman Mistresse Bridget Herrick.

Sweet *Bridget* blusht, & therewithall, Fresh blossoms from her cheekes did fall. I thought at first 'twas but a dream, Till after I had handled them; And smelt them, then they smelt to me, As Blossomes of the *Almond* Tree.

Upon Love.

I plaid with Love, as with the fire
 The wanton Satyre did;
 Nor did I know, or co'd descry
 What under there was hid.

2. That Satyre he but burnt his lips;
(But min's the greater smart)
For kissing Loves dissembling chips,
The fire scortcht my heart.

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Upon a comely, and curious Maide.

If Men can say that beauty dyes; Marbles will sweare that here it lyes. If Reader then thou canst forbeare, In publique loss to shed a Teare: The Dew of griefe upon this stone Will tell thee *Pitie* thou hast none.

Upon the losse of his Finger.

One of the five straight branches of my hand Is lopt already; and the rest but stand Expecting when to fall: which soon will be; First dyes the Leafe, the Bough next, next the Tree.

Upon Irene.

Angry if *Irene* be But a Minutes life with me: Such a fire I espie Walking in and out her eye, As at once I freeze, and frie.

Upon Electra's Teares.

Upon her cheekes she wept, and from those showers Sprang up a sweet *Nativity* of Flowres.

A Hymne to the Graces.

When I love, (as some have told, Love I shall when I am old)
O ye Graces! Make me fit
For the welcoming of it.
Clean my Roomes, as Temples be,
T' entertain that Deity.
Give me words wherewith to wooe,
Suppling and successefull too:
Winning postures; and withall,
Manners each way musicall:
Sweetnesse to allay my sowre
And unsmooth behaviour.

For I know you have the skill Vines to prune, though not to kill, And of any wood ye see, You can make a *Mercury*.

15

To Silvia.

No more my Silvia, do I mean to pray For those good dayes that ne'r will come away. I want beliefe; O gentle Silvia, be The patient Saint, and send up vowes for me.

The Poet hath lost his pipe.

I cannot pipe as I was wont to do, Broke is my Reed, hoarse is my singing too: My wearied Oat Ile hang upon the Tree, And give it to the Silvan Deitie.

True Friendship.

Wilt thou my true Friend be? Then love not mine, but me.

The Apparition of his Mistresse calling him to Elizium.

Desunt nonnulla-

Come then, and like two Doves with silv'rie wings, Let our soules flie to' th' shades, where ever springs Sit smiling in the Meads; where Balme and Oile, Roses and Cassia crown the untill'd soyle. Where no disease raignes, or infection comes To blast the Aire, but Amber-greece and Gums.

This, that, and ev'ry Thicket doth transpire	
More sweet, then Storax from the hallowed fire:	
Where ev'ry tree a wealthy issue beares	
Of fragrant Apples, blushing Plums, or Peares:	Io
And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, shew	
Like Morning-Sun-shine tinsilling the dew.	
Here in green Meddowes sits eternall May,	
Purfling the Margents, while perpetuall Day	
So double gilds the Aire, as that no night	15
Can ever rust th'Enamel of the light.	·
Here, naked Younglings, handsome Striplings run	
Their Goales for Virgins kisses; which when done,	
Then unto Dancing forth the learned Round	
Commixt they meet, with endlesse Roses crown'd.	20
And here we'l sit on Primrose-banks, and see	
Love's Chorus led by Cupid; and we'l be	
Two loving followers too unto the Grove,	
Where Poets sing the stories of our love.	
There thou shalt hear Divine Musaus sing	25
Of Hero, and Leander; then Ile bring	·
Thee to the Stand, where honour'd Homer reades	
His Odisees, and his high Iliads.	
About whose Throne the crowd of Poets throng	
To heare the incantation of his tongue:	30
To Linus, then to Pindar; and that done,	•
Ile bring thee Herrick to Anacreon,	
Quaffing his full-crown'd bowles of burning Wine,	
And in his Raptures speaking Lines of Thine,	
Like to His subject; and as his Frantick-	35
Looks, shew him truly Bacchanalian like,	
Besmear'd with Grapes; welcome he shall thee thither,	
Where both may rage, both drink and dance together.	
Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by	
Whom faire Corinna sits, and doth comply	40
With Yvorie wrists, his Laureat head, and steeps	
His eye in dew of kisses, while he sleeps.	
Then soft Catullus, sharp-fang'd Martial,	
And towring Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,	
And Snakie Perseus, these, and those, whom Rage	45
(Dropt for the jarres of heaven) fill'd t'engage	
All times unto their frenzies; Thou shalt there	
Behold them in a spacious Theater.	

Among which glories, (crown'd with sacred Bayes, And flatt'ring Ivie) Two recite their Plaies, 50 Beumont and Fletcher, Swans, to whom all eares Listen, while they (like Syrens in their Spheres) Sing their *Evadne*; and still more for thee There yet remaines to know, then thou can'st see By glim'ring of a fancie: Doe but come. 55 And there I le shew thee that capacious roome In which thy Father Johnson now is plac't, As in a Globe of Radiant fire, and grac't To be in that Orbe crown'd (that doth include Those Prophets of the former Magnitude) 60 And he one chiefe; But harke, I heare the Cock, (The Bell-man of the night) proclaime the clock Of late struck one; and now I see the prime Of Day break from the pregnant East, 'tis time I vanish; more I had to say; 65 But Night determines here, Away.

Life is the Bodies Light.

Life is the Bodies light; which once declining, Those crimson clouds i'th'cheeks & lips leave shining. Those counter-changed *Tabbies* in the ayre, (The Sun once set) all of one colour are. So, when Death comes, *Fresh tinctures* lose their place, And dismall Darknesse then doth smutch the face.

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Love lightly pleased.

Let faire or foule my Mistresse be, Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me: Or let her walk, or stand, or sit, The posture hers, I'm pleas'd with it. Or let her tongue be still, or stir, Gracefull is ev'ry thing from her. Or let her Grant, or else Deny, My Love will fit each Historie.

The Primrose.

Aske me why I send you here
This sweet Infanta of the yeere?
Aske me why I send to you
This Primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?
I will whisper to your eares,
The sweets of Love are mixt with tears.

2. Ask me why this flower do's show So yellow-green, and sickly too?

Ask me why the stalk is weak

And bending, (yet it doth not break?)

I will answer, These discover

What fainting hopes are in a Lover.

The Tythe. To the Bride.

If nine times you your Bride-groome kisse; The tenth you know the Parsons is. Pay then your Tythe; and doing thus, Prove in your Bride-bed numerous. If children you have ten, Sir John Won't for his tenth part ask you one.

A Frolick.

Bring me my Rose-buds, Drawer come; So, while I thus sit crown'd; Ile drink the aged *Cecubum*, Untill the roofe turne round.

Change common to all.

All things subjected are to Fate; Whom this Morne sees most fortunate, The Ev'ning sees in poore estate.

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To Julia.

The Saints-bell calls; and, Julia, I must read The Proper Lessons for the Saints now dead: To grace which Service, Julia, there shall be One Holy Collect, said or sung for Thee. Dead when thou art, Deare Julia, thou shalt have A Tentrall sung by Virgins o're thy Grave: Meane time we two will sing the Dirge of these; Who dead, deserve our best remembrances.

No luck in Love.

- I doe love I know not what;
 Sometimes this, & sometimes that:
 All conditions I aime at.
- But, as lucklesse, I have yet Many shrewd disasters met, To gaine her whom I wo'd get.
- Therefore now Ile love no more, As I've doted heretofore: He who must be, shall be poore.

In the darke none dainty.

Night hides our thefts; all faults then pardon'd be: All are alike faire, when no spots we see.

Lais and Lucrece, in the night time are
Pleasing alike; alike both singular:

Jone, and my Lady have at that time one,
One and the selfe-same priz'd complexion.
Then please alike the Pewter and the Plate;
The chosen Rubie, and the Reprobate.

To Julia. 6 Tentrall A misprint, it seems, for Trentall, which is Herrick's usual spelling of the word; cf. On himselfe, l. 8 (p. 225), and The Funerall Rites of the Rose, l. 10 (p. 233)

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A charme, or an allay for Love.

If so be a Toad be laid In a Sheeps-skin newly flaid, And that ty'd to man 'twil sever Him and his affections ever.

To his Brother in Law Master John Wingfield

For being comely, consonant, and free To most of men, but most of all to me: For so decreeing, that thy clothes expence Keepes still within a just circumference: Then for contriving so to loade thy Board, As that the Messes ne'r o'r-laid the Lord: Next for Ordaining, that thy words not swell To any one unsober syllable. These I co'd praise thee for beyond another, Wert thou a Winckfield onely, not a Brother.

The Head-ake.

My head doth ake,
 O Sappho! take
 Thy fillit,
 And bind the paine;
 Or bring some bane
 To kill it.

But lesse that part,
 Then my poore heart,
 Now is sick:
 One kisse from thee
 Will counsell be,
 And Physick.

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On himselfe.

Live by thy Muse thou shalt; when others die Leaving no Fame to long Posterity: When Monarchies trans-shifted are, and gone Here shall endure thy vast Dominion.

Upon a Maide.

Hence a blessed soule is fled, Leaving here the body dead: Which (since here they can't combine) For the Saint, we'l keep the Shrine.

Upon the troublesome times.

r. O! Times most bad,
Without the scope
Of hope
Of better to be had!

2. Where shall I goe,
Or whither run
To shun
This publique overthrow?

3. No places are
(This I am sure)
Secure
In this our wasting Warre.

4. Some storms w'ave past;
Yet we must all
Down fall,
And perish at the last.

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Cruelty base in Commanders.

Nothing can be more loathsome, then to see *Power* conjoyn'd with Natures *Crueltie*.

Upon Lucia.

I askt my Lucia but a kisse; And she with scorne deny'd me this: Say then, how ill sho'd I have sped, Had I then askt her Maidenhead?

Little and loud.

Little you are; for Womans'sake be proud; For my sake next, (though little) be not loud.

Ship-wrack.

He, who has suffer'd Ship-wrack, feares to saile Upon the Seas, though with a gentle gale.

Paines without profit.

A long-lifes-day I've taken paines For very little, or no gaines: The Ev'ning's come; here now Ile stop, And work no more; but shut up Shop.

To his Rooke.

Be bold my Booke, nor be abasht, or feare The cutting Thumb-naile, or the Brow severe. But by the *Muses* sweare, all here is good, If but well read; or ill read, understood.

His Prayer to Ben. Johnson.

When I a Verse shall make, Know I have praid thee, For old *Religions* sake, Saint *Ben* to aide me.

- Make the way smooth for me, When I, thy Herrick, Honouring thee, on my knee Offer my Lyrick.
- Candles Ile give to thee, And a new Altar; And thou Saint Ben, shalt be Writ in my Psalter.

Poverty and Riches.

Give Want her welcome if she comes; we find, Riches to be but burthens to the mind.

Again.

Who with a little cannot be content, Endures an everlasting punishment.

The Covetous still Captives.

Let's live with that smal pittance that we have: Who covets more, is evermore a slave.

Lawes.

When Lawes full power have to sway, we see Little or no part there of Tyrannie.

Of Love.

Ile get me hence,
Because no fence,
Or Fort that I can make here
But Love by charmes,
Or else by Armes
Will storme, or starving take here.

5

To his Muse.

Go wooe young *Charles* no more to looke, Then but to read this in my Booke: How *Herrick* beggs, if that he can-Not like the Muse; to love the man, Who by the Shepheards, sung (long since) The Starre-led-birth of Charles the *Prince*.

The bad season makes the Poet sad.

Dull to my selfe, and almost dead to these My many fresh and fragrant Mistresses:
Lost to all Musick now; since every thing Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing.
Sick is the Land to'th' heart; and doth endure More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure. But if that golden Age wo'd come again, And Charles here Rule, as he before did Raign; If smooth and unperplext the Seasons were, As when the Sweet Maria lived here:
I sho'd delight to have my Curles halfe drown'd In Tyrian Dewes, and Head with Roses crown'd. And once more yet (ere I am laid out dead) Knock at a Starre with my exalted Head.

To Vulcan.

Thy sooty Godhead, I desire Still to be ready with thy fire: That sho'd my Booke despised be, Acceptance it might find of thee.

Like Pattern, like People.

This is the height of Justice, that to doe Thy selfe, which thou put'st other men unto. As great men lead; the meaner follow on, Or to the good, or evill action. 5

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Purposes.

No wrath of Men, or rage of Seas Can shake a just mans purposes: No threats of Tyrants, or the Grim Visage of them can alter him; But what he doth at first entend, That he holds firmly to the end.

To the Maids to walke abroad.

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Come sit we under yonder Tree, Where merry as the Maids we'l be. And as on *Primroses* we sit, We'l venter (if we can) at wit: If not, at *Draw-gloves* we will play; So spend some minutes of the day: Or else spin out the thread of sands, Playing at *Questions* and *Commands*: Or tell what strange Tricks Love can do. By quickly making one of two. 10 Thus we will sit and talke; but tell No cruell truths of *Philomell*, Or *Phyllis*, whom hard Fate forc't on, To kill her selfe for *Demophon*. But Fables we'l relate; how Jove 15 Put on all shapes to get a Love: As now a Satyr, then a Swan; A Bull but then; and now a man. Next we will act, how young men wooe, And sigh, and kiss, as Lovers do: 20 And talke of Brides; & who shall make That wedding-smock, this Bridal-Cake; That Dress, this Sprig, that Leaf, this Vine; That smooth and silken Columbine. This done, we'l draw lots, who shall buy 25 And guild the Baies and Rosemary:

To the Maids to walke abroad. 14 for] from some copies of 1648

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What Posies for our Wedding Rings;
What Gloves we'l give, and Ribanings:
And smiling at our selves, decree,
Who then the joyning Priest shall be.
What short sweet Prayers shall be said;
And how the Posset shall be made
With Cream of Lillies (not of Kine)
And Maiden's-blush, for spiced wine.
Thus, having talkt, we'l next commend
A kiss to each; and so we'l end.

His own Epitaph.

As wearied *Pilgrims*, once possest Of long'd-for lodging, go to rest: So I, now having rid my way; Fix here my Button'd Staffe and stay. Youth (I confess) hath me mis-led; But Age hath brought me right to Bed.

A Nuptiall Verse to Mistresse Elizabeth Lee, now Lady Tracie.

Spring with the Larke, most comely Bride, and meet Your eager Bridegroome with auspitious feet. The Morn's farre spent; and the immortall Sunne Corrols his cheeke, to see those Rites not done. Fie, Lovely maid! Indeed you are too slow, When to the Temple Love sho'd runne, not go. Dispatch your dressing then; and quickly wed: Then feast, and coy't a little; then to bed. This day is Loves day; and this busie night Is yours, in which you challeng'd are to fight With such an arm'd, but such an easie Foe, As will if you yeeld, lye down conquer'd too. The Field is pitcht; but such must be your warres, As that your kisses must out-vie the Starres. Fall down together vanquisht both, and lye Drown'd in the bloud of Rubies there, not die.

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_	The	Night-piece,	to	Julia	
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- Her Eyes the Glow-worme lend thee,
 The Shooting Starres attend thee
 And the Elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow,
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.
- No IVill-o'th'-Wispe mis-light thee;
 Nor Snake, or Slow-worme bite thee:
 But on, on thy way
 Not making a stay,
 Since Ghost ther's none to affright thee.
- 3. Let not the darke thee cumber;
 What though the Moon do's slumber?
 The Starres of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
 Like Tapers cleare without number.
- 4. Then Julia let me wooe thee, Thus, thus to come unto me: And when I shall meet Thy silv'ry feet, My soule Ile poure into thee.

To Sir Clipseby Crew.

- Give me wine, and give me meate, To create in me a heate, That my pulses high may beate.
- Cold and hunger never yet Co'd a noble Versc beget; But your Boules with Sack repleat.
- 3. Give me these (my Knight) and try In a Minutes space how I Can runne mad, and Prophesie.
- 4. Then if any Peece proves new, And rare, Ile say (my dearest *Crew*) It was full enspir'd by you.

Good Luck not lasting.

If well the Dice runne, lets applaud the cast: The happy fortune will not alwayes last.

A Kisse.

What is a Kisse? Why this, as some approve; The sure sweet-Sement, Glue, and Lime of Love.

Glorie.

I make no haste to have my Numbers read. Seldome comes Glorie till a man be dead.

Poets.

Wantons we are; and though our words be such, Our Lives do differ from our Lines by much.

No despight to the dead.

Reproach we may the living; not the dead: 'Tis cowardice to bite the buried.

To his Verses.

What will ye (my poor Orphans) do
When I must leave the World (and you)
Who'l give ye then a sheltring shed,
Or credit ye, when I am dead?
Who'l let ye by their fire sit?
Although ye have a stock of wit,
Already coin'd to pay for it.
I cannot tell; unlesse there be
Some Race of old humanitie
Left (of the large heart, and long hand)
Alive, as Noble Westmorland;
Or gallant Newark; which brave two
May fost'ring fathers be to you.
If not; expect to be no less
Ill us'd, then Babes left fatherless.

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Hesperides.

His charge to Julia at his death.

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Dearest of thousands, now the time drawes neere, That with my Lines, my Life must full-stop here. Cut off thy haires; and let thy Teares be shed Over my Turfe, when I am buried. Then for effusions, let none wanting be, Or other Rites that doe belong to me; As Love shall helpe thee, when thou do'st go hence Unto thy everlasting residence.

Upon Love.

In a Dreame, Love bad me go
To the Gallies there to Rowe;
In the Vision I askt, why?
Love as briefly did reply;
'Twas better there to toyle, then prove
The turmoiles they endure that love.
I awoke, and then I knew
What Love said was too too true:
Henceforth therefore I will be
As from Love, from trouble free.
None pities him that's in the snare,
And warn'd before, wo'd not beware.

The Coblers Catch.

Come sit we by the fires side;
And roundly drinke we here;
Till that we see our cheekes Ale-dy'd
And noses tann'd with Beere.

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Connubii Flores, or the well-wishes at Weddings.

Chorus Sacerdotum.

 From the Temple to your home May a thousand blessings come! And a sweet concurring stream Of all joyes, to joyn with them.

Chorus Juvenum.

Make no long stay

Here

In thy Sphere;

But give thy place to night,

That she,

As Thee, May be

Partaker of this sight. And since it was thy care To see the Younglings wed; 'Tis fit that Night, the Paire, Sho'd see safe brought to Bed.

Chorus Senum.

3. Go to your banquet then, but use delight, So as to rise still with an appetite.
Love is a thing most nice; and must be fed To such a height; but never surfeited.
What is beyond the mean is ever ill:
'Tis best to feed Love; but not over-fill:
Go then discreetly to the Bed of pleasure;
And this remember, Vertue keepes the measure.

Chorus Virginum.

4. Luckie signes we have discri'd To encourage on the Bride; And to these we have espi'd, Not a kissing Cupid flyes Here about, but has his eyes, To imply your Love is wise.

Chorus Pastorum.

5.	Here we present a flee	
	To make a peece	
	Of cloth;	
	Man Pains mand age b	

Nor, Faire, must you be loth Your Finger to apply

To huswiferie.

Then, then begin To spin:

And (Sweetling) marke you, what a Web will come Into your Chests, drawn by your painfull Thumb.

Chorus Matronarum.

6. Set you to your Wheele, and wax
Rich, by the Ductile Wool and Flax.
Yarne is an Income; and the Huswives thread
The Larder fills with meat; the Bin with bread.

Chorus Senum.

7. Let wealth come in by comely thrift, And not by any sordid shift:

'Tis haste

Makes waste;

Extreames have still their fault; The softest Fire makes the sweetest Mault. Who gripes too hard the dry and slip'rie sand, Holds none at all, or little in his hand.

Chorus Virginum.

8. Goddesse of Pleasure, Youth and Peace, Give them the blessing of encrease:
And thou Lucina, that do'st heare
The vowes of those, that children beare:
When as her Aprill houre drawes neare,
Be thou then propitious there.

Chorus Juvenum.

Farre hence be all speech, that may anger move:
 Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle Love.

Chorus omnium.

10. Live in the Love of Doves, and having told The Ravens yeares, go hence more Ripe then old. 35

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To his lovely Mistresses.

One night i' th' yeare my dearest Beauties, come And bring those dew-drink-offerings to my Tomb. When thence ye see my reverend Ghost to rise, And there to lick th' effused sacrifice: Though palenes be the Livery that I weare, 5 Looke ye not wan, or colourlesse for feare. Trust me I will not hurt ye; or once shew The least grim looke, or cast a frown on you: Nor shall the Tapers when I'm there, burn blew. This I may do (perhaps) as I glide by, 10 Cast on my Girles a glance, and loving eye: Or fold mine armes, and sigh, because I've lost The world so soon, and in it, you the most. Then these, no feares more on your Fancies fall, Though then I smile, and speake no words at all. 15

Upon Love.

- A Christall Violl Cupid brought,
 Which had a juice in it:
 Of which who drank, he said no thought
 Of Love he sho'd admit.
- I greedy of the prize, did drinke,
 And emptied soon the glasse;
 Which burnt me so, that I do thinke
 The fire of hell it was.
- Give me my earthen Cups again,
 The Christall I contemne;
 Which, though enchas'd with Pearls, contain
 A deadly draught in them.
- And thou O Cupid! come not to My Threshold, since I see, For all I have, or else can do, Thou still wilt cozen me.

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The Beggar to Mab, the Fairie Queen.

Please your Grace, from out your Store, Give an Almes to one that's poore, That your mickle, may have more. Black I'm grown for want of meat; Give me then an Ant to eate: 5 Or the cleft eare of a Mouse Over-sowr'd in drinke of Souce: Or sweet Lady reach to me The Abdomen of a Bee; Or commend a *Crickets-hip*, 10 Or his *Huckson*, to my Scrip. Give for bread, a little bit Of a Pease, that 'gins to chit, And my full thanks take for it. Floure of Fuz-balls, that's too good 15 For a man in needy-hood: But the Meal of Mill-dust can Well content a craving man. Any Orts the Elves refuse Well will serve the Beggars use. 20 But if this may seem too much For an Almes; then give me such Little bits, that nestle there In the Pris'ners *Panier*. So a blessing light upon 25 You, and mighty Oberon: That your plenty last till when, I return your Almes agen.

An end decreed.

Let's be jocund while we may; All things have an ending day: And when once the Work is done; Fates revolve no Flax th'ave spun.

Upon a child.

Here a pretty Baby lies Sung asleep with Lullabies: Pray be silent, and not stirre Th' easie earth that covers her.

Painting sometimes permitted.

If Nature do deny Colours, let Art supply.

Farwell Frost, or welcome the Spring.

Fled are the Frosts, and now the Fields appeare Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant Diaper. Thaw'd are the snowes, and now the lusty Spring Gives to each Mead a neat enameling. The Palms put forth their Gemmes, and every Tree 5 Now swaggers in her Leavy gallantry. The while the Daulian Minstrell sweetly sings, With warbling Notes, her Tyrrean sufferings. What gentle Winds perspire? As if here Never had been the Northern Plunderer 01 To strip the Trees, and Fields, to their distresse, Leaving them to a pittied nakednesse. And look how when a frantick Storme doth tear A stubborn Oake, or Holme (long growing there) But lul'd to calmnesse, then succeeds a breeze 15 That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of Trees: So when this War (which tempest-like doth spoil Our salt, our Corn, our Honie, Wine, and Oile) Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast His inconsiderate Frenzie off (at last) 20 The gentle Dove may, when these turmoils cease, Bring in her Bill, once more, the Branch of Peace.

The Hag.

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The Hag is astride,
 This night for to ride;
The Devill and shee together:
 Through thick, and through thin,
 Now out, and then in,
Though ne'r so foule be the weather.

A Thorn or a Burr
 She takes for a Spurre:
 With a lash of a Bramble she rides now,
 Through Brakes and through Bryars,
 O're Ditches, and Mircs,
 She followes the Spirit that guides now.

3. No Beast, for his food,
Dares now range the wood;
But husht in his laire he lies lurking;
While mischeifs, by these,
On Land and on Seas,
At noone of Night are a working.

4. The storme will arise, And trouble the skies; This night, and more for the wonder, The ghost from the Tomb Affrighted shall come, Cal'd out by the clap of the Thunder.

Upon an old man a Residenciarie.

Tread, Sirs, as lightly as ye can Upon the grave of this old man. Twice fortie (bating but one year, And thrice three weekes) he lived here. Whom gentle fate translated hence To a more happy Residence. Yet, Reader, let me tell thee this (Which from his ghost a promise is) If here ye will some few teares shed, He'l never haunt ye now he's dead.

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Upon Teares

Teares, though th'are here below the sinners brine, Above they are the Angels spiced wine.

Physitians.

Physitians fight not against men; but these Combate for men, by conquering the disease.

The Primitiæ to Parents.

Our *Houshold-gods* our Parents be; And manners good requires, that we The first-Fruits give to them, who gave Us hands to get what here we have.

To Silvia.

I am holy, while I stand Circum-crost by thy pure hand: But when that is gone; Again, I, as others, am *Prophane*.

To his Closet-Gods.

When I goe Hence ye Closet-Gods, I feare
Never againe to have ingression here:
Where I have had, what ever thing co'd be
Pleasant, and precious to my Muse and me.
Besides rare sweets, I had a Book which none
Co'd reade the Intext but my selfe alone.
About the Cover of this Book there went
A curious-comely clean Compartlement:
And, in the midst, to grace it more, was set
A blushing-pretty-peeping Rubelet:
But now 'tis clos'd; and being shut, & seal'd,
Be it, O be it, never more reveal'd!
Keep here still, Closet-Gods, 'fore whom I've set
Oblations oft, of sweetest Marmelet.

A Bacchanalian Verse.

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- Fill me a mighty Bowle
 Up to the brim:
 That I may drink
 Unto my Johnsons soule.
- 2. Crowne it agen agen;
 And thrice repeat
 That happy heat;
 To drink to Thee my Ben.
- 3. Well I can quaffe, I see,
 To th' number five,
 Or nine; but thrive
 In frenzie ne'r like thee.

Long lookt for comes at last.

Though long it be, yeeres may repay the debt; None loseth that, which he in time may get.

To Youth.

Drink Wine, and live here blithefull, while ye may: The morrowes life too late is, Live to-day.

Never too late to dye.

No man comes late unto that place from whence Never man yet had a regredience.

A Hymne to the Muses.

O! you the Virgins nine! That doe our soules encline To noble Discipline! Nod to this vow of mine: Come then, and now enspire My violl and my lyre

A Bacchanalian Verse. 2 brim] The rime requires brink

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With your eternall fire:
And make me one entire
Composer in your Quire.
Then I'le your Altars strew
With Roses sweet and new;
And ever live a true
Acknowledger of you.

On himselfe.

Ile sing no more, nor will I longer write
Of that sweet Lady, or that gallant Knight:
Ile sing no more of Frosts, Snowes, Dews and Showers;
No more of Groves, Meades, Springs, and wreaths of Flowers:
Ile write no more, nor will I tell or sing
Of Cupid, and his wittie coozning:
Ile sing no more of death, or shall the grave
No more my Dirges, and my Trentalls have.

To Momus.

Who read'st this Book that I have writ, And can'st not mend, but carpe at it: By all the muses! thou shalt be *Anathema* to it, and me.

Ambition.

In wayes to greatnesse, think on this, That slippery all Ambition is.

The Country life, to the honoured M. End. Porter, Groome of the Bed-Chamber to His Maj.

Sweet Country life, to such unknown, Whose lives are others, not their own! But serving Courts, and Cities, be Less happy, less enjoying thee. Thou never Plow'st the Oceans foame To seek, and bring rough Pepper home:

A Hymne to the Muses. 7 eternall] Misprinted etetnall

HERRICK

Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove	
To bring from thence the scorched Clove.	
Nor, with the losse of thy lov'd rest,	
Bring'st home the Ingot from the West.	10
No, thy Ambition's Master-piece	
Flies no thought higher then a fleece:	
Or how to pay thy Hinds, and cleere	
All scores; and so to end the yeere:	
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,	15
Not envying others larger grounds:	•
For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent.	
Of Land makes life, but sweet content.	
When now the Cock (the Plow-mans Horne)	
Calls forth the lilly-wristed Morne;	20
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost goe,	
Which though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know,	
That the best compost for the Lands	
Is the wise Masters Feet, and Hands.	
There at the Plough thou find'st thy Teame,	25
With a Hind whistling there to them:	
And cheer'st them up, by singing how	
The Kingdoms portion is the Plow.	•
This done, then to th' enameld Meads	
Thou go'st; and as thy foot there treads,	30
Thou seest a present God-like Power	
Imprinted in each Herbe and Flower:	
And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd Kine,	
Sweet as the blossomes of the Vine.	
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek Neat	35
Unto the Dew-laps up in meat:	
And, as thou look'st, the wanton Steere,	
The Heifer, Cow, and Oxe draw neere	
To make a pleasing pastime there.	
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks	40
Of sheep, (safe from the Wolfe and Fox)	
And find'st their bellies there as full	
Of short sweet grasse, as backs with wool.	
And leav'st them (as they feed and fill)	
A Shepherd piping on a hill.	45
For Sports, for Pagentrie, and Playes,	
Thou hast the Eves and Holydaves	

Hesperiues.	447
On which the young men and maids meet	
To exercise their dancing feet:	
Tripping the comely country round,	50
With Daffadils and Daisies crown'd.	
Thy Wakes, thy Quintels, here thou hast,	
Thy May-poles too with Garlands grac't:	
Thy Morris-dance; thy Whitsun-ale;	
Thy Sheering-feast, which never faile.	55
Thy Harvest home; thy Wassaile bowle,	
That's tost up after Fox i' th' Hole.	
Thy Mummeries; thy Twelfe-tide Kings	
And Queenes; thy Christmas revellings:	
Thy Nut-browne mirth; thy Russet wit;	60
And no man payes too deare for it.	
To these, thou hast thy times to goe	
And trace the Hare i' th' trecherous Snow:	
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get	
The Larke into the Trammell net:	65
Thou hast thy Cockrood, and thy Glade	
To take the precious Phesant made:	
Thy Lime-twigs, Snares, and Pit-falls then	
To catch the pilfring Birds, not Men.	
O happy life! if that their good	70
The Husbandmen but understood!	
Who all the day themselves doe please,	
And Younglings, with such sports as these.	
And, lying down, have nought t' affright	
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.	75
Cætera desunt——	

Hacharidas

To Electra.

- I dare not ask a kisse;
 I dare not beg a smile;
 Lest having that, or this,
 I might grow proud the while.
- No, no, the utmost share
 Of my desire, shall be
 Onely to kisse that Aire,
 That lately kissed thee.

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228. Hesperides.

To his worthy friend, M. Arthur Bartly.

When after many Lusters thou shalt be Wrapt up in Seare-cloth with thine Ancestrie: When of thy ragg'd Escutcheons shall be seene So little left, as if they ne'r had been: Thou shalt thy Name have, and thy Fames best trust, Here with the Generation of my Just.

What kind of Mistresse he would have.

Be the Mistresse of my choice, Cleane in manners, cleere in voice: Be she witty, more then wise; Pure enough, though not Precise: Be she shewing in her dresse, Like a civill Wilderness; That the curious may detect Order in a sweet neglect: Be she rowling in her eye, Tempting all the passers by: 10 And each Ringlet of her haire, An Enchantment, or a Snare, For to catch the Lookers on: But her self held fast by none. Let her Lucrece all day be, 15 Thais in the night, to me. Be she such, as neither will Famish me, nor over-fill.

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The Rosemarie branch.

Grow for two ends, it matters not at all, Be't for my Bridall, or my Buriall.

A Paranæticall, or Advisive Verse, to his friend, M. John Wicks.

Is this a life, to break thy sleep? To rise as soon as day doth peep? To tire thy patient Oxe or Asse By noone, and let thy good dayes passe, Not knowing This, that Jove decrees 5 Some mirth, t'adulce mans miseries? No; 'tis a life, to have thine oyle, Without extortion, from thy soyle: Thy faithfull fields to yeeld thee Graine, Although with some, yet little paine: 10 To have thy mind, and nuptiall bed, With feares, and cares uncumbered: A Pleasing Wife, that by thy side Lies softly panting like a Bride. This is to live, and to endeere 15 Those minutes, Time has lent us here. Then, while Fates suffer, live thou free, (As is that ayre that circles thee) And crown thy temples too, and let Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat, 20 To strut thy barnes with sheafs of Wheat. Time steals away like to a stream, And we glide hence away with them. No sound recalls the houres once fled. Or Roses, being withered: 25 Nor us (my Friend) when we are lost, Like to a Deaw, or melted Frost. Then live we mirthfull, while we should, And turn the iron Age to Gold. Let's feast, and frolick, sing, and play, 30 And thus lesse last, then live our Day. Whose life with care is overcast, That man's not said to live, but last: Nor is't a life, seven yeares to tell, But for to live that half seven well: 35 And that wee'l do; as men, who know, Some few sands spent, we hence must go, Both to be blended in the Urn, From whence there's never a return.

Once seen, and no more.

Thousands each day passe by, which wee, Once past and gone, no more shall see.

Love.

This Axiom I have often heard, Kings ought to be more lov'd, then fear'd.

To M. Denham, on his Prospective Poem.

Or lookt I back unto the Times hence flown, To praise those Muses, and dislike our own? Or did I walk those *Pean-Gardens* through, To kick the Flow'rs, and scorn their odours too? I might (and justly) be reputed (here) One nicely mad, or peevishly severe. But by Apollo! as I worship wit, (Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it:) So, I confesse, 'tis somwhat to do well In our high art, although we can't excell, Like thee: or dare the Buskins to unloose Of thy brave, bold, and sweet Maronian Muse. But since I'm cal'd (rare *Denham*) to be gone, Take from thy Herrick this conclusion: 'Tis dignity in others, if they be Crown'd Poets; yet live Princes under thee: The while their wreaths and Purple Robes do shine, Lesse by their own jemms, then those beams of thine.

A Hymne, to the Lares.

It was, and still my care is, To worship ye, the *Lares*, With crowns of greenest Parsley, And Garlick chives not scarcely: For favours here to warme me, And not by fire to harme me. For gladding so my hearth here, With inoffensive mirth here;

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Hesperides.

23I

That while the Wassaile Bowle here
With North-down Ale doth troule here,
No sillable doth fall here,
To marre the mirth at all here.
For which, ô Chimney-keepers!
(I dare not call ye Sweepers)
So long as I am able
To keep a countrey-table,
Great be my fare, or small cheere,
I'le eat and drink up all here.

Deniall in women no disheartning to men.

Women, although they ne're so goodly make it, Their fashion is, but to say no, to take it.

Adversity.

Love is maintain'd by wealth; when all is spent, Adversity then breeds the discontent.

To Fortune.

Tumble me down, and I will sit
Upon my ruines (smiling yet:)
Teare me to tatters; yet I'le be
Patient in my necessitie.
Laugh at my scraps of cloaths, and shun
Me, as a fear'd infection:
Yet scarre-crow-like I'le walk, as one,
Neglecting thy derision.

To Anthea.

Come Anthea, know thou this, Love at no time idle is: Let's be doing, though we play But at push-pin (half the day:) Chains of sweet bents let us make, Captive one, or both, to take: In which bondage we will lie, Soules transfusing thus, and die. 5

Cruelties.

Nero commanded; but withdrew his eyes From the beholding Death, and crueltie

Perseverance.

Hast thou begun an act? ne're then give o're: No man despaires to do what's done before.

Upon his Verses.

What off-spring other men have got, The how, where, when, I question not. These are the Children I have left; Adopted some; none got by theft. But all are toucht (like lawfull plate) And no Verse illegitimate.

Distance betters Dignities.

Kings must not oft be seen by publike eyes; State at a distance adds to dignities.

Health.

Health is no other (as the learned hold) But a just measure both of Heat and Cold.

To Dianeme. A Ceremonie in Glocester.

I'le to thee a Simnell bring, 'Gainst thou go'st a mothering, So that, when she blesseth thee, Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

To the King.

Give way, give way, now, now my Charles shines here, A Publike Light (in this immensive Sphere.) Some starres were fixt before; but these are dim, Compar'd (in this my ample Orbe) to Him. Draw in your feeble fiers, while that He Appeares but in His Meaner Majestie.

Hesperides.

233

Where, if such glory flashes from His Name, Which is His Shade, who can abide His Flame! Princes, and such like Publike Lights as these, Must not be lookt on, but at distances: For, if we gaze on These brave Lamps too neer, Our eyes they'l blind, or if not blind, they'l bleer

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The Funcrall Rites of the Rose.

The Rose was sick, and smiling di'd; And (being to be sanctifi'd) About the Bed, there sighing stood The sweet, and flowrie Sisterhood. Some hung the head, while some did bring (To wash her) water from the Spring. Some laid her forth, while other wept, But all a solemne Fast there kept. The holy Sisters some among The sacred *Dirge* and *Trentall* sung. But ah! what sweets smelt every where, As Heaven had spent all perfumes there. At last, when prayers for the dead, And Rites were all accomplished; They, weeping, spread a Lawnie Loome, And clos'd her up, as in a Tombe.

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The Rainbow: or curious Covenant.

Mine eyes, like clouds, were drizling raine, And as they thus did entertaine
The gentle Beams from Julia's sight
To mine eyes level'd opposite:
O Thing admir'd! there did appeare
A curious Rainbow smiling there;
Which was the Covenant, that she
No more wo'd drown mine eyes, or me.

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The last stroke strike sure.

Though by well-warding many blowes w'ave past, That stroke most fear'd is, which is struck the last.

Fortune.

Fortune's a blind profuser of her own, Too much she gives to some, enough to none.

Stool-ball.

- At Stool-ball, Lucia, let us play,
 For Sugar-cakes and Wine;
 Or for a Tansie let us pay,
 The losse or thine, or mine.
- If thou, my Deere, a winner be
 At trundling of the Ball,
 The wager thou shalt have, and me,
 And my misfortunes all.

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3. But if (my Sweetest) I shall get,
Then I desire but this;
That likewise I may pay the Bet,
And have for all a kisse.

To Sappho.

Let us now take time, and play, Love, and live here while we may; Drink rich wine; and make good cheere, While we have our being here: For, once dead, and laid i'th grave, No return from thence we have.

On Poet Prat, Epigr.

Prat He writes Satyres; but herein's the fault, In no one Satyre there's a mite of salt.

Upon Tuck, Epigr.

At Post and Paire, or Slam, *Tom Tuck* would play. This Christmas, but his want wherwith, sayes Nay.

Hesperides.

235

Biting of Beggars.

Who, railing, drives the Lazar from his door, Instead of almes, sets dogs upon the poor.

The May-pole.

The May-pole is up,
Now give me the cup;
I'le drink to the Garlands a-round it:
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my Girles,
Whose husbands may Earles
Or Lords be, (granting my wishes)
And when that ye wed
To the Bridall Bed,
Then multiply all, like to Fishes.

Men mind no state in sicknesse.

That flow of Gallants which approach To kisse thy hand from out the coach; That fleet of Lackeyes, which do run Before thy swift Postilion; Those strong-hoof'd Mules, which we behold, Rein'd in with Purple, Pearl, and gold, And shod with silver, prove to be The drawers of the axeltree. Thy Wife, thy Children, and the state Of Persian Loomes, and antique Plate: All these, and more, shall then afford No joy to thee their sickly Lord.

Adversity.

Adversity hurts none, but onely such Whom whitest Fortune dandled has too much.

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Want.

Need is no vice at all; though here it be, With men, a loathed inconveniencie.

Griefe.

Sorrowes divided amongst many, lesse Discruciate a man in deep distresse.

Love palpable.

I prest my Julia's lips, and in the kisse Her Soule and Love were palpable in this.

No action hard to affection.

Nothing hard, or harsh can prove Unto those that truly love.

Meane things overcome mighty.

By the weak'st means things mighty are o'rethrown, He's Lord of thy life, who contemnes his own.

The Bracelet of Pearle: to Silvia.

I brake thy Bracelet 'gainst my will;
And, wretched, I did see
'Thee discomposed then, and still
Art discontent with me.

One jemme was lost; and I will get A richer pearle for thee, Then ever, dearest Silvia, yet Was drunk to Antonie.

Or, for revenge, I'le tell thee what.

Thou for the breach shalt do;

First, crack the strings, and after that,

Cleave thou my heart in two.

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How Roses came red.

'Tis said, as *Cupid* danc't among The *Gods*, he down the Nectar flung; Which, on the white *Rose* being shed, Made it for ever after red.

Kings.

Men are not born Kings, but are men renown'd; Chose first, confirm'd next, & at last are crown'd.

First work, and then wages.

Prepost'rous is that order, when we run To ask our wages, e're our work be done.

Teares, and Laughter.

Knew'st thou, one moneth wo'd take thy life away, Thou'dst weep; but laugh, sho'd it not last a day.

Glory.

Glory no other thing is (Tullie sayes)
Then a mans frequent Fame, spoke out with praise

Possessions.

Those possessions short-liv'd are, Into the which we come by warre.

Laxare fibulam.

To loose the button, is no lesse, Then to cast off all bashfulnesse.

His returne to London.

From the dull confines of the drooping West. To see the day spring from the pregnant East, Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I flie To thee, blest place of my Nativitie! Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground, 5 With thousand blessings by thy Fortune crown'd. O fruitfull Genius! that bestowest here An everlasting plenty, yeere by yeere. O Place! O People! Manners! fram'd to please All Nations, Customes, Kindreds, Languages! 10 I am a free-born Roman; suffer then, That I amongst you live a Citizen. London my home is: though by hard fate sent Into a long and irksome banishment; Yet since cal'd back; henceforward let me be, 15 O native countrey, repossest by thee! For, rather then I'le to the West return, I'le beg of thee first here to have mine Urn. Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall; Give thou my sacred Reliques Buriall. 20

Not every day fit for Verse.

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'Tis not ev'ry day, that I
Fitted am to prophesie:
No, but when the Spirit fils
The fantastick Pannicles:
Full of fier; then I write
As the Godhead doth indite.
Thus inrag'd, my lines are hurl'd,
Like the Sybells, through the world.
Look how next the holy fier
Either slakes, or doth retire;
So the Fancie cooles, till when
That brave Spirit comes agen.

Poverty the greatest pack.

To mortall men great loads allotted be, But of all packs, no pack like poverty.

	A Beucolick, or discourse of Neatherds.	
1.	Come blithefull Neatherds, let us lay A wager, who the best shall play, Of thee, or I, the Roundelay, That fits the businesse of the Day.	
Chor.	And Lallage the Judge shall be, To give the prize to thee, or me.	5
2.	Content, begin, and I will bet A Heifer smooth, and black as jet, In every part alike compleat, And wanton as a Kid as yet.	10
Chor.	And Lallage (with cow-like eyes) Shall be Disposeresse of the prize.	
I.	Against thy Heifer, I will here Lay to thy stake a lustie Steere, With gilded hornes, and burnisht cleere.	15
Chor.	Why then begin, and let us heare The soft, the sweet, the mellow note That gently purles from eithers Oat.	
2.	The stakes are laid: let's now apply Each one to make his melody:	20
Lal.	The equall Umpire shall be I, Who'l hear, and so judge righteously.	
Chor.	Much time is spent in prate; begin, And sooner play, the sooner win. [He playes.	
1.	That's sweetly touch't, I must confesse: Thou art a man of worthinesse: But hark how I can now expresse My love unto my Neatherdesse. [He sings.]	25
Chor.	A suger'd note! and sound as sweet As Kine, when they at milking meet.	30
1.	Now for to win thy Heifer faire, I'le strike thee such a nimble Ayre, That thou shalt say (thy selfe) 'tis rare; And title me without compare.	•
Chor.	Lay by a while your Pipes, and rest,	35

2. To get thy Steerling, once again,
I'le play thee such another strain;
That thou shalt swear, my Pipe do's raigne
Over thine Oat, as Soveraigne.

[He sings.

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Chor. And Lallage shall tell by this, Whose now the prize and wager is.

- 1. Give me the prize: 2. The day is mine:
- Not so; my Pipe has silenc't thine:
 And hadst thou wager'd twenty Kine,
 They were mine own. Lal. In love combine.

Chor. And lay we down our Pipes together, As wearie, not o'recome by either.

True safety.

'Tis not the Walls, or purple, that defends A Prince from Foes; but 'tis his Fort of Friends.

A Prognostick.

As many Lawes and Lawyers do expresse Nought but a Kingdoms ill-affectednesse: Ev'n so, those streets and houses do but show Store of diseases, where Physitians flow.

Upon Julia's sweat.

Wo'd ye oyle of Blossomes get? Take it from my *Julia's* sweat: Oyl of Lillies, and of Spike, From her moysture take the like: Let her breath, or let her blow, All rich spices thence will flow.

Proof to no purpose.

You see this gentle streame, that glides, Shov'd on, by quick succeeding Tides: Trie if this sober streame you can Follow to th' wilder Ocean:

Hesperides.

24 I

Fame.

'Tis still observ'd, that Fame ne're sings The order, but the Sum of things.

By use comes easinesse.

Oft bend the Bow, and thou with ease shalt do, What others can't with all their strength put to.

To the Genius of his house.

Command the Roofe great Genius, and from thence Into this house powre downe thy influence, That through each room a golden pipe may run Of living water by thy Benizon. Fulfill the Larders, and with strengthning bread Be evermore these Bynns replenished. Next, like a Bishop consecrate my ground, That luckie Fairies here may dance their Round: And after that, lay downe some silver pence, The Masters charge and care to recompence. Charme then the chambers; make the beds for ease, More then for peevish pining sicknesses. Fix the foundation fast, and let the Roofe Grow old with time, but yet keep weather-proofe.

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His Grange, or private wealth.

Though Clock, To tell how night drawes hence, I've none, A Cock, I have, to sing how day drawes on. I have 5 A maid (my Prew) by good luck sent, To save That little, Fates me gave or lent. A Hen I keep, which creeking day by day, 10 Tells when She goes her long white egg to lay. A Goose I have, which, with a jealous eare, Lets loose 15 Her tongue, to tell what danger's neare. A Lamb I keep (tame) with my morsells fed, Whose Dam An Orphan left him (lately dead.) 20 A Cat I keep, that playes about my House, Grown fat, With eating many a miching Mouse. To these 25 A * Trasy I do keep, whereby His Spaniel. I please The more my rurall privacie: Which are But toyes, to give my heart some ease: 30 Where care None is, slight things do lightly please.

Good precepts, or counsell.

In all thy need, be thou possest Still with a well-prepared brest: Nor let the shackles make thee sad; Thou canst but lave, what others had.

And this for comfort thou must know,
Times that are ill wo'nt still be so.
Clouds will not ever powre down raine;
A sullen day will cleere againe.
First, peales of Thunder we must heare,
Then Lutes and Harpes shall stroke the eare.

Money makes the mirth.

When all Birds els do of their musick faile, Money's the still-sweet-singing *Nightingale*.

Upon Lucia dabled in the deaw.

My Lucia in the deaw did go,
And prettily bedabled so,
Her cloaths held up, she shew'd withall
Her decent legs, cleane, long and small.
I follow'd after to descrie
Part of the nak't sincerity;
But still the envious Scene between
Deni'd the Mask I wo'd have seen.

Charon and Phylomel, a Dialogue sung.

Ph. Charon ! O gentle Charon! let me wooe thee, By tears and pitie now to come unto mee. Ch. What voice so sweet and charming do I heare? Say what thou art. Ph. I prithee first draw neare. Ch. A sound I heare, but nothing yet can see, 5 Speak where thou art. Ph. O Charon pittie me! I am a bird, and though no name I tell, My warbling note will say I'm *Phylomel*. Ch. What's that to me, I wast nor fish or fowles, Nor Beasts (fond thing) but only humane soules. 10 Ph. Alas for me! Ch. Shame on thy witching note, That made me thus hoist saile, and bring my Boat: But Ile returne; what mischief brought thee hither? Ph. A deale of Love, and much, much Griefe together. Ch. What's thy request? Ph. That since she's now beneath 15 Who fed my life, I'le follow her in death.

Ch.	And is that all? I'm gone. Ph. By love I pray thee,	
Ch.	Talk not of love, all pray, but few soules pay me.	
	Ile give thee vows & tears. Ch. can tears pay skores	
	For mending sails, for patching Boat and Oares?	20
Ph.	I'le beg a penny, or Ile sing so long,	
۵.	Till thou shalt say, I've paid thee with a song.	
·Ch.	Why then begin, and all the while we make	
	Our slothfull passage o're the Stygian Lake,	
	Thou & I'le sing to make these dull Shades merry,	25
	Who els with tears wo'd doubtles drown my ferry.	
	4 69 1 6 25 2 1 1 1 1	
	A Ternarie of littles, upon a pipkin of	
	Jellie sent to a Lady.	
	A little Saint best fits a little Shrine,	
	A little prop best fits a little Vine,	
	As my small Cruse best fits my little Wine.	
2.	A little Seed best fits a little Soyle,	
	A little Trade best fits a little Toyle:	5
	As my small Jarre best fits my little Oyle.	
3⋅	A little Bin best fits a little Bread,	
	A little Garland fits a little Head:	
	As my small stuffe best fits my little Shed.	
4.	A little Hearth best fits a little Fire,	10
4.	A little Chappell fits a little Quire,	
	As my small Bell best fits my little Spire.	
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5.	A little streame best fits a little Boat; A little lead best fits a little Float;	
	As my small Pipe best fits my little note	
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6.	A little meat best fits a little bellie,	
	As sweetly Lady, give me leave to tell ye	
	This little Pipkin fits this little Jellie.	

Upon the Roses in Julias bosome.

Thrice happie Roses, so much grac't, to have Within the Bosome of my Love your grave. Die when ye will, your sepulchre is knowne, Your Grave her Bosome is, the Lawne the Stone.

Maids nay's are nothing.

Maids nay's are nothing, they are shie But to desire what they denie.

The smell of the Sacrifice.

The Gods require the thighes Of Beeves for sacrifice; Which rosted, we the steam Must sacrifice to them: Who though they do not eat, Yet love the smell of meat.

Lovers how they come and part.

A Gyges Ring they beare about them still,
To be, and not seen when and where they will.
They tread on clouds, and though they sometimes fall,
They fall like dew, but make no noise at all.
So silently they one to th' other come,
As colours steale into the Peare or Plum,
And Aire-like, leave no pression to be seen
Where e're they met, or parting place has been.

In praise of women.

O Jupiter, sho'd I speake ill Of woman-kind, first die I will; Since that I know, 'mong all the rest Of creatures, woman is the best.

The Apron of Flowers.

To gather Flowers Sappha went,
And homeward she did bring
Within her Lawnie Continent,
The treasure of the Spring.

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She smiling blusht, and blushing smil'd,
And sweetly blushing thus,
She lookt as she'd been got with child
By young Favonius.

IIer Apron gave (as she did passe)
An Odor more divine,
More pleasing too, then ever was
The lap of *Proserpine*.

The Candor of Julias teeth.

White as *Zenobias* teeth, the which the Girles Of Rome did weare for their most precious Pearles.

Upon her weeping.

She wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so, She seem'd to quench loves fires that there did glow.

Another upon her weeping.

She by the River sate, and sitting there, She wept, and made it deeper by a teare.

Delay.

Break off Delay, since we but read of one That ever prosper'd by *Cunctation*.

To Sir John Berkley, Governour of Exeter.

Stand forth brave man, since Fate has made thee here The *Hector* over *Aged Exeter*; Who for a long sad time has weeping stood, Like a *poore Lady* lost in Widdowhood:

But feares not now to see her safety sold 5 (As other Townes and Cities were) for gold, By those ignoble Births, which shame the stem That gave Progermination unto them: Whose restlesse *Ghosts* shall heare their children sing, Our Sires betraid their Countrey and their King. 10 True, if this Citie seven times rounded was With rock, and seven times circumflankt with brasse, Yet if thou wert not, Berkley, loyall proofe, The Senators down tumbling with the Roofe, Would into prais'd (but pitied) ruines fall, 15 Leaving no shew, where stood the Capitoll. But thou art just and itchlesse, and dost please Thy Genius with two strength'ning Buttresses, Faith, and Affection: which will never slip To weaken this thy great *Dictator-ship*. 20

To Electra. Love looks for Love.

Love love begets, then never be Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee. Tygers and Beares (I've heard some say) For profer'd love will love repay: None are so harsh, but if they find Softnesse in others, will be kind; Affection will affection move, Then you must like, because I love.

Regression spoiles Resolution.

Hast thou attempted greatnesse? then go on, Back-turning slackens Resolution.

Contention.

Discreet and prudent we that Discord call, That either profits, or not hurts at all.

Consultation.

Consult ere thou begin'st, that done, go on With all wise speed for execution.

Love dislikes nothing.

Whatsoever thing I see, Rich or poore although it be; 'Tis a Mistresse unto mee.

Be my Girle, or faire or browne, Do's she smile, or do's she frowne: Still I write a Sweet-heart downe.

Be she rough, or smooth of skin; When I touch, I then begin For to let Affection in.

Be she bald, or do's she weare Locks incurl'd of other haire; I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent, So my fancie be content, She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she leane, Be she sluttish, be she cleane, I'm a man for ev'ry Sceane.

Our own sinnes unseen.

Other mens sins wee ever beare in mind; None sees the fardell of his faults behind.

No Paines, no Gaines.

If little labour, little are our gaines: Mans fortunes are according to his paines.

No Paines. 1 labour] Misprinted lalour

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Vertue best united.

By so much, vertue is the lesse, By how much, neere to singlenesse.

The eye.

A wanton and lascivious eye Betrayes the Hearts Adulterie.

To Prince Charles upon his coming to Exeter.

What Fate decreed, Time now ha's made us see A Renovation of the West by Thee. That Preternaturall Fever, which did threat Death to our Countrey, now hath lost his heat: And calmes succeeding, we perceive no more Th' unequall Pulse to beat, as heretofore. Something there yet remaines for Thee to do: Then reach those ends that thou wast destin'd to. Go on with Sylla's Fortune; let thy Fate Make Thee like Him, this, that way fortunate, Apollos Image side with Thee to blesse Thy Warre (discreetly made) with white successe. Meane time thy Prophets Watch by Watch shall pray; While young Charles fights, and fighting wins the day. That done, our smooth-pac't Poems all shall be Sung in the high Doxologie of Thee. Then maids shall strew Thee, and thy Curles from them Receive (with Songs) a flowrie Diadem.

A Song.

Burne, or drowne me, choose ye whether, So I may but die together:
Thus to slay me by degrees,
Is the height of Cruelties.
What needs twenty stabs, when one
Strikes me dead as any stone?
O shew mercy then, and be
Kind at once to murder mee.

Princes and Favourites.

Princes and Fav'rites are most deere, while they By giving and receiving hold the play: But the Relation then of both growes poor, When These can aske, and Kings can give no more.

Examples, or like Prince, like People.

Examples lead us, and wee likely see, Such as the Prince is, will his People be.

Potentates.

Love and the Graces evermore do wait Upon the man that is a Potentate.

The Wake.

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Come Anthea let us two Go to Feast, as others do. Tarts and Custards, Creams and Cakes, Are the Junketts still at Wakes: Unto which the Tribes resort, Where the businesse is the sport: Morris-dancers thou shalt see, Marian too in Pagentrie: And a Mimick to devise Many grinning properties. Players there will be, and those Base in action as in clothes: Yet with strutting they will please The incurious Villages. Neer the dying of the day, There will be a Cudgell-Play, Where a Coxcomb will be broke. Ere a good word can be spoke: But the anger ends all here. Drencht in Ale, or drown'd in Beere. Happy Rusticks, best content With the cheapest Merriment: And possesse no other feare, Then to want the Wake next Yeare.

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The Peter-penny.

Fresh strowings allow
To my Sepulcher now,
To make my lodging the sweeter;
A staffe or a wand
Put then in my hand,
With a pennie to pay S. Peter.

Who has not a Crosse,
Must sit with the losse,
And no whit further must venture;
Since the Porter he
Will paid have his fee,
Or els not one there must enter.

Who at a dead lift,
Can't send for a gift
A Pig to the Priest for a Roster,
Shall heare his Clarke say,
By yea and by nay,
No pennie, no Pater Noster.

To Doctor Alablaster.

Nor art thou lesse esteem'd, that I have plac'd (Amongst mine honour'd) Thee (almost) the last: In great Processions many lead the way To him, who is the triumph of the day, As these have done to Thee, who art the one, One onely glory of a million, In whom the spirit of the Gods do's dwell, Firing thy soule, by which thou dost foretell When this or that vast *Dinastie* must fall Downe to a *Fillit* more *Imperiall*. When this or that *Horne* shall be broke, and when Others shall spring up in their place agen: When times and seasons and all yeares must lie Drown'd in the Sea of wild Eternitie: When the Black Dooms-day Bookes (as yet unseal'd) Shall by the mighty Angell be reveal'd:

And when the Trumpet which thou late hast found Shall call to Judgment; tell us when the sound Of this or that great Aprill day shall be, And next the Gospell wee will credit thee. Meane time like Earth-wormes we will craule below, And wonder at Those Things that thou dost know.

Upon his Kinswoman Mrs. M. S.

Here lies a Virgin, and as sweet
As ere was wrapt in winding sheet.
Her name if next you wo'd have knowne,
The Marble speaks it *Mary Stone*:
Who dying in her blooming yeares,
This Stone, for names sake, melts to teares.
If fragrant Virgins you'l but keep
A Fast, while Jets and Marbles weep,
And praying, strew some Roses on her,
You'l do my *Neice* abundant honour.

Felicitie knowes no Fence.

Of both our Fortunes good and bad we find Prosperitie more searching of the mind: Felicitie flies o're the Wall and Fence, While misery keeps in with patience.

Death ends all woe.

Time is the Bound of things, where e're we go, Fate gives a meeting. Death's the end of woe.

A Conjuration, to Electra.

By those soft Tods of wooll With which the aire is full: By all those Tinctures there, That paint the *Hemisphere*: By Dewes and drisling Raine, That swell the Golden Graine: By all those sweets that be I' th flowrie Nunnerie:

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Hesperides.

By silent Nights, and the
Three Formes of Heccate:
By all Aspects that blesse
The sober Sorceresse,
While juice she straines, and pith
To make her Philters with:
By Time, that hastens on
Things to perfection:
And by your self, the best
Conjurement of the rest:
O my Electra! be

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Courage cool'd.

In love with none, but me.

I cannot love, as I have lov'd before: For, I'm grown old; &, with mine age, grown poore: Love must be fed by wealth: this blood of mine Must needs wax cold, if wanting bread and wine.

The Spell.

Holy Water come and bring; Cast in Salt, for seasoning: Set the Brush for sprinkling: Sacred Spittle bring ye hither; Meale and it now mix together; And a little Oyle to either: Give the Tapers here their light, Ring the Saints-Bell, to affright Far from hence the evill Sp'rite.

His wish to privacie.

Give me a Cell
To dwell,
Where no foot hath
A path:
There will I spend,
And end
My wearied yeares
In teares.

A good Husband.

A master of a house (as I have read)
Must be the first man up, and last in bed:
With the Sun rising he must walk his grounds;
See this, View that, and all the other bounds:
Shut every gate; mend every hedge that's torne,
Either with old, or plant therein new thorne:
Tread ore his gleab, but with such care, that where
He sets his foot, he leaves rich compost there.

A Hymne to Bacchus.

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I sing thy praise Iacchus, Who with thy Thyrse dost thwack us: And yet thou so dost back us With boldness that we feare No Brutus entring here; 5 Nor *Cato* the severe. What though the *Lictors* threat us, We know they dare not beate us; So long as thou dost heat us. When we thy Orgies sing, 10 Each Cobler is a King; Nor dreads he any thing: And though he doe not rave, Yet he'l the courage have To call my *Lord Maior* knave, 15 Besides too, in a brave. Although he has no riches, But walks with dangling breeches, And skirts that want their stiches, And shewes his naked flitches: 20 Yet he'le be thought or seen, So good as George-a-Green; And calls his Blouze, his Queene; And speaks in language keene: O Bacchus! let us be 25 From cares and troubles free: And thou shalt heare how we Will chant new Hymnes to thee.

Blame the reward of Princes.

Among disasters that discention brings, This not the least is, which belongs to Kings. If Wars goe well; each for a part layes claime: If ill, then Kings, not Souldiers beare the blame.

Clemency in Kings.

Kings must not only cherish up the good, But must be niggards of the meanest bloud.

Anger.

Wrongs, if neglected, vanish in short time; But heard with anger, we confesse the crime.

A Psalme or Hymne to the Graces.

Glory be to the Graces!
That doe in publike places,
Drive thence what ere encumbers,
The listning to my numbers.

Honour be to the Graces! Who doe with sweet embraces, Shew they are well contented With what I have invented.

Worship be to the Graces! Who do from sowre faces, And lungs that wo'd infect me, For evermore protect me. 5

Hesperides.

An Hymne to the Muses.

Honour to you who sit! Neere to the well of wit; And drink your fill of it.

Glory and worship be! To you sweet Maids (thrice three) Who still inspire me.

And teach me how to sing Unto the *Lyrick* string My measures ravishing.

Then while I sing your praise, My Priest-hood crown with bayes Green, to the end of dayes.

Upon Julia's Clothes.

When as in silks my *Julia* goes, Then, then (me thinks) how sweetly flowes That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see That brave Vibration each way free; O how that glittering taketh me!

Moderation.

In things a moderation keepe, Kings ought to sheare, not skin their sheepe.

To Anthea.

Lets call for Hymen if agreed thou art;

Delays in love but crucifie the heart.

Loves thornie Tapers yet neglected lye:

Speak thou the word, they'l kindle by and by.

The nimble howers wooe us on to wed,

And Genius waits to have us both to bed.

Behold, for us the Naked Graces stay

With maunds of roses for to strew the way;

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Hesperides.

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Besides, the most religious Prophet stands
Ready to joyne, as well our hearts as hands.

Juno yet smiles; but if she chance to chide,
Ill luck 'twill bode to th' Bridegroome and the Bride.
Tell me Anthea, dost thou fondly dread
The loss of that we call a Maydenhead?
Come, Ile instruct thee. Know, the vestall fier
Is not by mariage quencht, but flames the higher,

Upon Prew his Maid.

In this little Urne is laid *Prewdence Baldwin* (once my maid) From whose happy spark here let Spring the purple Violet.

The Invitation.

To sup with thee thou didst me home invite; And mad'st a promise that mine appetite Sho'd meet and tire, on such lautitious meat, The like not *Heliogabalus* did eat: And richer Wine wo'dst give to me (thy guest) Then Roman Sylla powr'd out at his feast. I came; (tis true) and lookt for Fowle of price, The bastard Phenix; bird of Paradice; And for no less then Aromatick Wine Of Maydens-blush, commixt with Jessimine. Cleane was the herth, the mantle larded jet; Which wanting Lar, and smoke, hung weeping wet; At last, i' th' noone of winter, did appeare A ragd-soust-neats-foot with sick vineger: And in a burnisht Flagonet stood by Beere small as Comfort, dead as Charity. At which amaz'd, and pondring on the food, How cold it was, and how it child my blood; I curst the master; and I damn'd the souce; And swore I'de got the ague of the house. Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire, I'le bring a Fever; since thou keep'st no fire.

HERMCK

Ceremonies for Christmasse.

Come, bring with a noise,
My merrie merrie boyes,
The Christmas Log to the firing;
While my good Dame, she
Bids ye all be free;
And drink to your hearts desiring.

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With the last yeeres brand
Light the new block, And
For good successe in his spending,
On your Psaltries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the Log is a teending.

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Drink now the strong Beere, Cut the white loafe here, The while the meat is a shredding; For the rare Mince-Pie

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For the rare Mince-Pie
And the Plums stand by
To fill the Paste that's a kneading.

Christmasse-Eve, another Ceremonie.

Come guard this night the Christmas-Pie, That the Thiefe, though ne'r so slie, With his Flesh-hooks, don't come nie To catch it.

From him, who all alone sits there, Having his eyes still in his eare, And a deale of nightly feare

To watch it.

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Another to the Maids.

Wash your hands, or else the fire Will not teend to your desire; Unwasht hands, ye Maidens, know, Dead the Fire, though ye blow.

Another.

Wassaile the Trees, that they may be are You many a Plum, and many a Peare: For more or lesse fruits they will bring, As you doe give them Wassailing.

Power and Peace.

'Tis never, or but seldome knowne, Power and Peace to keep one Throne.

To his deare Valentine, Mistresse Margaret Falconbrige.

Now is your turne (my Dearest) to be set A Jem in this eternall Coronet: "Twas rich before; but since your Name is downe, It sparkles now like *Ariadne's* Crowne. Blaze by this Sphere for ever: Or this doe, Let Me and It shine evermore by you.

To Oenone.

Sweet *Oenone*, doe but say Love thou dost, though Love sayes Nay. Speak me faire; for Lovers be Gently kill'd by Flatterie.

Verses.

Who will not honour Noble Numbers, when Verses out-live the bravest deeds of men?

Happinesse.

That Happines do's still the longest thrive, Where Joyes and Griefs have Turns Alternative.

Hesperides.

Things of choice, long a comming.

We pray 'gainst Warre, yet we enjoy no Peace Desire deferr'd is, that it may encrease.

Poetry perpetuates the Poet.

Here I my selfe might likewise die, And utterly forgotten lye, But that eternall Poetrie Repullulation gives me here Unto the thirtieth thousand yeere, When all now dead shall re-appeare.

Kisses.

Give me the food that satisfies a Guest: Kisses are but dry banquets to a Feast.

Orpheus.

Orpheus he went (as Poets tell)
To fetch Euridice from Hell;
And had her; but it was upon
This short but strict condition:
Backward he should not looke while he
Led her through Hells obscuritie:
But ah! it hapned as he made
His passage through that dreadfull shade:
Revolve he did his loving eye;
(For gentle feare, or jelousie)
And looking back, that look did sever
Him and Euridice for ever.

To Sapho.

Sapho, I will chuse to go
Where the Northern Winds do blow
Endlesse Ice, and endlesse Snow:
Rather then I once wo'd see,
But a Winters face in thee,
To benumme my hopes and me.

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To his faithfull friend, Master John Crofts, Cup-bearer to the King.

For all thy many courtesies to me,
Nothing I have (my Crofts) to send to Thee
For the requitall; save this only one
Halfe of my just remuneration.
For since I've travail'd all this Realm throughout
To seeke, and find some few Immortals out
To circumspangle this my spacious Sphere,
(As Lamps for everlasting shining here:)
And having fixt Thee in mine Orbe a Starre,
(Amongst the rest) both bright and singular,
The present Age will tell the world thou art
If not to th' whole, yet satisfy'd in part.
As for the rest, being too great a summe
Here to be paid; Ile pay't i'th'world to come.

The Bride-Cake.

This day my Julia thou must make For Mistresse Bride, the wedding Cake: Knead but the Dow and it will be To paste of Almonds turn'd by thee: Or kisse it thou, but once, or twice, And for the Bride-Cake ther'l be Spice.

To be merry.

Lets now take our time,
While w'are in our Prime;
And old, old Age is a farre off:
For the evill evill dayes
Will come on apace;
Before we can be aware of.

Buriall.

Man may want Land to live in; but for all, Nature finds out some place for buriall.

Lenitie.

'Tis the Chyrurgions praise, and height of Art, Not to cut off, but cure the vicious part.

Penitence.

Who after his transgression doth repent, Is halfe, or altogether innocent.

Griefe.

Consider sorrowes, how they are aright: Griefe, if't be great, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light.

The Maiden-blush.

So look the mornings when the Sun Paints them with fresh Vermilion:
So Cherries blush, and Kathern Peares, And Apricocks, in youthfull yeares:
So Corrolls looke more lovely Red, And Rubies lately polished:
So purest Diaper doth shine,
Stain'd by the Beames of Clarret wine:
As Julia looks when she doth dress
Her either cheeke with bashfullness.

The Meane.

Imparitie doth ever discord bring:
The Mean the Musique makes in every thing.

Haste hurtfull.

Haste is unhappy: What we Rashly do Is both unluckie; I, and foolish too. Where War with rashnesse is attempted, there The Soldiers leave the Field with equall feare. 5

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Purgatory.

Readers wee entreat ye pray
For the soule of *Lucia*;
That in little time she be
From her *Purgatory* free:
In th' *intrim* she desires
That your teares may coole her fires.

The Cloud.

Seest thou that Cloud that rides in State Part Ruby-like, part Candidate? It is no other then the Bed Where Venus sleeps (halfe smothered.)

The Amber Bead.

I saw a Flie within a Beade Of Amber cleanly buried: The Urne was little, but the room More rich then *Cleopatra's* Tombe.

To my dearest Sister M. Mercie Herrick.

When ere I go, or what so ere befalls
Me in mine Age, or forraign Funerals,
This Blessing I will leave thee, ere I go,
Prosper thy Basket, and therein thy Dow.
Feed on the paste of Filberts, or else knead
And Bake the floure of Amber for thy bread.
Balm may thy Trees drop, and thy Springs runne oyle
And everlasting Harvest crown thy Soile!
These I but wish for; but thy selfe shall see,
The Blessing fall in mellow times on Thee.

Purgatory. I entreat] Misprinted enteat

Hesperides.

The Transfiguration. .

Immortall clothing I put on, So soone as *Julia* I am gon To mine eternall Mansion.

Thou, thou art here, to humane sight Cloth'd all with incorrupted light; But yet how more admir'dly bright

Wilt thou appear, when thou art set In thy refulgent Thronelet, That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit?

Suffer that thou canst not shift.

Do's Fortune rend thee? Beare with thy hard Fate: Vertuous instructions ne'r are delicate.

Say, do's she frown? still countermand her threats: Vertue best loves those children that she beates.

To the Passenger.

If I lye unburied Sir,
These my Reliques, (pray) interre.
'Tis religious part to see
Stones, or turfes to cover me.
One word more I had to say;
But it skills not; go your way;
He that wants a buriall roome
For a Stone, ha's Heaven his Tombe,

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TO THE KING,

Upon his taking of Leicester.

This Day is Yours Great CHARLES! and in this War Your Fate, and Ours, alike Victorious are. In her white Stole; now Victory do's rest Enspher'd with Palm on Your Triumphant Crest. Fortune is now Your Captive; other Kings Hold but her hands; You hold both hands and wings.

To Julia, in her Dawn, or Day-breake.

By the next kindling of the day My Julia thou shalt see, Ere Ave-Mary thou canst say Ile come and visit thee.

Yet ere thou counsel'st with thy Glasse, Appeare thou to mine eyes As smooth, and nak't, as she that was The prime of *Paradice*.

If blush thou must, then blush thou through A Lawn, that thou mayst looke As purest Pearles, or Pebles do
When peeping through a Brooke.

As Lillies shrin'd in Christall, so
Do thou to me appeare;
Or Damask Roses, when they grow
To sweet acquaintance there.

Counsell.

'Twas Cesars saying: Kings no lesse Conquerors are By their wise Counsell, then they be by Warre.

Hesperides.

Bad Princes pill their People.

Like those infernal Deities which eate
The best of all the sacrificed meate;
And leave their servants, but the smoak & sweat:
So many Kings, and Primates too there are,
Who claim the Fat, and Fleshie for their share,
And leave their subjects but the starved ware.

Most Words, lesse Workes.

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. In desp'rate cases, all, or most are known Commanders, few for execution.

To Dianeme.

I oo'd but see thee yesterday Stung by a fretfull Bee; And I the Javelin suckt away, And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns, and Bryars & Stings, I have in my poore Brest; Yet ne'r can see that salve which brings My Passions any rest.

As Love shall helpe me, I admire
How thou canst sit and smile,
To see me bleed, and not desire
To stench the blood the while.

If thou compos'd of gentle mould Art so unkind to me; What dismall Stories will be told Of those that cruell be?

His Losse.

All has been plundered from me, but my wit; Fortune her selfe can lay no claim to it.

Draw, and Drinke.

Milk stil your Fountains, and your Springs, for why? The more th'are drawn, the lesse they wil grow dry.

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To Oenone.

Thou sayest Loves Dart
Hath prickt thy heart;
And thou do'st languish too:
If one poore prick,
Can make thee sick,
Say, what wo'd many do?

To Electra.

Shall I go to Love and tell, Thou art all turn'd isicle? Shall I say her Altars be Disadorn'd, and scorn'd by thee? O beware! in time submit; Love has yet no wrathfull fit: If her patience turns to ire, Love is then consuming fire.

To Mistresse Amie Potter.

Ai me! I love, give him your hand to kisse Who both your wooer, and your Poet is. Nature has pre-compos'd us both to Love; Your part's to grant; my Scean must be to move. Deare, can you like, and liking love your Poet? If you say (I) Blush-guiltinesse will shew it. Mine eyes must wooe you; (though I sigh the while) True Love is tonguelesse as a Crocodile. And you may find in Love these differing Parts; Wooers have Tongues of Ice, but burning hearts.

Upon a Maide.

Here she lyes (in Bed of Spice) Faire as *Eve* in Paradice: For her beauty it was such Poets co'd not praise too much. Virgins Come, and in a Ring Her supreamest *Requiem* sing; Then depart, but see ye tread Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

Upon Love.

Love is a Circle, and an Endlesse Sphere; From good to good, revolving here, & there.

Beauty.

Beauti's no other but a lovely Grace Of lively colours, flowing from the face.

Upon Love.

Some salve to every sore, we may apply; Only for my wound there's no remedy. Yet if my *Julia* kisse me, there will be A soveraign balme found out to cure me.

To his Booke.

Make haste away, and let one be A friendly Patron unto thee:
Lest rapt from hence, I see thee lye Torn for the use of Pasterie:
Or see thy injur'd Leaves serve well,
To make loose Gownes for Mackarell:
Or see the Grocers in a trice,
Make hoods of thee to serve out Spice.

Readinesse.

The readinesse of doing, doth expresse No other, but the doers willingnesse.

Writing.

When words we want, Love teacheth to endite; And what we blush to speake, she bids us write.

Society.

Two things do make society to stand; The first Commerce is, & the next Command.

Upon a Maid.

Gone she is a long, long way, But she has decreed a day Back to come, (and make no stay.) So we keepe till her returne Here, her ashes, or her Urne.

Satisfaction for sufferings.

For all our workes, a recompence is sure: 'Tis sweet to thinke on what was hard t' endure.

The delaying Bride.

Why so slowly do you move To the centre of your love? On your niceness though we wait, Yet the houres say 'tis late: Coynesse takes us to a measure; But o'racted deads the pleasure. Go to Bed, and care not when Cheerfull day shall spring agen. One Brave Captain did command, (By his word) the Sun to stand: One short charme if you but say Will enforce the Moon to stay, Till you warn her hence (away) T'ave your blushes seen by day.

To M. Henry Lawes, the excellent Composer of his Lyricks.

Touch but thy Lire (my Harrie) and I heare From thee some raptures of the rare Gotire.

Then if thy voice commingle with the String I heare in thee rare Laniere to sing;
Or curious Wilson: Tell me, canst thou be Less then Apollo, that ursurp'st such Three?

Three, unto whom the whole world give applause; Yet their Three praises, praise but One; that's Lawes.

To M. Henry Lawes. 4 thee rare] thee the rare 1648: corrected in the original Errata

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Age unfit for Love

Maidens tell me I am old; Let me in my Glasse behold Whether smooth or not I be, Or if haire remaines to me. Well, or be't or be't not so, This for certainty I know; Ill it fits old men to play, When that Death bids come away.

The Bed-man, or Grave-maker.

Thou hast made many Houses for the Dead; When my Lot calls me to be buried, For Love or Pittie, prethee let there be I'th' Church-yard, made, one Tenement for me.

To Anthea.

Anthea I am going hence
With some small stock of innocence:
But yet those blessed gates I see
Withstanding entrance unto me.
To pray for me doe thou begin,
The Porter then will let me in.

Need.

Who begs to die for feare of humane need, Wisheth his body, not his soule, good speed.

To Julia.

I am zeallesse, prethee pray For my well-fare (*Julia*) For I thinke the gods require Male perfumes, but Female fire.

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On Julias *lips*.

Sweet are my *Julia's* lips and cleane, As if or'e washt in Hippocrene.

Twilight.

Twilight, no other thing is, Poets say, Then the last part of night, and first of day.

To his Friend, Master J. Jincks.

Love, love me now, because I place Thee here among my righteous race: The bastard Slips may droop and die Wanting both Root, and Earth; but thy Immortall selfe, shall boldly trust To live for ever, with my Just.

On himselfe.

If that my Fate has now fulfill'd my yeere, And so soone stopt my longer living here; What was't (ye Gods!) a dying man to save, But while he met with his Paternall grave; Though while we living 'bout the world do roame, We love to rest in peacefull Urnes at home, Where we may snug, and close together lye By the dead bones of our deare Ancestric.

Kings and Tyrants.

'Twixt Kings & Tyrants there's this difference known; Kings seek their Subjects good: Tyrants their owne.

Crosses.

Our Crosses are no other then the rods, And our Diseases, Vultures of the Gods: Each griefe we feele, that likewise is a Kite Sent forth by them, our flesh to eate, or bite.

Upon Love.

Love brought me to a silent Grove, And shew'd me there a Tree, Where some had hang'd themselves for love, And gave a Twist to me.

The Halter was of silk, and gold, That he reacht forth unto me: No otherwise, then if he would By dainty things undo me.

He bade me then that Neck-lace use; And told me too, he maketh A glorious end by such a Noose, His Death for Love that taketh.

'Twas but a dream; but had I been
There really alone;
My desp'rate feares, in love, had seen
Mine Execution.

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No difference i' th' dark.

Night makes no difference 'twixt the Priest and Clark; Jone as my Lady is as good i'th' dark.

The Body.

The Body is the Soules poore house, or home, Whose Ribs the Laths are, & whose Flesh the Loame.

To Sapho.

Thou saist thou lov'st me Sapho; I say no, But would to Love I could beleeve 'twas so! Pardon my feares (sweet Sapho,) I desire That thou be righteous found; and I the Lyer.

Out of Time, out of Tune.

We blame, nay we despise her paines That wets her Garden when it raines: But when the drought has dri'd the knot; Then let her use the watring pot. We pray for showers (at our need) To drench, but not to drown our seed.

To his Booke.

Take mine advise, and go not neere Those faces (sower as Vineger.) For these, and Nobler numbers can Ne'r please the *supercillious* man.

To his Honour'd friend, Sir Thomas Heale.

Stand by the *Magick* of my powerfull Rhymes 'Gainst all the indignation of the Times. Age shall not wrong thee; or one jot abate Of thy both Great, and everlasting fate. While others perish, here's thy life decreed Because begot of my *Immortall* seed.

The Sacrifice by way of Discourse betwixt himselfe and Julia.

Herr. Come and let's in solemn wise
Both addresse to sacrifice:
Old Religion first commands
That we wash our hearts, and hands.
Is the beast exempt from staine,
Altar cleane, no fire prophane?
Are the Garlands, Is the Nard
Ready here? Jul. All well prepar'd,
With the Wine that must be shed
(Twixt the hornes) upon the head
Of the holy Beast we bring
(For our Trespasse-offering.

To his Honour'd friend. 5 here's] Misprinted her'es

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Herr. All is well; now next to these
Put we on pure Surplices;
And with Chaplets crown'd, we'l rost
With perfumes the Holocaust:
And (while we the gods invoke)
Reade acceptance by the smoake.

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To Apollo.

Thou mighty Lord and master of the Lyre, Unshorn Apollo, come, and re-inspire My fingers so, the Lyrick-strings to move, That I may play, and sing a Hymne to Love.

On Love.

Love is a kind of warre; Hence those who feare,

No cowards must his royall Ensignes beare.

Another.

Where love begins, there dead thy first desire: A sparke neglected makes a mighty fire.

An Hymne to Cupid.

Thou, thou that bear'st the sway With whom the Sea-Nimphs play; And Venus, every way:
When I embrace thy knee;
And make short pray'rs to thee:
In love, then prosper me.
This day I goe to wooe;
Instruct me how to doe
This worke thou put'st me too.
From shame my face keepe free,
From scorne I begge of thee,
Love to deliver me:
So shall I sing thy praise;
And to thee Altars raise,
Unto the end of daies.

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To Electra.

Let not thy Tomb-stone er'e be laid by me: Nor let my Herse, be wept upon by thee: But let that instant when thou dy'st be known, The minute of mine expiration. One knell be rung for both; and let one grave To hold us two, an endlesse honour have.

How his soule came ensnared.

My soule would one day goe and seeke For Roses, and in Julia's cheeke, A richess of those sweets she found. (As in an other Rosamond.) But gathering Roses as she was; (Not knowing what would come to passe) It chanst a ringlet of her haire, Caught my poore soule, as in a snare: Which ever since has been in thrall, Yet freedome, shee enjoyes withall.

Factions.

The factions of the great ones call, To side with them, the Commons all.

> Upon Julia's haire, bundled up in a golden net.

Tell me, what needs those rich deceits. These golden Toyles, and Trammel-nets, To take thine haires when they are knowne Already tame, and all thine owne? 'Tis I am wild, and more then haires Deserve these Mashes and those snares. Set free thy Tresses, let them flow As aires doe breathe, or winds doe blow: And let such curious Net-works be . Lesse set for them, then spred for me.

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The showre of Blossomes.

Love in a showre of Blossomes came Down, and halfe drown'd me with the same: The Blooms that fell were white and red; But with such sweets commingled, As whether (this) I cannot tell My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell: But true it was, as I rowl'd there. Without a thought of hurt, or feare; Love turn'd himselfe into a Bee. And with his Javelin wounded me: From which mishap this use. I make, Where most sweets are, there lyes a Snake. Kisses and Favours are sweet things; But Those have thorns, and These have stings.

A defence for Women.

Naught are all Women: I say no, Since for one Bad, one Good I know: For Clytemnestra most unkind. Loving Alcestis there we find: For one *Medea* that was bad. A good Penelope was had: For wanton *Lais*, then we have Chaste Lucrece, or a wife as grave: And thus through Woman-kind we see A Good and Bad. Sirs credit me.

Slavery.

'Tis liberty to serve one Lord; but he Who many serves, serves base servility.

A defence for Women, 8 wife] wise 1648: corrected in original Errata

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Charmes.

Bring the holy crust of Bread, Lay it underneath the head; 'Tis a certain Charm to keep Hags away, while Children sleep.

Another.

Let the superstitious wife Neer the childs heart lay a knife: Point be up, and Haft be downe; (While she gossips in the towne) This 'mongst other mystick charms Keeps the sleeping child from harms.

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Another Charme for Stables.

Hang up Hooks, and Sheers to scare Hence the Hag, that rides the Mare, Till they be all over wet, With the mire, and the sweat: This observ'd, the Manes shall be Of your horses, all knot-free.

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Ceremonies for Candlemasse Eve.

Down with the Rosemary and Bayes,
Down with the Misleto;
In stead of Holly, now up-raise
The greener Box (for show.)

The Holly hitherto did sway;

Let Box now domineere;

Untill the dancing Easter-day,

Or Easters Eve appeare.

Hesperides.

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Then youthfull Box which now hath grace,	
Your houses to renew;	
Grown old, surrender must his place,	
Unto the crisped Yew.	

When Yew is out, then Birch comes in,
And many Flowers beside;
Both of a fresh, and fragrant kinne

To honour Whitsontide.

Green Rushes then, and sweetest Bents,

With cooler Oken boughs;
Come in for comely ornaments,
To re-adorn the house.
Thus times do shift; each thing his turne do's hold;
New things succeed, as former things grow old.

The Ceremonies for Candlemasse day.

Kindle the Christmas Brand, and then
Till Sunne-set, let it burne;
Which quencht, then lay it up agen,
Till Christmas next returne.
Part must be kept wherewith to teend
The Christmas Log next yeare;
And where 'tis safely kept, the Fiend,
Can do no mischiefe (there.)

Upon Candlemasse day.

End now the White-loafe, & the Pye, And let all sports with Christmas dye.

Surfeits.

Bad are all surfeits: but Physitians call That surfeit tooke by bread, the worst of all.

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To Biancha, to blesse him.

Wo'd I wooe, and wo'd I winne,
Wo'd I well my worke begin?
Wo'd I evermore be crown'd
With the end that I propound?
Wo'd I frustrate, or prevent
All Aspects malevolent?
Thwart all Wizzards, and with these
Dead all black contingencies:
Place my words, and all works else
In most happy Parallels?
All will prosper, if so be
I be kist, or blest by thee.

Julia's Churching, or Purification.

Put on thy Holy Fillitings, and so To th' Temple with the sober Midwife go. Attended thus (in a most solemn wise) By those who serve the Child-bed misteries. Burn first thine incense; next, when as thou see'st The candid Stole thrown ore the Pious Priest; With reverend Curtsies come, and to him bring Thy free (and not decurted) offering. All Rites well ended, with faire Auspice come (As to the breaking of a Bride-Cake) home: Where ceremonious Hymen shall for thee Provide a second *Epithalamie*. She who keeps chastly to her husbands side Is not for one, but every night his Bride: And stealing still with love, and feare to Bed, Brings him not one, but many a Maiden-head.

To his Book.

Before the Press scarce one co'd see A little-peeping-part of thee: But since th' art Printed, thou dost call To shew thy nakedness to all. My care for thee is now the less; (Having resign'd thy shamefac'tness:) Go with thy Faults and Fates; yet stay And take this sentence, then away; Whom one belov'd will not suffice, She'l runne to all adulteries.

Teares.

Teares most prevaile; with teares too thou mayst move Rocks to relent, and coyest maids to love.

To his friend to avoid contention of words.

Words beget Anger: Anger brings forth blowes: Blowes make of dearest friends immortall Foes. For which prevention (Sociate) let there be Betwixt us two no more *Logomachie*. Farre better 'twere for either to be mute, Then for to murder friendship, by dispute.

Truth.

Truth is best found out by the time, and eyes; Falsehood winnes credit by uncertainties.

The Eyes before the Eares.

We credit most our sight; one eye doth please Our trust farre more then ten eare-witnesses.

Want.

Want is a softer Wax, that takes thereon, This, that, and every base impression.

The Eyes, &c. 2 then ten] ten then 1648 (a printer's error).

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To a Friend.

Looke in my Book, and herein see, Life endlesse sign'd to thee and me. We o're the tombes, and Fates shall flye; While other generations dye.

Upon M. William Lawes, the rare Musitian.

Sho'd I not put on Blacks, when each one here Comes with his Cypresse, and devotes a teare? Sho'd I not grieve (my Lawes) when every Lute, Violl, and Voice, is (by thy losse) struck mute? Thy loss brave man! whose Numbers have been hurl'd, And no less prais'd, then spread throughout the world. Some have Thee call'd Amphion; some of us, Nam'd thee Terpander, or sweet Orpheus: Some this, some that, but all in this agree, Musique had both her birth, and death with Thee.

A song upon Silvia.

From me my Silvia ranne away,
And running therewithall;
A Primrose Banke did cross her way,
And gave my Love a fall.

But trust me now I dare not say,
What I by chance did see;
But such the Drap'ry did betray
That fully ravisht me.

The Hony-combe.

If thou hast found an honie-combe, Eate thou not all, but taste on some: For if thou eat'st it to excess; That sweetness turnes to Loathsomness. Taste it to Temper; then 'twill be Marrow, and Manna unto thee.

Upon Ben. Johnson.

Here lyes Johnson with the rest Of the Poets; but the Best. Reader, wo'dst thou more have known? Aske his Story, not this Stone. That will speake what this can't tell Of his glory. So farewell.

An Ode for him.

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Ah Ben!
Say how, or when
Shall we thy Guests
Meet at those Lyrick Feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the triple Tunne?
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each Verse of thine
Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

My Ben
Or come agen:
Or send to us,
Thy wits great over-plus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it;
Lest we that Tallent spend:
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock; the store
Of such a wit the world sho'd have no more.

Upon a Virgin.

Spend Harmless shade thy nightly Houres, Selecting here, both Herbs, and Flowers; Of which make Garlands here, and there, To dress thy silent sepulchre.

Nor do thou feare the want of these, In everlasting Properties.

Since we fresh strewings will bring hither, Farre faster then the first can wither

Hesperides.

283

Blame.

In Battailes what disasters fall, The King he beares the blame of all.

A request to the Graces.

Ponder my words, if so that any be Known guilty here of incivility:
Let what is graceless, discompos'd, and rude, With sweetness, smoothness, softness, be endu'd. Teach it to blush, to curtsie, lisp, and shew Demure, but yet, full of temptation too.

Numbers ne'r tickle, or but lightly please,
Unlesse they have some wanton carriages.
This if ye do, each Piece will here be good,
And gracefull made, by your neate Sisterhood.

Upon himselfe.

I lately fri'd, but now behold
I freeze as fast, and shake for cold.
And in good faith I'd thought it strange
T'ave found in me this sudden change
But that I understood by dreames,
These only were but Loves extreames;
Who fires with hope the Lovers heart,
And starves with cold the self-same part.

Multitude.

We Trust not to the multitude in Warre, But to the stout; and those that skilfull are.

Feare.

Man must do well out of a good intent, Not for the servile feare of punishment. 5

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To M. Kellam.

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What can my Kellam drink his Sack In Goblets to the brim, And see his Robin Herrick lack, Yet send no Boules to him?

For love or pitie to his Muse, (That she may flow in Verse) Contemne to recommend a Cruse, But send to her a Tearce.

Happinesse to hospitalitie, or a hearty wish to good house-keeping.

First, may the hand of bounty bring Into the daily offering Of full provision; such a store, Till that the Cooke cries, Bring no more. Upon your hogsheads never fall A drought of wine, ale, beere (at all) But, like full clouds, may they from thence Diffuse their mighty influence. Next, let the Lord, and Ladie here Enjoy a Christning yeare by yeare; And this good blessing back them still, T'ave Boyes, and Gyrles too, as they will. Then from the porch may many a Bride Unto the Holy Temple ride: And thence return, (short prayers seyd) A wife most richly married. Last, may the Bride and Bridegroome be Untoucht by cold sterility; But in their springing blood so play, As that in Lusters few they may, By laughing too, and lying downe, People a City or a Towne.

Cunctation in Correction.

The Lictors bundl'd up their rods: beside, Knit them with knots (with much adoe unty'd) That if (unknitting) men wo'd yet repent, They might escape the lash of punishment.

Present Government grievous.

Men are suspicious; prone to discontent: Subjects still loath the present Government.

Rest Refreshes.

Lay by the good a while; a resting field Will, after ease, a richer harvest yeild: Trees this year beare; next, they their wealth with-hold Continuall reaping makes a land wax old.

Revenge.

Mans disposition is for to requite An injurie, before a benefite: Thanksgiving is a burden, and a paine; Revenge is pleasing to us, as our gaine.

The first marrs or makes.

In all our high designments, 'twill appeare, The first event breeds confidence or feare.

Beginning, difficult.

Hard are the two first staires unto a Crowne; Which got, the third, bids him a King come downe.

Faith four-square.

Faith is a thing that's four-square; let it fall This way or that, it not declines at all.

The present time best pleaseth.

Praise they that will Times past, I joy to see My selfe now live: this age best pleaseth mee.

Cloathes, are conspirators.

Though from without no foes at all we feare; We shall be wounded by the cloathes we weare.

Cruelty.

Tis but a dog-like madnesse in bad Kings, For to delight in wounds and murderings. As some plants prosper best by cuts and blowes; So Kings by killing doe encrease their foes.

Faire after foule.

Teares quickly drie: griefes will in time decay: A cleare will come after a cloudy day.

Hunger.

Aske me what hunger is, and Ile reply, 'Tis but a fierce desire of hot and drie.

Bad wages for good service.

In this misfortune Kings doe most excell, To heare the worst from men, when they doe well.

The End.

Conquer we shall, but we must first contend; 'Tis not the Fight that crowns us, but the end.

The Bondman.

Bind me but to thee with thine haire, And quickly I shall be Made by that fetter or that snare A bondman unto thee.

Or if thou tak'st that bond away,

Then bore me through the eare;

And by the Law I ought to stay

For ever with thee here.

Choose for the best.

Give house-roome to the best; 'Tis never known Vertue and pleasure, both to dwell in one.

To Silvia.

Pardon my trespasse (Silvia) I confesse, My kisse out-went the bounds of shamfastnesse: None is discreet at all times; no, not Jove Himselfe, at one time, can be wise, and Love.

Faire shewes deceive.

Smooth was the Sea, and seem'd to call To prettie girles to play withall: Who padling there, the Sea soone frown'd, And on a sudden both were drown'd. What credit can we give to seas, Who, kissing, kill such Saints as these?

His wish.

Fat be my Hinde; unlearned be my wife; Peacefull by night; my day devoid of strife: To these a comely off-spring I desire, Singing about my everlasting fire. 5

Upon Julia's washing her self in the river.

How fierce was I, when I did see My Julia wash her self in thee! So Lillies thorough Christall look: So purest pebbles in the brook: As in the River Julia did, Halfe with a Lawne of water hid, Into thy streames my self I threw, And strugling there, I kist thee too; And more had done (it is confest) Had not thy waves forbad the rest.

A Meane in our Meanes.

Though Frankinsense the *Deities* require, *We must not give all to the hallowed fire*. Such be our gifts, and such be our expence, As for our selves to leave some frankinsence.

Upon Clunn.

A rowle of Parchment Clunn about him beares, Charg'd with the Armes of all his Ancestors:
And seems halfe ravisht, when he looks upon
That Bar, this Bend; that Fess, this Cheveron;
This Manch, that Moone; this Martlet, and that Mound;
This counterchange of Perle and Diamond.
What joy can Clun have in that Coat, or this,
When as his owne still out at elboes is?

Upon Cupid.

Love, like a Beggar, came to me With Hose and Doublet torne: His Shirt bedangling from his knee, With Hat and Shooes out-worne.

He askt an almes; I gave him bread, And meat too, for his need: Of which, when he had fully fed, He wished me all *Good speed*.

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Hesperides.	289
Away he went, but as he turn'd (In faith I know not how) He toucht me so, as that I burn, And am tormented now.	10
Love's silent flames, and fires obscure Then crept into my heart; And though I saw no Bow, I'm sure, His finger was the dart.	15
An Hymne to Love.	
I will confesse With Cheerfulnesse, Love is a thing so likes me, That let her lay On me all day, Ile kiss the hand that strikes me.	5
2. I will not, I, Now blubb'ring, cry, It (Ah!) too late repents me That I did fall To love at all, Since love so much contents me.	10
3. No, no, Ile be In fetters free; While others they sit wringing Their hands for paine; Ile entertaine The wounds of love with singing.	15
4. With Flowers and Wine, And Cakes Divine, To strike me I will tempt thee: Which done; no more Ile come before Thee and thine Altars emptie.	a 0
t _{7.}	

To his honoured and most Ingenious friend Mr. Charles Cotton.

For brave comportment, wit without offence, Words fully flowing, yet of influence:
Thou art that man of men, the man alone,
Worthy the Publique Admiration:
Who with thine owne eyes read'st what we doe write,
And giv'st our Numbers Euphonie, and weight.
Tel'st when a Verse springs high, how understood
To be, or not borne of the Royall-blood.
What State above, what Symmetrie below,
Lines have, or sho'd have, thou the best canst show.
For which (my Charles) it is my pride to be,
Not so much knowne, as to be lov'd of thee.
Long may I live so, and my wreath of Bayes,
Be lesse anothers Laurell, then thy praise.

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Women uselesse.

What need we marry Women, when Without their use we may have men? And such as will in short time be. For murder fit, or mutinie; As Cadmus once a new way found, 5 By throwing teeth into the ground: (From which poore seed, and rudely sown) Sprung up a War-like Nation. So let us Yron, Silver, Gold, Brasse, Leade, or Tinne, throw into th' mould; 10 And we shall see in little space Rise up of men, a fighting race. If this can be, say then, what need Have we of Women or their seed?

Love is a sirrup.

Love is a sirrup; and who er'e we see Sick and surcharg'd with this sacietie: Shall by this pleasing trespasse quickly prove, Ther's loathsomnesse e'en in the sweets of love.

Leven.

Love is a Leven, and a loving kisse The Leven of a loving sweet-heart is.

Repletion.

Physitians say Repletion springs More from the sweet then sower things.

On Himselfe.

Weepe for the dead, for they have lost this light: And weepe for me, lost in an endlesse night. Or mourne, or make a Marble Verse for me, Who writ for many. *Benedicite*.

No man without Money.

No man such rare parts hath, that he can swim, If favour or occasion helpe not him.

On Himselfe.

Lost to the world; lost to my selfe; alone Here now I rest under this Marble stone: In depth of silence, heard, and seene of none.

To M. Leonard Willan his peculiar friend.

I will be short, and having quickly hurl'd
This line about, live Thou throughout the world;
Who art a man for all Sceanes; unto whom
(What's hard to others) nothing's troublesome.
Can'st write the *Comick*, *Tragick* straine, and fall
From these to penne the pleasing Pastorall:
Who fli'st at all heights: Prose and Verse run'st through

Find'st here a fault, and mend'st the trespasse too: For which I might extoll thee, but speake lesse, Because thy selfe art comming to the Presse: And then sho'd I in praising thee be slow, Posterity will pay thee what I owe.

To his worthy friend M. John Hall, Student of Grayes-Inne.

Tell me young man, or did the Muses bring Thee lesse to taste, then to drink up their spring; That none hereafter sho'd be thought, or be A Poet, or a Poet-like but Thee. What was thy Birth, thy starre that makes thee knowne, 5 At twice ten yeares, a prime and publike one? Tell us thy Nation, kindred, or the whence Thou had'st, and hast thy mighty influence, That makes thee lov'd, and of the men desir'd, And no lesse prais'd, then of the maides admir'd. 10 Put on thy Laurell then; and in that trimme Be thou Apollo, or the type of him: Or let the *Unshorne God* lend thee his Lyre, And next to him, be Master of the Quire.

To Julia.

Offer thy gift; but first the Law commands Thee Julia, first, to sanctifie thy hands: Doe that my Julia which the rites require, Then boldly give thine incense to the fire.

To the most comely and proper M. Elizabeth Finch.

Hansome you are, and Proper you will be Despight of all your infortunitie: Live long and lovely, but yet grow no lesse In that your owne prefixed comelinesse: Spend on that stock: and when your life must fall, Leave others Beauty, to set up withall.

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To his Booke.

If hap it must, that I must see thee lye Absyrtus-like all torne confusedly:
With solemne tears, and with much grief of heart,
Ile recollect thee (weeping) part by part;
And having washt thee, close thee in a chest
With spice; that done, Ile leave thee to thy rest

TO THE KING,

Upon his welcome to Hampton-Court.

Set and Sung.

Welcome, Great Cesar, welcome now you are, As dearest Peace, after destructive Warre: Welcome as slumbers; or as beds of ease After our long, and peevish sicknesses. O Pompe of Glory! Welcome now, and come To re-possess once more your long'd-for home. A thousand Altars smoake; a thousand thighes Of Beeves here ready stand for Sacrifice. Enter and prosper; while our eyes doe waite For an Ascendent throughly Auspicate: Under which signe we may the former stone Lay of our safeties new foundation: That done; O Cesar, live, and be to us, Our Fate, our Fortune, and our Genius; To whose free knees we may our temples tye As to a still protecting Deitie. That sho'd you stirre, we and our Altars too May (Great Augustus) goe along with You. Chor. Long live the King; and to accomplish this, We'l from our owne, adde far more years to his.

Ultimus Heroum:

OR.

To the most learned, and to the right Honourable, Henry, Marquesse of Dorchester.

And as time past when Cato the Severe Entred the circumspacious Theater; In reverence of his person, every one Stood as he had been turn'd from flesh to stone: E'ne so my numbers will astonish be If but lookt on; struck dead, if scan'd by Thee.

To his Muse, another to the same.

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Tell that Brave Man, fain thou wo'dst have access To kiss his hands, but that for fearfullness; Or else because th' art like a modest Bride, Ready to blush to death, sho'd he but chide.

Upon Vineger.

Vineger is no other I define, Then the dead Corps, or carkase of the Wine.

To his learned friend M. Jo. Harmar, Phisitian to the Colledge of Westminster.

When first I find those Numbers thou do'st write; To be most soft, terce, sweet, and perpolite:
Next, when I see Thee towring in the skie,
In an expansion no less large, then high;
Then, in that compass, sayling here and there,
And with Circumgyration every where;
Following with love and active heate thy game,
And then at last to truss the Epigram;
I must confess, distinction none I see
Between Domitians Martiall then, and Thee.
But this I know, should Jupiter agen
Descend from heaven, to re-converse with men;
The Romane Language full, and superfine,
If Jove wo'd speake, he wo'd accept of thine.

Upon his Spaniell Tracie.

Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see, For shape and service, *Spaniell* like to thee. This shall my love doe, give thy sad death one Teare, that deserves of me a million.

The deluge.

Drowning, drowning, I espie Coming from my Julia's eye: 'Tis some solace in our smart, To have friends to beare a part: I have none; but must be sure Th' inundation to endure. Shall not times hereafter tell This for no meane miracle; When the waters by their fall Threatn'd ruine unto all? Yet the deluge here was known, Of a world to drowne but One.

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Raggs.

What are our patches, tatters, raggs, and rents, But the base dregs and lees of vestiments?

Strength to support Soveraignty.

Let Kings and Rulers, learne this line from me; Where power is weake, unsafe is Majestie.

Crutches.

Thou seest me Lucia this year droope,
Three Zodiaks fill'd more I shall stoope;
Let Crutches then provided be
To shore up my debilitie.
Then while thou laugh'st; Ile, sighing, crie,
A Ruine underpropt am I:

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Do'n will I then my Beadsmans gown, And when so feeble I am grown, As my weake shoulders cannot beare The burden of a Grashopper: Yet with the bench of aged sires, When I and they keep tearmly fires; With my weake voice Ile sing, or say Some Odes I made of Lucia: Then will I heave my wither'd hand To Jove the Mighty for to stand Thy faithfull friend, and to poure downe Upon thee many a Benizon.

To Julia.

Holy waters hither bring
For the sacred sprinkling:
Baptize me and thee, and so
Let us to the Altar go.
And (ere we our rites commence)
Wash our hands in innocence.
Then I'le be the Rex Sacrorum,
Thou the Queen of Peace and Quorum.

To Perenna.

I a Dirge will pen for thee; Thou a Trentall make for me: That the Monks and Fryers together, Here may sing the rest of either: Next, I'm sure, the Nuns will have Candlemas to grace the Grave.

To his Sister in Law, M. Susanna Herrick.

The Person crowns the Place; your lot doth fall Last, yet to be with These a Principall.

How ere it fortuned; know for Truth, I meant You a fore-leader in this Testament.

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Upon the Lady Crew.

This Stone can tell the storie of my life, What was my Birth, to whom I was a Wife: In teeming years, how soon my Sun was set, Where now I rest, these may be known by *Jet*. For other things, my many Children be The best and truest *Chronicles* of me.

On Tomasin Parsons.

Grow up in Beauty, as thou do'st begin, And be of all admired, *Tomasin*.

Ceremony upon Candlemas Eve.

Down with the Rosemary, and so Down with the Baies, & misletoe: Down with the Holly, Ivie, all, Wherewith ye drest the Christmas Hall: That so the superstitious find No one least Branch there left behind: For look how many leaves there be Neglected there (maids trust to me) So many Goblins you shall see.

Suspicion makes secure.

He that will live of all cares dispossest, Must shun the bad, I, and suspect the best.

To his kinsman M. Tho: Herrick, who desired to be in his Book.

Welcome to this my Colledge, and though late Tha'st got a place here (standing candidate) It matters not, since thou art chosen one Here of my great and good foundation.

Ceremony upon Candlemas Eve. 5 superstitious Misprinted superstious

A Bucolick betwixt Two: Lacon and Thyrsis.

Lacon.	For a kiss or two, confesse, What doth cause this pensiveness? Thou most lovely Neat-heardesse: Why so lonely on the hill? Why thy pipe by thee so still, That ere while was heard so shrill?	5
	Tell me, do thy kine now fail To fulfill the milkin-paile? Say, what is't that thou do'st aile?	
·	None of these; but out, alas! A mischance is come to pass, And I'le tell thee what it was: See mine eyes are weeping ripe. Tell, and I'le lay down my Pipe.	10
	I have lost my lovely steere, That to me was far more deer	15
	Then these kine, which I milke here. Broad of fore-head, large of eye, Party colour'd like a Pie; Smooth in each limb as a die; Clear of hoof, and clear of horn; Sharply pointed as a thorn:	20
	With a neck by yoke unworn. From the which hung down by strings, Balls of Cowslips, Daisie rings, Enterplac't with ribbanings. Faultless every way for shape; Not a straw co'd him escape;	25
	Ever gamesome as an ape: But yet harmless as a sheep. (Pardon, Lacon if I weep) Tears will spring, where woes are deep. Now (ai me) (ai me.) Last night	30
	Came a mad dog, and did bite, I, and kil'd my dear delight.	35

Hesperides.

299

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Lacon. Alack for grief! Thyr. But I'le be brief.

Hence I must, for time doth call Me, and my sad Play mates all, To his Ev'ning Funerall. Live long, Lacon, so adew. Lacon. Mournfull maid farewell to you: Earth afford ye flowers to strew.

Upon Sapho.

Look upon Sapho's lip, and you will swear There is a love-like-leven rising there.

Upon Faunus.

We read how Faunus, he the shepheards God, His wife to death whipt with a Mirtle Rod. The Rod (perhaps) was better'd by the name; But had it been of Birch, the death's the same.

A Bachanalian Verse.

Drinke up 1 Your Cup. But not spill Wine; For if you Do. 'Tis an ill signe;

That we 2. Foresee, You are cloy'd here, If so, no Hoe. But avoid here.

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Care a good keeper.

Care keepes the Conquest; 'tis no lesse renowne, To keepe a Citie, then to winne a Towne.

Rules for our reach.

Men must have Bounds how farre to walke; for we Are made farre worse, by lawless liberty.

To Biancha.

Ah Biancha! now I see, It is Noone and past with me In a while it will strike one; Then Biancha, I am gone. Some effusions let me have, Offer'd on my holy Grave; Then, Biancha, let me rest With my face towards the East.

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To the handsome Mistresse Grace Potter.

As is your name, so is your comely face, Toucht every where with such diffused grace, As that in all that admirable round, There is not one least solecisme found; And as that part, so every portion else, Keepes line for line with Beauties Parallels.

Anacreontike.

I must Not trust Here to any; Bereav'd, Deceiv'd 5 By so many: As one Undone By my losses ;-Comply 10 Will I With my crosses. Yet still I will Not be grieving; 15 Since thence And hence Comes relieving. But this Sweet is 20 In our mourning; Times bad And sad Are a turning: And he 25 Whom we See dejected; Next day Wee may See erected. 30

More modest, more manly.

'Tis still observ'd, those men most valiant are, That are most modest ere they come to warre.

Not to covet much where little is the charge.

Why sho'd we covet much, when as we know, W'ave more to beare our charge, then way to go?

Anacr\e)ontick Verse.

Brisk methinks I am, and fine, When I drinke my capring wine: Then to love I do encline; When I drinke my wanton wine: And I wish all maidens mine, When I drinke my sprightly wine: Well I sup, and well I dine, When I drinke my frolick wine: But I languish, lowre, and Pine, When I want my fragrant wine.

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Patience in Princes.

Kings must not use the Axe for each offence: Princes cure some faults by their patience.

Feare gets force.

Despaire takes heart, when ther's no hope to speed: The Coward then takes Armes, and do's the deed.

Parcell-gil't-Poetry.

Let's strive to be the best; the Gods, we know it, Pillars and men, hate an indifferent Poet.

Upon Love, by way of question and answer.

I bring ye Love, Quest. What will love do?

Ans. Like, and dislike ye:

I bring ye love: Quest. What will Love do?

Ans. Stroake ye to strike ye.

I bring ye love: Quest. What will Love do?

Ans. Love will be-foole ye:

I bring ye love: Quest. What will love do?

Ans. Heate ye to coole ye:

I bring ye love: Quest. What will love do?

Ans. Love gifts will send ye:

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I bring ye love: Quest. What will love do? Ans. Stock ye to spend ye:

I bring ye love: Quest. What will love do?

Ans. Love will fulfill ye:

I bring ye love: Quest. What will love do?

Ans. Kisse ye, to kill ye.

To the Lord Hopton, on his fight in Cornwall.

Go on brave *Hopton*, to effectuate that Which wee, and times to come, shall wonder at. Lift up thy Sword; next, suffer it to fall, And by that One blow set an end to all.

His Grange.

How well contented in this private Grange Spend I my life (that's subject unto change :) Under whose Roofe with Mosse-worke wrought, there I Kisse my Brown wife, and black Posterity.

Leprosie in houses.

When to a House I come, and see The Genius wastefull, more then free: The servants thumblesse, yet to eat, With lawlesse tooth the floure of wheate: The Sonnes to suck the milke of Kine, More then the teats of Discipline: The Daughters wild and loose in dresse; Their cheekes unstain'd with shamefac'tnesse: The Husband drunke, the Wife to be A Baud to incivility: I must confesse, I there descrie, A House spred through with Leprosie.

Good manners at meat.

This rule of manners I will teach my guests, To come with their own bellies unto feasts: Not to eat equal portions; but to rise Farc't with the food, that may themselves suffice.

Anthea's Retractation.

Anthea laught, and fearing lest excesse Might stretch the cords of civill comelinesse: She with a dainty blush rebuk't her face; And cal'd each line back to his rule and space.

Comforts in Crosses.

Be not dismaide, though crosses cast thee downe; Thy fall is but the rising to a Crowne.

Seeke and finde.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt; Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.

Rest.

On with thy worke, though thou beest hardly prest; Labour is held up, by the hope of rest.

Leprosie in Cloathes.

When flowing garments I behold Enspir'd with Purple, Pearle, and Gold; I think no other but I see In them a glorious leprosie That do's infect, and make the rent More mortall in the vestiment. As flowrie vestures doe descrie The wearers rich immodestie; So plaine and simple cloathes doe show Where vertue walkes, not those that flow.

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Great Maladies, long Medicines.

To an old soare a long cure must goe on; Great faults require great satisfaction.

His Answer to a friend.

You aske me what I doe, and how I live? And (Noble friend) this answer I must give: Drooping, I draw on to the vaults of death, Or'e which you'l walk, when I am laid beneath.

The Begger.

Shall I a daily Begger be,
For loves sake asking almes of thee?
Still shall I crave, and never get
A hope of my desired bit?
Ah cruell maides! Ile goe my way,
Whereas (perchance) my fortunes may
Finde out a Threshold or a doore,
That may far sooner speed the poore:
Where thrice we knock, and none will heare,
Cold comfort still I'm sure lives there.

Bastards.

Our Bastard-children are but like to Plate, Made by the Coyners illegitimate.

His change.

My many cares and much distress, Has made me like a wilderness: Or (discompos'd) I'm like a rude, And all confused multitude: Out of my comely manners worne; And as in meanes, in minde all torne. 5

The Vision.

Me thought I saw (as I did dreame in bed)
A crawling Vine about Anacreon's head:
Flusht was his face; his haires with oyle did shine;
And as he spake, his mouth ranne ore with wine.
Tipled he was; and tipling lispt withall;
And lisping reeld, and reeling like to fall.
A young Enchantresse close by him did stand
Tapping his plump thighes with a mirtle wand:
She smil'd; he kist; and kissing, cull'd her too;
And being cup-shot, more he co'd not doe.
For which (me thought) in prittie anger she
Snatcht off his Crown, and gave the wreath to me:
Since when (me thinks) my braines about doe swim,
And I am wilde and wanton like to him.

A vow to Venus.

Happily I had a sight Of my dearest deare last night; Make her this day smile on me, And Ile Roses give to thee.

On his Booke.

The bound (almost) now of my book I see But yet no end of those therein or me: Here we begin new life; while thousands quite Are lost, and theirs, in everlasting night.

A sonnet of Perilla.

Then did I live when I did see *Perilla* smile on none but me. But (ah!) by starres malignant crost, The life I got I quickly lost: But yet a way there doth remaine, For me embalm'd to live againe; And that's to love me; in which state Ile live as one *Regenerate*.

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Bad may be better.

Man may at first transgress, but next do well: Vice doth in some but lodge a while, not dwell.

Posting to Printing.

Let others to the Printing Presse run fast, Since after death comes glory, *Ile not haste*.

Rapine brings Ruine.

What's got by Justice is establisht sure; No Kingdomes got by Rapine long endure.

Comfort to a youth that had lost his Love.

No more.

What needs complaints, When she a place Has with the race Of Saints? In endlesse mirth. 5 She thinks not on What's said or done In earth: She sees no teares. Or any tone 10 Of thy deep grone She heares: Nor do's she minde, Or think on't now, That ever thou 15 Wast kind. But chang'd above, She likes not there, As she did here, Thy Love. 20 Forbeare therefore, And Lull asleepe Thy woes and weep

Saint Distaffs day, or the morrow after Twelfth day.

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Partly worke and partly play
Ye must on S. Distaffs day:
From the Plough soone free your teame;
Then come home and fother them.
If the Maides a spinning goe,
Burne the flax, and fire the tow:
Scorch their plackets, but beware
That ye singe no maiden-haire.
Bring in pailes of water then,
Let the Maides bewash the men.
Give S. Distaffe all the right,
Then bid Christmas sport good-night;
And next morrow, every one
To his owne vocation.

Sufferance.

In the hope of ease to come, Let's endure one Martyrdome.

His teares to Thamasis.

I send, I send here my supremest kiss
To thee my silver-footed Thamasis.
No more shall I reiterate thy Strand,
Whereon so many Stately Structures stand:
Nor in the summers sweeter evenings go,
To bath in thee (as thousand others doe.)
No more shall I a long thy christall glide,
In Barge (with boughes and rushes beautifi'd)
With soft-smooth Virgins (for our chast disport)
To Richmond, Kingstone, and to Hampton-Court:
Never againe shall I with Finnie-Ore
Put from, or draw unto the faithfull shore:
And Landing here, or safely Landing there,
Make way to my Beloved Westminster:

Hesperides.

309

Of Julia Herrick gave to me my Birth.	_
May all clean Nimphs and curious water Dames,	
With Swan-like-state, flote up & down thy streams:	
No drought upon thy wanton waters fall	
To make them Leane, and languishing at all.	20
No ruffling winds come hither to discease	
Thy pure, and Silver-wristed Naides.	
Keep up your state ye streams; and as ye spring,	
Never make sick your Banks by surfeiting.	
Grow young with Tydes, and though I see ye never,	35
Receive this vow, so fare-ye-well for ever.	

Pardons.

Those ends in War the best contentment bring, Whose Peace is made up with a Pardoning.

Peace not Permanent.

Great Cities seldome rest: If there be none T'invade from far: They'l finde worse foes at home.

Truth and Errour.

Twixt Truth and Errour, there's this difference known, Errour is fruitfull, Truth is onely one.

Things mortall still mutable.

Things are uncertain, and the more we get, The more on yeie pavements we are set.

Studies to be supported.

Studies themselves will languish and decay, When either price, or praise is ta'ne away.

Wit punisht, prospers most.

Dread not the shackles: on with thine intent; Good wits get more fame by their punishment.

Twelfe night, or King and Queene.

Now, now the mirth comes With the cake full of plums, Where Beane's the King of the sport here; Beside we must know, The Pea also Must revell, as Queene, in the Court here.	5
Begin then to chuse, (This night as ye use) Who shall for the present delight here, Be a King by the lot, And who shall not Be Twelfe-day Queene for the night here.	10
Which knowne, let us make Joy-sops with the cake; And let not a man then be seen here, Who unurg'd will not drinke To the base from the brink A health to the King and the Queene here.	15
Next crowne the bowle full With gentle lambs-wooll; Adde sugar, nutmeg and ginger, With store of ale too; And thus ye must doe To make the wassaile a swinger.	20
Give then to the King And Queene wassailing; And though with ale ye be whet here; Yet part ye from hence, As free from offence,	25
As when ye innocent met here.	30

His desire.

Give me a man that is not dull, When all the world with rifts is full: But unamaz'd dares clearely sing, When as the roof's a tottering: And, though it falls, continues still Tickling the *Citterne* with his quill.

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Caution in Councell.

Know when to speake; for many times it brings Danger to give the best advice to Kings.

Moderation.

Let moderation on thy passions waite Who loves too much, too much the lov'd will hate.

Advice the best actor.

Still take advice; though counsels when they flye At randome, sometimes hit most happily.

Conformity is Comely.

Conformity gives comelinesse to things.

And equall shares exclude all murmerings.

Lawes.

Who violates the Customes, hurts the Health, Not of one man, but all the Common-wealth.

The meane.

Tis much among the filthy to be clean; Our heat of youth can hardly keep the mean.

Like loves his like.

Like will to like, each Creature loves his kinde; Chaste words proceed still from a bashfull minde.

His hope or sheat-Anchor.

Among these Tempests great and manifold My Ship has here one only Anchor-hold; That is my hope; which if that slip, I'm one Wildred in this vast watry *Region*.

Comfort in Calamity.

Tis no discomfort in the world to fall, When the great Crack not Crushes one, but all.

Twilight.

The Twi-light is no other thing (we say)
Then Night now gone, and yet not sprung the Day.

False Mourning.

He who wears Blacks, and mournes not for the Dead, Do's but deride the Party buried.

The will makes the work, or consent makes the Cure.

No grief is grown so desperate, but the ill Is halfe way cured, if the party will.

Diet.

If wholsome Diet can re-cure a man, What need of Physick, or Physitian?

Smart.

Stripes justly given yerk us (with their fall) But causelesse whipping smarts the most of all.

The Tinker's Song.

Along, come along, Let's meet in a throng Here of Tinkers; And quaffe up a Bowle As big as a Cowle 5 To Beer Drinkers. The Pole of the Hop Place in the Ale-shop to Bethwack us; If ever we think 10 So much as to drink Unto Bacchus. Who frolick will be, For little cost he Must not vary, 15 From Beer-broth at all, So much as to call For Canary.

His Comfort.

The only comfort of my life
Is, that I never yet had wife;
Nor will hereafter; since I know
Who Weds, ore-buyes his weal with woe.

Sincerity.

Wash clean the Vessell, lest ye soure What ever Liquor in ye powre.

To Anthea.

Sick is Anthea, sickly is the spring, The Primrose sick, and sickly every thing: The while my deer Anthea do's but droop, The Tulips, Lillies, Daffadills do stoop; But when again sh'as got her healthfull houre, Each bending then, will rise a proper flower.

Nor buying or selling.

Now, if you love me, tell me, For as I will not sell ye, So not one cross to buy thee Ile give, if thou deny me.

To his peculiar friend M. Jo: Wicks.

Since shed or Cottage I have none, I sing the more, that thou hast one; To whose glad threshold, and free door I may a Poet come, though poor; And eat with thee a savory bit, Paying but common thanks for it. Yet sho'd I chance, (my Wicks) to see An over-leven-looks in thee, To soure the Bread, and turn the Beer To an exalted vineger; Or sho'dst thou prize me as a Dish Of thrice-boyl'd-worts, or third dayes fish; I'de rather hungry go and come, Then to thy house be Burdensome; Yet, in my depth of grief, I'de be One that sho'd drop his *Beads* for thee.

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The more mighty, the more mercifull.

Who may do most, do's least: The bravest will Shew mercy there, where they have power to kill.

After Autumne, Winter.

Die ere long I'm sure, I shall; After leaves, the tree must fall.

A good death.

For truth I may this sentence tell, No man dies ill, that liveth well.

To his peculiar friend. 8 looks] Perhaps we should read looke

Recompence.

Who plants an Olive, but to eate the Oile? Reward, we know, is the chiefe end of toile.

On Fortune.

This is my comfort, when she's most unkind, She can but spoile me of my Meanes, not Mind.

To Sir George Parrie, Doctor of the Civill Law.

I have my Laurel Chaplet on my head, If 'mongst these many Numbers to be read, But one by you be hug'd and cherished.

Peruse my Measures thoroughly, and where Your judgement finds a guilty Poem, there Be you a Judge; but not a Judge severe.

The meane passe by, or over, none contemne; The good applaud: the peccant lesse condemne, Since *Absolution* you can give to them.

Stand forth Brave Man, here to the publique sight; And in my Booke now claim a two-fold right: The first as *Doctor*, and the last as *Knight*.

Charmes.

This Ile tell ye by the way, Maidens when ye Leavens lay, Crosse your Dow, and your dispatch, Will be better for your Batch.

Another.

In the morning when ye rise
Wash your hands, and cleanse your eyes.
Next be sure ye have a care,
To disperse the water farre.
For as farre as that doth light,
So farre keepes the evill Spright.

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Another.

If ye feare to be affrighted When ye are (by chance) benighted: In your Pocket for a trust, Carrie nothing but a Crust: For that holy piece of Bread, Charmes the danger, and the dread.

Gentlenesse.

That Prince must govern with a gentle hand, Who will have love comply with his command.

A Dialogue betwixt himselfe and Mistresse Eliza: Wheeler, under the name of Amarillis.

My dearest Love, since thou wilt go,
And leave me here behind thee;
For love or pitie let me know
The place where I may find thee.

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Amaril. In country Meadowes pearl'd with Dew,
And set about with Lillies;
There filling Maunds with Cowslips, you
May find your Amarillis.

Her. What have the Meades to do with thee,
Or with thy youthfull houres?
Live thou at Court, where thou mayst be
The Queen of men, not flowers.

Let Country wenches make 'em fine With Poesies, since 'tis fitter For thee with richest Jemmes to shine, And like the Starres to glitter.

Amaril. You set too high a rate upon
A Shepheardess so homely;

Her. Believe it (dearest) ther's not one
I'th' Court that's halfe so comly.

I prithee stay. (Am.) I must away, Lets kiss first, then we'l sever. And though we bid adieu to day,

Ambo. And though we bid adieu to day, Wee shall not part for ever.

To Julia.

Help me, Julia, for to pray, Mattens sing, or Mattens say: This I know, the Fiend will fly Far away, if thou beest by. Bring the Holy-water hither; Let us wash, and pray together: When our Beads are thus united, Then the Foe will fly affrighted.

To Roses in Julia's Bosome.

Roses, you can never die, Since the place wherein ye lye, Heat and moisture mixt are so, As to make ye ever grow.

To the Honoured, Master Endimion Porter.

When to thy Porch I come, and (ravisht) see The State of Poets there attending Thee: Those *Bardes*, and I, all in a *Chorus* sing, We are Thy *Prophets Porter*; Thou our King.

Speake in season.

When times are troubled, then forbeare; but speak, When a cleare day, out of a Cloud do's break.

Obedience.

The Power of Princes rests in the Consent Of onely those, who are obedient: Which if away, proud Scepters then will lye Low, and of Thrones the Ancient *Majesty*.

Another on the same.

No man so well a Kingdome Rules, as He, Who hath himselfe obaid the Soveraignty.

- 1. Instruct me now, what love will do;
- 2. Twill make a tongless man to wooe.
- 1. Inform me next, what love will do;
- 2. 'Twill strangely make a one of too.
- 1. Teach me besides, what love wil do;
- 2. 'Twill quickly mar, & make ye too.
- 1. Tell me, now last, what love will do;
- 2. 'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

The School or Perl of Putney, the Mistress of all singular manners, Mistresse Portman.

Whether I was my selfe, or else did see Out of my self that Glorious Hierarchie! Or whether those (in orders rare) or these Made up One State of Sixtie Venuses; Or whether Fairies, Syrens, Nymphes they were, 5 Or Muses, on their mountaine sitting there; Or some enchanted Place, I do not know (Or Sharon, where eternall Roses grow.) This I am sure; I Ravisht stood, as one Confus'd in utter Admiration. 10 Me thought I saw them stir, and gently move, And look as all were capable of Love: And in their motion smelt much like to flowers Enspir'd by th' Sun-beams after dews & showers. There did I see the Reverend Rectresse stand. 15 Who with her eyes-gleam, or a glance of hand, Those spirits rais'd; and with like precepts then (As with a Magick) laid them all agen: (A happy Realme! When no compulsive Law, Or fear of it, but Love keeps all in awe.) 20 Live you, great Mistresse of your Arts, and be A nursing Mother so to Majesty;

The School. 19 compulsive | Some copies of 1648 misprint compulsine and 22 A] Misprinted A a compulsinve

As those your Ladies may in time be seene, For Grace and Carriage, every one a Queene. One Birth their Parents gave them; but their new, And better Being, they receive from You.

Mans former Birth is grace-lesse; but the state Of life comes in, when he's Regenerate.

To Perenna.

Thou say'st I'm dull; if edge-lesse so I be, Ile whet my lips, and sharpen Love on thee.

On himselfe.

Let me not live, if I not love, Since I as yet did never prove, Where Pleasures met: at last, doe find, All Pleasures meet in Woman-kind.

On Love.

That love 'twixt men do's ever longest last Where War and Peace the Dice by turns doe cast.

Another on Love.

Love's of it self, too sweet; the best of all Is, when loves hony has a dash of gall.

Pleasures Pernicious.

Where Pleasures rule a Kingdome, never there Is sober virtue, seen to move her sphere.

On himself.

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A wearied Pilgrim, I have wandred here Twice five and twenty (bate me but one yeer) Long I have lasted in this world; (tis true) But yet those yeers that I have liv'd, but few. Who by his gray Haires, doth his lusters tell, Lives not those yeers, but he that lives them well. One man has reatch't his sixty yeers, but he Of all those three-score, has not liv'd halfe three: He lives, who lives to virtue: men who cast Their ends for Pleasure, do not live, but last.

To M. Laurence Swetnaham.

Read thou my Lines, my Swetnaham, if there be A fault, tis hid, if it be voic't by thee. Thy mouth will make the sourest numbers please; How will it drop pure hony, speaking these?

His Covenant or Protestation to Julia.

Why do'st thou wound, & break my heart? As if we sho'd for ever part? Hast thou not heard an Oath from me, After a day, or two, or three, I wo'd come back and live with thee? Take, if thou do'st distrust, that Vowe; This second Protestation now. Upon thy cheeke that spangel'd Teare, Which sits as Dew of Roses there: That Teare shall scarce be dri'd before Ile kisse the Threshold of thy dore. Then weepe not sweet; but thus much know, I'm halfe return'd before I go.

On himselfe.

I will no longer kiss, I can no longer stay; The way of all Flesh is, That I must go this day:

His Covenant. 6. distrust,] The comma should perhaps be deleted

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Since longer I can't live, My frolick Youths adieu; My Lamp to you Ile give, And all my troubles too.

To the most accomplisht Gentleman Master Michael Oulsworth.

Nor thinke that Thou in this my Booke art worst, Because not plac't here with the midst, or first. Since Fame that sides with these, or goes before Those, that must live with Thee for evermore. That Fame, and Fames rear'd Pillar, thou shalt see In the next sheet *Brave Man* to follow Thee. Fix on That Columne then, and never fall; Held up by Fames eternall Pedestall.

To his Girles who would have him sportfull.

Alas I can't, for tell me how
Can I be gamesome (aged now)
Besides ye see me daily grow
Here Winter-like, to Frost and Snow.
And I ere long, my Girles shall see,
Ye quake for cold to looke on me.

Truth and Falsehood.

Truth by her own simplicity is known, Falsehood by Varnish and Vermillion.

His last request to Julia.

I have been wanton, and too bold I feare,
To chafe o're much the Virgins cheek or eare:
Beg for my Pardon Julia; He doth winne
Grace with the Gods, who's sorry for his sinne.
That done, my Julia, dearest Julia, come,
And go with me to chuse my Buriall roome:
My Fates are ended; when thy Herrick dyes,
Claspe thou his Book, then close thou up his Eyes.

On himselfe.

One Eare tingles; some there be, That are snarling now at me: Be they those that *Homer* bit, I will give them thanks for it.

Upon Kings.

Kings must be dauntlesse: Subjects will contemne Those, who want Hearts, and weare a Diadem.

To his Girles.

Wanton Wenches doe not bring For my haires black colouring: For my Locks (Girles) let 'em be Gray or white, all's one to me.

Upon Spur.

Spur jingles now, and sweares by no meane oathes, He's double honour'd, since h'as got gay cloathes: Most like his Suite, and all commend the Trim; And thus they praise the Sumpter; but not him: As to the Goddesse, people did conferre Worship, and not to'th' Asse that carried her.

To his Brother Nicolas Herrick.

What others have with cheapnesse seene, and ease, In Varnisht maps; by'th' helpe of Compasses; Or reade in Volumes, and those Bookes (with all Their large Narrations, *Incanonicall*) Thou hast beheld those seas, and Countries farre; And tel'st to us, what once they were, and are. So that with bold truth, thou canst now relate This Kingdomes fortune, and that Empires fate: Canst talke to us of *Sharon*; where a spring Of Roses have an endlesse flourishing.

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Of Sion, Sinai, Nebo, and with them, Make knowne to us the now Jerusalem. The Mount of Olives; Calverie, and where Is (and hast seene) thy Saviours Sepulcher. So that the man that will but lay his eares, As Inapostate, to the thing he heares, Shall by his hearing quickly come to see The truth of Travails lesse in bookes then Thee.

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The Voice and Violl.

Rare is the voice it selfe; but when we sing To'th Lute or Violl, then 'tis ravishing.

Warre.

If Kings and kingdomes, once distracted be, The sword of war must trie the Soveraignty.

A King and no King.

That Prince, who may doe nothing but what's just, Rules but by leave, and takes his Crowne on trust.

Plots not still prosperous.

All are not ill Plots, that doe sometimes faile; Nor those false vows, which oft times don't prevaile

Flatterie.

What is't that wasts a Prince? example showes, 'Tis flatterie spends a King, more then his foes.

Excesse.

Excesse is sluttish: keepe the meane; for why? Vertue's clean Conclave is sobriety.

17 by] be 1648 (an obvious misprint)

The soul is the salt.

The body's salt, the soule is; which when gon The flesh soone sucks in putrifaction.

Foolishnesse.

In's Tusc'lanes, Tullie doth confesse, No plague ther's like to foolishnesse.

Abstinence.

Against diseases here the strongest fence Is the defensive vertue, Abstinence.

No danger to men desperate.

When feare admits no hope of safety, then Necessity makes dastards valiant men.

Sauce for sorrowes.

Although our suffering meet with no reliefe, An equall mind is the best sauce for griefe.

To Cupid.

I have a leaden, thou a shaft of gold; Thou kil'st with heate, and I strike dead with cold. Let's trie of us who shall the first expire; Or thou by frost, or I by quenchlesse fire: Extreames are fatall, where they once doe strike, And bring t'th' heart destruction both alike.

Distrust.

What ever men for Loyalty pretend, 'Tis Wisdomes part to doubt a faithfull friend.

The mount of the Muses.

After thy labour take thine ease, Here with the sweet *Pierides*. But if so be that men will not Give thee the Laurell Crowne for lot; Be yet assur'd, thou shalt have one Not subject to corruption.

On Himselfe.

Il'e write no more of Love; but now repent Of all those times that I in it have spent. Ile write no more of life; but wish twas ended, And that my dust was to the earth commended.

To his Booke.

Goe thou forth my booke, though late; Yet be timely fortunate. It may chance good-luck may send Thee a kinsman, or a friend, That may harbour thee, when I, With my fates neglected lye. If thou know'st not where to dwell, See, the fier's by: Farewell.

The end of his worke.

Part of the worke remaines; one part is past: And here my ship rides having Anchor cast.

To Crowne it.

My wearied Barke, O Let it now be Crown'd! The Haven reacht to which I first was bound.

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On Himselfe.

The worke is done: young men, and maidens set Upon my curles the *Mirtle Coronet*,
Washt with sweet ointments; Thus at last I come To suffer in the Muses *Martyrdome*:
But with this comfort, if my blood be shed,
The Muses will weare blackes, when I am dead.

The pillar of Fame.

Fames pillar here, at last, we set, Out-during Marble, Brasse, or Jet, Charm'd and enchanted so. As to withstand the blow 5 Of overthrow: Nor shall the seas, Or OUTRAGES Of storms orebear What we up-rear. Tho Kingdoms fal, 10 This pillar never shall Decline or waste at all; But stand for ever by his owne Firme and well fixt foundation.

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To his Book's end this last line he'd have plac't, focond his Muse was; but his Life was chast.

FINIS.

The pillar of Fame. 10 Tho Kingdoms fal] Misprinted Tho Kingdom's fals in some copies of 1648

HIS

NOBLE NUMBERS:

OR

HIS PIOUS PIECES, Wherein (amongst other things)

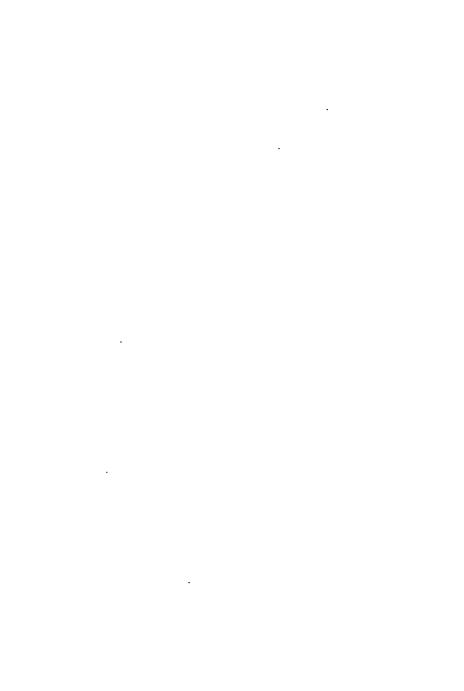
he fings the Birth of his C H R I S T: and fighes for his Saviours suffering on the Crosse

Η Ε S I O D.
"Ίληθη ψου όδια πολλά λέγον ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα.
"Ίληθη οι, εὖτ' ἐθέλομθη, ἀληθέα μυθήσαος.



LONDON.
Printed for John Williams, and Francis Eglesfield.

1647.



HIS

Noble Numbers:

OR,

His pious Pieces.

His Confession.

Look how our foule Dayes do exceed our faire; And as our bad, more then our good Works are: Ev'n so those Lines, pen'd by my wanton Wit, Treble the number of these good I've writ. Things precious are least num'rous: Men are prone To do ten Bad, for one Good Action.

His Prayer for Absolution.

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For Those my unbaptized Rhimes, Writ in my wild unhallowed Times; For every sentence, clause and word, That's not inlaid with Thee, (my Lord) Forgive me God, and blot each Line Out of my Book, that is not Thine. But if, 'mongst all, thou find'st here one Worthy thy Benediction; That One of all the rest, shall be The Glory of my Work, and Me.

To finde God.

Weigh me the Fire; or, canst thou find A way to measure out the Wind; Distinguish all those Floods that are Mixt in that watrie Theater; And tast thou them as saltlesse there, As in their Channell first they were.

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Tell me the People that do keep Within the Kingdomes of the Deep; Or fetch me back that Cloud againe, Beshiver'd into seeds of Raine; Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and speares Of Corn, when Summer shakes his eares; Shew me that world of Starres, and whence They noiselesse spill their Influence: This if thou canst; then shew me Him That rides the glorious Cherubim.

What God is.

God is above the sphere of our esteem, And is the best known, not defining Him.

Upon God.

God is not onely said to be An Ens, but Supraentitie.

Mercy and Love.

God hath two wings, which He doth ever move, The one is Mercy, and the next is Love: Under the first the Sinners ever trust; And with the last he still directs the Just.

Gods Anger without Affection.

God when He's angry here with any one, His wrath is free from perturbation; And when we think His looks are sowre and grim, The alteration is in us, not Him.

God not to be comprehended.

"Tis hard to finde God, but to comprehend Him, as He is, is labour without end.

Gods part.

Prayers and Praises are those spotlesse two Lambs, by the Law, which God requires as due.

Affliction.

God n'ere afflicts us more then our desert, Though He may seem to over-act His part: Sometimes He strikes us more then flesh can beare; But yet still lesse then Grace can suffer here.

Three fatall Sisters.

Three fatall Sisters wait upon each sin; First, Fear and Shame without, then Guilt within.

Silence.

Suffer thy legs, but not thy tongue to walk: God, the most Wise, is sparing of His talk.

Mirth.

True mirth resides not in the smiling skin: The sweetest solace is to act no sin.

Loading and unloading.

God loads, and unloads, (thus His work begins) To load with blessings, and unload from sins.

Gods Mercy.

Gods boundlesse mercy is (to sinfull man)
Like to the ever-wealthy Ocean:
Which though it sends forth thousand streams, 'tis ne're
Known, or els seen to be the emptier:
And though it takes all in, 'tis yet no more
Full, and fild-full, then when full-fild before.

Prayers must have Poise.

God He rejects all Prayers that are sleight, And want their Poise: words ought to have their weight.

To God: an Anthem, sung in the Chappell at White-Hall, before the King.

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Verse. My God, I'm wounded by my sin, And sore without, and sick within:

Ver. Chor. I come to Thee, in hope to find Salve for my body, and my mind.

Verse. In Gilead though no Balme be found, To ease this smart, or cure this wound;

Ver. Chor. Yet, Lord, I know there is with Thee All saving health, and help for me.

Verse. Then reach Thou forth that hand of Thine,

That powres in oyle, as well as wine. Ver. Chor. And let it work, for I'le endure

The utmost smart, so Thou wilt cure.

Upon God.

God is all fore-part; for, we never see Any part backward in the Deitie.

Calling, and correcting.

God is not onely mercifull, to call Men to repent, but when He strikes withall.

No escaping the scourging.

God scourgeth some severely, some He spares; But all in smart have lesse, or greater shares.

The Rod.

Gods Rod doth watch while men do sleep; & then The Rod doth sleep, while vigilant are men.

God has a twofold part.

God when for sin He makes His Children smart, His own He acts not, but anothers part: But when by stripes He saves them, then 'tis known, He comes to play the part that is His own.

God is One.

God, as He is most Holy knowne; So He is said to be most One.

Persecutions profitable.

Afflictions they most profitable are To the beholder, and the sufferer: Bettering them both, but by a double straine, The first by patience, and the last by paine.

To God.

Do with me, God! as Thou didst deal with John, (Who writ that heavenly Revelation).

Let me (like him) first cracks of thunder heare;
Then let the Harps inchantments strike mine eare;
Here give me thornes; there, in thy Kingdome, set
Upon my head the golden coronet;
There give me day; but here my dreadfull night:
My sackcloth here; but there my Stole of white.

Whips.

God has his whips here to a twofold end, The bad to punish, and the good t'amend.

Gods Providence.

If all transgressions here should have their pay, What need there then be of a reckning day: If God should punish no sin, here, of men, His Providence who would not question then?

Temptation.

Those Saints, which God loves best, The Devill tempts not least.

His Ejaculation to God.

My God! looke on me with thine eye
Of pittie, not of scrutinie;
For if thou dost, thou then shalt see
Nothing but loathsome sores in mee.
O then! for mercies sake, behold
These my irruptions manifold;
And heale me with thy looke, or touch:
But if thou wilt not deigne so much,
Because I'me odious in thy sight,
Speak but the word, and cure me quite.

Gods gifts not soone granted.

God heares us when we pray, but yet defers His gifts, to exercise Petitioners: And though a while He makes Requesters stay, With Princely hand He'l recompence delay.

Persecutions purifie.

God strikes His Church, but 'tis to this intent, To make, not marre her, by this punishment: So where He gives the bitter Pills, be sure, 'Tis not to poyson, but to make thee pure.

Pardon.

God pardons those, who do through frailty sin; But never those that persevere therein. 5

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An Ode of the Birth of our Saviour.

- Out-stable for thy Court here.
- 2. Instead of neat Inclosures
 Of inter-woven Osiers;
 Instead of fragrant Posies
 Of Daffadills, and Roses;
 Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,
 As Gospell tells,
 Was nothing els,

But, here, a homely manger.

3. But we with Silks, (not Cruells)
With sundry precious Jewells,
And Lilly-work will dresse Thee;
And as we dispossesse thee
Of clouts, wee'l make a chamber,
Sweet Babe, for Thee,
Of Ivorie,

And plaister'd round with Amber.

4. The Jewes they did disdaine Thee,
But we will entertaine Thee
With Glories to await here
Upon Thy Princely State here,
And more for love, then pittie.
From yeere to yeere

Wee'l make Thee, here, A Free-born of our Citie.

Lip-labour.

In the old Scripture I have often read, The calfe without meale n'ere was offered: To figure to us, nothing more then this, Without the heart, lip-labour nothing is.

The Heart.

In Prayer the Lips ne're act the winning part, Without the sweet concurrence of the Heart.

Eare-rings.

Why wore th' Egyptians Jewells in the Eare? But for to teach us, all the grace is there, When we obey, by acting what we heare.

Sin seen.

When once the sin has fully acted been, Then is the horror of the trespasse seen.

Upon Time.

Time was upon
The wing, to flie away;
And I cal'd on
Him but a while to stay;
But he'd be gone,
For ought that I could say.

He held out then,
A Writing, as he went;
And askt me, when
False man would be content
To pay agen,
What God and Nature lent.

An houre-glasse,
In which were sands but few,
As he did passe,
He shew'd, and told me too,
Mine end near was,
And so away he flew.

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His Petition.

If warre, or want shall make me grow so poore, As for to beg my bread from doore to doore; Lord! let me never act that beggars part, Who hath thee in his mouth, not in his heart. He who asks almes in that so sacred Name, Without due reverence, playes the cheaters game.

To God.

Thou hast promis'd, Lord, to be With me in my miserie; Suffer me to be so bold, As to speak, Lord, say and hold.

His Letanie, to the Holy Spirit.

- r. In the houre of my distresse, When temptations me oppresse, And when I my sins confesse, Sweet Spirit comfort me!
- When I lie within my bed, Sick in heart, and sick in head, And with doubts discomforted, Sweet Spirit comfort me!
- 3. When the house doth sigh and weep, And the world is drown'd in sleep, Yet mine eyes the watch do keep; Sweet Spirit comfort me!
- 4. When the artlesse Doctor sees No one hope, but of his Fees, And his skill runs on the lees; Sweet Spirit comfort me!
- 5. When his Potion and his Pill,
 His, or none, or little skill,
 Meet for nothing, but to kill;
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!

And	n the passing-bell doth tole, the Furies in a shole e to fright a parting soule; Sweet Spirit comfort me!	
And	the tapers now burne blew, the comforters are few, that number more then true; Sweet Spirit comfort me!	25
And	n the Priest his last hath praid, I nod to what is said, se my speech is now decaid; Sweet Spirit comfort me!	30
Eithe	n (God knowes) I'm tost about, er with despaire, or doubt; before the glasse be out, Sweet Spirit comfort me!	35
With	en the Tempter me pursu'th in the sins of all my youth, halfe damns me with untruth; Sweet Spirit comfort me!	40
Frigh	en the flames and hellish cries ht mine eares, and fright mine eyes, all terrors me surprize; Sweet Spirit comfort me!	
And	en the Judgment is reveal'd, that open'd which was seal'd, en to Thee I have appeal'd; Sweet Spirit comfort me!	45

Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving for a former, doth invite God to bestow a second benefit.

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Cock-crow.

Bell-man of Night, if I about shall go For to denie my Master, do thou crow. Thou stop'st S. *Peter* in the midst of sin; Stay me, by crowing, ere I do begin; Better it is, premonish'd, for to shun A sin, then fall to weeping when 'tis done.

All things run well for the Righteous.

Adverse and prosperous Fortunes both work on Here, for the righteous mans salvation: Be he oppos'd, or be he not withstood, All serve to th' Augmentation of his good.

Paine ends in Pleasure.

Afflictions bring us joy in times to come, When sins, by stripes, to us grow wearisome.

To God.

I'le come, I'le creep, (though Thou dost threat)
Humbly unto Thy Mercy-seat:
When I am there, this then I'le do,
Give Thee a Dart, and Dagger too;
Next, when I have my faults confest,
Naked I'le shew a sighing brest;
Which if that can't Thy pittie wooe,
Then let Thy Justice do the rest,
And strike it through.

A Thanksgiving to God, for his House.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell,
A little house, whose humble Roof
Is weather-proof;
Under the sparres of which I lie
Both soft, and drie;
Where Thou my chamber for to ward
Hast set a Guard

Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep	
Me, while I sleep.	10
Low is my porch, as is my Fate,	
Both void of state;	
And yet the threshold of my doore	
Is worn by'th poore,	
Who thither come, and freely get	15
Good words, or meat:	
Like as my Parlour, so my Hall	
And Kitchin's small:	
A little Butterie, and therein	
A little Byn,	20
Which keeps my little loafe of Bread	
Unchipt, unflead:	
Some brittle sticks of Thorne or Briar	
Make me a fire,	
Close by whose living coale I sit,	25
And glow like it.	·
Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,	
The Pulse is Thine,	
And all those other Bits, that bee	
There plac'd by Thee;	30
The Worts, the Purslain, and the Messe	30
Of Water-cresse,	
Which of Thy kindnesse Thou hast sent;	
And my content	
Makes those, and my beloved Beet,	35
To be more sweet.	35
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering Hearth	
With guiltlesse mirth;	
And giv'st me Wassaile Bowles to drink,	
Spic'd to the brink.	40
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand,	
That soiles my land;	
And giv'st me, for my Bushell sowne,	
Twice ten for one:	
Thou mak'st my teeming Hen to lay	45
Her egg each day:	
Besides my healthfull Ewes to beare	
Me twins each yeare:	
The while the conduits of my Kine	
Run Creame, (for Wine.)	50

Noble Numbers.

34 I

All these, and better Thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankfull heart;
Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne,
As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

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To God.

Make, make me Thine, my gracious God, Or with thy staffe, or with thy rod; And be the blow too what it will, Lord, I will kisse it, though it kill: Beat me, bruise me, rack me, rend me, Yet, in torments, I'le commend Thee: Examine me with fire, and prove me To the full, yet I will love Thee: Nor shalt thou give so deep a wound, But I as patient will be found.

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Another, to God.

Lord, do not beat me, Since I do sob and crie, And swowne away to die, Ere Thou dost threat me.

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Lord, do not scourge me,
If I by lies and oaths
Have soil'd my selfe, or cloaths,
But rather purge me.

None truly happy here.

Happy's that man, to whom God gives A stock of Goods, whereby he lives Neer to the wishes of his heart:

No man is blest through ev'ry part.

To his ever-loving God.

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Can I not come to Thee, my God, for these So very-many-meeting hindrances,
That slack my pace; but yet not make me stay? Who slowly goes, rids (in the end) his way.
Cleere Thou my paths, or shorten Thou my miles,
Remove the barrs, or lift me o're the stiles:
Since rough the way is, help me when I call,
And take me up; or els prevent the fall.
I kenn my home; and it affords some ease,
To see far off the smoaking Villages.
Fain would I rest; yet covet not to die,
For feare of future-biting penurie:
No, no, (my God) Thou know'st my wishes be
To leave this life, not loving it, but Thee.

Another.

Thou bidst me come; I cannot come; for why, Thou dwel'st aloft, and I want wings to flie. To mount my Soule, she must have pineons given; For, 'tis no easie way from Earth to Heaven.

To Death.

Thou bidst me come away, And I'le no longer stay, Then for to shed some teares For faults of former yeares; And to repent some crimes, Done in the present times: And next, to take a bit Of Bread, and Wine with it: To d'on my robes of love, Fit for the place above; To gird my loynes about With charity throughout; And so to travaile hence With feet of innocence: These done, I'le onely crie God mercy; and so die.

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Neutrality loathsome.

God will have all, or none; serve Him, or fall Down before *Baal*, *Bel*, or *Belial*: Either be hot, or cold: God doth despise, Abhorre, and spew out all Neutralities.

Welcome what comes.

Whatever comes, let's be content withall: Among Gods Blessings, there is no one small.

To his angrie God.

Through all the night
Thou dost me fright,
And hold'st mine eyes from sleeping;
And day, by day,
My Cup can say,
My wine is mixt with weeping.

Thou dost my bread
With ashes knead,
Each evening and each morrow:
Mine eye and earc
Do see, and heare
The coming in of sorrow.

Thy scourge of steele,
(Ay me!) I feele,
Upon me beating ever:
While my sick heart
With dismall smart
Is disacquainted never.

Long, long, I'm sure,
This can't endure;
But in short time 'twill please Thee,
My gentle God,
To burn the rod,
O strike so as to ease me.

Patience, or Comforts in Crosses.

Abundant plagues I late have had, Yet none of these have made me sad: For why, my Saviour, with the sense Of suffring gives me patience.

Eternitie.

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- O Yeares! and Age! Farewell:
 Behold I go,
 Where I do know
 Infinitie to dwell.
- 2. And these mine eyes shall see
 All times, how they
 Are lost i' th' Sea
 Of vast Eternitie.
- 3. Where never Moone shall sway
 The Starres; but she,
 And Night, shall be
 Drown'd in one endlesse Day.

To his Saviour, a Child; a Present, by a child.

Go prettie child, and beare this Flower Unto thy little Saviour: And tell Him, by that Bud now blown, He is the Rose of Sharon known: When thou hast said so, stick it there Upon his Bibb, or Stomacher: And tell Him, (for good handsell too) That thou hast brought a Whistle new, Made of a clean strait oaten reed, To charme his cries, (at time of need:) Tell Him, for Corall, thou hast none; But if thou hadst, He sho'd have one; But poore thou art, and knowne to be Even as monilesse, as He. Lastly, if thou canst win a kisse From those mellifluous lips of his; Then never take a second on, To spoile the first impression.

The New-yeeres Gift.

Let others look for Pearle and Gold, Tissues, or Tabbies manifold: One onely lock of that sweet Hay Whereon the blessed Babie lay, Or one poore Swadling-clout, shall be The richest New-yeeres Gift to me.

To God.

If any thing delight me for to print My Book, 'tis this; that Thou, my God, art in't.

God, and the King.

How am I bound to Two! God, who doth give The mind; the King, the meanes whereby I live.

Gods mirth, Mans mourning.

Where God is merry, there write down thy fears: What He with laughter speaks, heare thou with tears.

Honours are hindrances.

Give me Honours: what are these, But the pleasing hindrances? Stiles, and stops, and stayes, that come In the way 'twixt me, and home: Cleer the walk, and then shall I To my heaven lesse run, then flie.

The Parasceve, or Preparation.

To a Love-Feast we both invited are:
The figur'd Damask, or pure Diaper,
Over the golden Altar now is spread,
With Bread, and Wine, and Vessells furnished;
The sacred Towell, and the holy Eure
Are ready by, to make the Guests all pure:
Let's go (my Alma) yet e're we receive,
Fit, fit it is, we have our Parasceve.
Who to that sweet Bread unprepar'd doth come
Better he stary'd, then but to tast one crumme.

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To God.

God gives not onely corne, for need, But likewise sup'rabundant seed; Bread for our service, bread for shew; Meat for our meales, and fragments too: He gives not poorly, taking some Between the finger, and the thumb; But, for our glut, and for our store, Fine flowre prest down, and running o're.

A will to be working.

Although we cannot turne the fervent fit Of sin, we must strive 'gainst the streame of it: And howsoe're we have the conquest mist; 'Tis for our glory, that we did resist.

Christs part.

Christ, He requires still, wheresoere He comes, To feed, or lodge, to have the best of Roomes: Give Him the choice; grant Him the nobler part Of all the House: the best of all's the Heart.

Riches and Poverty.

God co'd have made all rich, or all men poore; But why He did not, let me tell wherefore: Had all been rich, where then had Patience been? Had all been poore, who had His Bounty seen?

Sobriety in Search.

To seek of God more then we well can find, Argues a strong distemper of the mind.

Almes.

Give, if thou canst, an Almes; if not, afford, Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word: God crowns our goodnesse, where so ere He sees, On our part, wanting all abilities.

Almes. 3 where so ere] when 1647: corr. in orig. Errala

To his Conscience.

. Can I not sin, but thou wilt be My private Protonotarie? Can I not wooe thee to passe by A short and sweet iniquity? I'le cast a mist and cloud, upon 5 My delicate transgression, So utter dark, as that no eye Shall see the hug'd impietie: Gifts blind the wise, and bribes do please, And winde all other witnesses: 10 And wilt not thou, with gold, be ti'd To lay thy pen and ink aside? That in the mirk and tonguelesse night, Wanton I may, and thou not write? It will not be: And, therefore, now, 15 For times to come, I'le make this Vow, From aberrations to live free: So I'le not feare the Judge, or thee.

To his Saviour.

Lord, I confesse, that Thou alone art able To purifie this my Augean stable: Be the Seas water, and the Land all Sope, Yet if Thy Bloud not wash me, there's no hope.

To God.

God is all-sufferance here; here He doth show No Arrow nockt, onely a stringlesse Bow: His Arrowes flie; and all his stones are hurl'd Against the wicked, in another world.

His Dreame.

I dreamt, last night, Thou didst transfuse Oyle from Thy Jarre, into my creuze; And powring still, Thy wealthy store, The vessell full, did then run ore:

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Me thought, I did Thy bounty chide, To see the waste; but 'twas repli'd By Thee, Deare God, God gives man seed Oft-times for wast, as for his need. Then I co'd say, that house is bare, That has not bread, and some to spare.

Gods Bounty.

Gods Bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse, As men do wane in thankfulnesse.

To his sweet Saviour.

Night hath no wings, to him that cannot sleep;
And Time seems then, not for to flie, but creep;
Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she
Had broke her wheele, or crackt her axeltree.
Just so it is with me, who list'ning, pray
The winds, to blow the tedious night away;
That I might see the cheerfull peeping day.
Sick is my heart; O Saviour! do Thou please
To make my bed soft in my sicknesses:
Lighten my candle, so that I beneath
Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death:
Let me Thy voice betimes i' th morning heare;
Call, and I'le come; say Thou, the when, and where:
Draw me, but first, and after Thee I'le run,
And make no one stop, till my race be done

His Creed.

I do believe, that die I must,
And be return'd from out my dust:
I do believe, that when I rise,
Christ I shall see, with these same eyes:
I do believe, that I must come,
With others, to the dreadfull Doome:
I do believe, the bad must goe
From thence, to everlasting woe:

Noble Numbers.

349

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I do believe, the good, and I,	
Shall live with Him eternally;	10
I do believe, I shall inherit	
Heaven, by Christs mercies, not my merit:	
I do believe, the One in Three,	
And Three in perfect Unitie:	
Lastly, that JESUS is a Deed	15
Of Gift from God: And heres my Creed.	·

Temptations.

Temptations hurt not, though they have accesse: Satan o'recomes none, but by willingnesse.

The Lamp.

When a mans Faith is frozen up, as dead; Then is the Lamp and oyle extinguished.

Sorrowes.

Sorrowes our portion are: Ere hence we goe, Crosses we must have; or, hereafter woe.

Penitencie.

A mans transgression God do's then remit, When man he makes a Penitent for it.

The Dirge of Jephthahs Daughter: sung by the Virgins.

1. O thou, the wonder of all dayes! O Paragon, and Pearle of praise! O Virgin-martyr, ever blest Above the rest Of all the Maiden-Traine! We come, And bring fresh strewings to thy Tombe. 2. Thus, thus, and thus we compasse round Thy harmlesse and unhaunted Ground: And as we sing thy Dirge, we will The Daffadill. IO And other flowers, lay upon, (The Altar of our love) thy Stone.

3	of Daughters all, the Deerest Deere; The eye of Virgins; nay, the Queen Of this smooth Green, And all sweet Meades; from whence we get	15
	The Primrose, and the Violet.	
4	4. Too soon, too deere did Jephthah buy, By thy sad losse, our liberty: His was the Bond and Cov'nant, yet Thou paid'st the debt,	20
	Lamented Maid! he won the day, But for the conquest thou didst pay.	
5	The Olive branch, and Victors Song: He slew the Ammonites, we know, But to thy woe;	25
	And in the purchase of our Peace, The Cure was worse then the Disease.	30
6	6. For which obedient zeale of thine, We offer here, before thy Shrine, Our sighs for Storax, teares for Wine; And to make fine,	
	And fresh thy Herse-cloth, we will, here, Foure times bestrew thee ev'ry yeere.	35
7	Receive, for this thy praise, our teares: Receive this offering of our Haires: Receive these Christall Vialls fil'd With teares, distil'd	4.0
	From teeming eyes; to these we bring, Each Maid, her silver Filleting,	40
8	3. To guild thy Tombe; besides, these Caules, These Laces, Ribbands, and these Faules, These Veiles, wherewith we use to hide The Bashfull Bride,	45
	When we conduct her to her Groome: All, all we lay upon thy Tombe.	
9	No more, no more, since thou art dead, Shall we ere bring coy Brides to bed;	50

	No more, at yeerly Festivalls We Cowslip balls,	
	Or chaines of Columbines shall make, For this, or that occasions sake.	
10.	No, no; our Maiden-pleasures be Wrapt in the winding-sheet, with thee: "Tis we are dead, though not i' th grave: Or, if we have	55
	One seed of life left, 'tis to keep A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.	60
11.	Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of Spice; And make this place all Paradise: May Sweets grow here! & smoke from hence, Fat Frankincense:	
	Let Balme, and Cassia send their scent From out thy Maiden-Monument.	65
12.	May no Wolfe howle, or Screech-Owle stir A wing about thy Sepulcher! No boysterous winds, or stormes, come hither, To starve, or wither	70
	Thy soft sweet Earth! but (like a spring) Love keep it ever flourishing.	,-
13.	May all shie Maids, at wonted hours, Come forth, to strew thy Tombe with flow'rs: May Virgins, when they come to mourn, Male-Incense burn	75
	Upon thine Altar! then return, And leave thee sleeping in thy Urn.	

To God, on his sicknesse.

What though my Harp, and Violl be Both hung upon the Willow-tree? What though my bed be now my grave, And for my house I darknesse have? What though my healthfull dayes are fled, And I lie numbred with the dead? Yet I have hope, by Thy great power, To spring; though now a wither'd flower.

Sins loath'd, and yet lov'd.

Shame checks our first attempts; but then 'tis prov'd Sins first dislik'd, are after that belov'd.

Sin.

Sin leads the way, but as it goes, it feels The following plague still treading on his heels.

Upon God.

God when He takes my goods and chattels hence Gives me a portion, giving patience: What is in God is God; if so it be, He patience gives; He gives himselfe to me.

Faith.

What here we hope for, we shall once inherit: By Faith we all walk here, not by the Spirit.

Humility.

Humble we must be, if to Heaven we go: High is the roof there; but the gate is low: When e're thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye: Grace is increased by humility.

Teares.

Our present Teares here (not our present laughter) Are but the handsells of our joyes hereafter.

Sin and Strife.

After true sorrow for our sinnes, our strife Must last with Satan, to the end of life.

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An Ode, or Psalme, to God.

Deer God,
If thy smart Rod
Here did not make me sorrie,
I sho'd not be
With Thine, or Thee,
In Thy eternall Glorie.

But since
Thou didst convince
My sinnes, by gently striking;
Add still to those
First stripes, new blowes,
According to Thy liking.

Feare me,
Or scourging teare me;
That thus from vices driven,
I may from Hell
Flie up, to dwell
With Thee, and Thine in Heaven.

Graces for Children.

What God gives, and what we take, 'Tis a gift for Christ His sake: Be the meale of Beanes and Pease, God be thank'd for those, and these. Have we flesh, or have we fish. All are Fragments from His dish. He His Church save, and the King, And our Peace here, like a Spring, Make it ever flourishing.

God to be first serv'd.

Honour thy Parents; but good manners call Thee to adore thy God, the first of all.

HERRICK

Another Grace for a Child.

Here a little child I stand, Heaving up my either hand; Cold as Paddocks though they be, Here I lift them up to Thee, For a Benizon to fall On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

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A Christmas Caroll, sung to the King in the Presence at White-Hall.

Chor. What sweeter musick can we bring,
Then a Caroll, for to sing
The Birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the Voice! Awake the String!
Heart, Eare, and Eye, and every thing
Awake! the while the active Finger
Runs division with the Singer.

From the Flourish they came to the Song.

- Dark and dull night, flie hence away, And give the honour to this Day, That sees December turn'd to May.
- 2. If we may ask the reason, say;
 The why, and wherefore all things here
 Seem like the Spring-time of the yeere?
- 3. Why do's the chilling Winters morne
 Smile, like a field beset with corne?
 Or smell, like to a Meade new-shorne,
 Thus, on the sudden? 4. Come and see
 The cause, why things thus fragrant be:
 'Tis He is borne, whose quickning Birth
 Gives life and luster, publike mirth,
 To Heaven, and the under-Earth.

Chor. We see Him come, and know him ours, Who, with His Sun-shine, and His showers, Turnes all the patient ground to flowers. The Darling of the world is come, And fit it is, we finde a roome To welcome Him.
 The nobler part Of all the house here, is the heart,

25

Chor. Which we will give Him; and bequeath This Hollie, and this Ivie Wreath, To do Him honour; who's our King, And Lord of all this Revelling.

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The Musicall Part was composed by M. Henry Lawes.

The New-yeeres Gift, or Circumcisions Song, sung to the King in the Presence at White-Hall.

- Prepare for Songs; He's come, He's come; And be it sin here to be dumb, And not with Lutes to fill the roome.
- 2. Cast Holy Water all about,
 And have a care no fire gos out,
 But 'cense the porch, and place throughout.
- 3. The Altars all on fier be;
 The Storax fries; and ye may see,
 How heart and hand do all agree,
 To make things sweet. *Chor.* Yet all less sweet then He. 10
 - 4. Bring Him along, most pious Priest,
 And tell us then, when as thou seest
 His gently-gliding, Dove-like eyes,
 And hear'st His whimp'ring, and His cries;
 How canst thou this Babe circumcise?
- 5. Ye must not be more pitifull then wise;
 For, now unlesse ye see Him bleed,
 Which makes the Bapti'me; 'tis decreed,
 The Birth is fruitlesse: Chor. Then the work God speed.

May	I. Touch gently, gently touch; and here Spring Tulips up through all the yeere; And from His sacred Bloud, here shed, Roses grow, to crown His own deare Head. Back, back again; each thing is done	20
	With zeale alike, as 'twas begun; Now singing, homeward let us carrie The Babe unto His Mother Marie; And when we have the Child commended her warm bosome, then our Rites are ended. Composed by M. Henry Lawes.	25
	Another New-yeeres Gift, or Song for the Circumcision.	
1	Hence, hence prophane, and none appeare With any thing unhallowed, here: No jot of Leven must be found Conceal'd in this most holy Ground:	
<i>Chor.</i>]	What is corrupt, or sowr'd with sin, Leave that without, then enter in; But let no Christmas mirth begin Before ye purge, and circumcise Your hearts, and hands, lips, eares, and eyes.	5
]	Then, like a perfum'd Altar, see That all things sweet, and clean may be: For, here's a Babe, that (like a <i>Bride</i>) Will blush to death, if ought be spi'd Ill-scenting, or unpurifi'd.	10
]	The room is cens'd: help, help t'invoke Heaven to come down, the while we choke The Temple, with a cloud of smoke.	15
4. (Come then, and gently touch the Birth Of Him, who's Lord of Heav'n and Earth;	
~]]	And softly handle Him: y'ad need, Because the prettie Babe do's bleed. Poore-pittied Child! Who from Thy Stall Bring'st, in Thy Blood, a Balm, that shall Be the best New-yeares Gift to all.	20

Noble Numbers.	357
1. Let's blesse the Babe: And, as we sing His praise; so let us blesse the King:	25
Chor. Long may He live, till He hath told His New-yeeres trebled to His old: And, when that's done, to re-aspire A new-borne Phanix from His own chast fire.	30
Gods Pardon.	Ū
When I shall sin, pardon my trespasse here; For, once in hell, none knowes Remission there.	
Sin once reacht up to Gods eternall Sphere, And was committed, not remitted there.	
Evill.	
Evill no Nature hath; the losse of good Is that which gives to sin a livelihood.	
The Star-Song: A Caroll to the King; sung at White-Hall.	
The Flourish of Musick: then followed the Song.	
Tell us, thou cleere and heavenly Tongue, Where is the Babe but lately sprung? Lies He the Lillie-banks among?	
2. Or say, if this new Birth of ours Sleeps, laid within some Ark of Flowers, Spangled with deaw-light; thou canst cleere All doubts, and manifest the where.	5
3. Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall seek Him in the Mornings blushing cheek, Or search the beds of Spices through, To find him out?	10
Star. No, this ye need not do; But only come, and see Him rest A Princely Babe in's Mothers Brest.	

Chor. He's seen, He's seen, why then a Round, Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground; And all rejoyce, that we have found A King, before conception crown'd.

15

4. Come then, come then, and let us bring Unto our prettie *Twelfth-Tide King*, Each one his severall offering;

20

Chor. And when night comes, wee'l give Him wassailing:
And that His treble Honours may be seen,
Wee'l chuse Him King, and make His Mother Queen.

To God.

With golden Censers, and with Incense, here, Before Thy Virgin-Altar I appeare, To pay Thee that I owe, since what I see In, or without; all, all belongs to Thee: Where shall I now begin to make, for one Least loane of Thine, half Restitution? Alas! I cannot pay a jot; therefore I'le kisse the Tally, and confesse the score. Ten thousand Talents lent me, Thou dost write: 'Tis true, my God; but I can't pay one mite.

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To his deere God.

I'le hope no more,
For things that will not come:
And, if they do, they prove but cumbersome;
Wealth brings much woe:
And, since it fortunes so;
'Tis better to be poore,
Then so t'abound,
As to be drown'd,
Or overwhelm'd with store.

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Pale care, avant,
I'le learn to be content
With that small stock, Thy Bounty gave or lent.
What may conduce
To my most healthfull use,

Noble Numbers.

359

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Almighty God me grant; But that, or this, That hurtfull is, Denie Thy suppliant.

To God, his good will.

Gold I have none, but I present my need, O Thou, that crown'st the will, where wants the deed. Where Rams are wanting, or large Bullocks thighs, There a poor Lamb's a plenteous sacrifice. Take then his Vowes, who, if he had it, would Devote to Thee, both incense, myrrhe, and gold, Upon an Altar rear'd by Him, and crown'd Both with the Rubie, Pearle, and Diamond.

On Heaven.

Permit mine eyes to see Part, or the whole of Thee, O happy place! Where all have Grace, And Garlands shar'd, For their reward; Where each chast Soule In long white stole, And Palmes in hand, Do ravisht stand: So in a ring, The praises sing Of Three in One, That fill the Throne: While Harps, and Violls then To Voices, say, Amen.

The Summe, and the Satisfaction.

Last night I drew up mine Account, And found my Debits to amount To such a height, as for to tell How I sho'd pay, 's impossible: Well, this I'le do; my mighty score Thy mercy-seat I'le lay before;

On Heaven. 15 Violls Misprinted Violls in 1647

But therewithall I'le bring the Band, Which, in full force, did daring stand, Till my Redeemer (on the Tree) Made void for millions, as for me. Then, if Thou bidst me pay, or go Unto the prison, I'le say, no; Christ having paid, I nothing owe: For, this is sure, the Debt is dead By Law, the Bond once cancelled.

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Good men afflicted most.

God makes not good men wantons, but doth bring Them to the field, and, there, to skirmishing; With trialls those, with terrors these He proves, And hazards those most, whom the most He loves; For Sceva, darts; for Cocles, dangers; thus He finds a fire for mighty Mutius; Death for stout Cato; and besides all these, A poyson too He has for Socrates; Torments for high Attilius; and, with want, Brings in Fabricius for a Combatant: But, bastard-slips, and such as He dislikes, He never brings them once to th' push of Pikes.

Good Christians

Play their offensive and defensive parts, Till they be hid o're with a wood of darts.

The Will the cause of Woe.

When man is punisht, he is plagued still, Not for the fault of Nature, but of will.

To Heaven.

Open thy gates
To him, who weeping waits,
And might come in,
But that held back by sin.
Let mercy be
So kind, to set me free,
And I will strait
Come in, or force the gate.

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The Recompence.

All I have lost, that co'd be rapt from me; And fare it well: yet *Herrick*, if so be Thy Decrest Saviour renders thee but one Smile, that one smile's full restitution.

To God.

Pardon me God, (once more I Thee intreat)
That I have plac'd Thee in so meane a seat,
Where round about Thou seest but all things vaine,
Uncircumcis'd, unseason'd, and prophane.
But as Heavens publike and immortall Eye
Looks on the filth, but is not soil'd thereby;
So Thou, my God, may'st on this impure look,
But take no tincture from my sinfull Book:
Let but one beame of Glory on it shine,
And that will make me, and my Work divine.

To God.

Lord, I am like to *Misletoe*, Which has no root, and cannot grow, Or prosper, but by that same tree It clings about; so I by Thee. What need I then to feare at all, So long as I about Thee craule? But if that Tree sho'd fall, and die, Tumble shall heav'n, and down will I.

His wish to God.

I would to God, that mine old age might have Before my last, but here a living grave, Some one poore Almes-house; there to lie, or stir, Ghost-like, as in my meaner sepulcher; A little piggin, and a pipkin by, To hold things fitting my necessity; Which, rightly us'd, both in their time and place, Might me excite to fore, and after-grace. Thy Crosse, my *Christ*, fixt 'fore mine eyes sho'd be, Not to adore that, but to worship Thee. So, here the remnant of my dayes I'd spend, Reading Thy Bible, and my Book; so end.

Satan.

When we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more He teares and tugs us, then he did before; Neglecting once to cast a frown on those Whom ease makes his, without the help of blowes.

Hell.

Hell is no other, but a soundlesse pit, Where no one beame of comfort peeps in it.

The way.

When I a ship see on the Seas, Cuft with those watrie savages, And therewithall, behold, it hath In all that way no beaten path; Then, with a wonder, I confesse, Thou art our way i'th wildernesse: And while we blunder in the dark, Thou art our candle there, or spark.

Great grief, great glory.

The lesse our sorrowes here and suffrings cease, The more our Crownes of Glory there increase.

Hell.

Hell is the place where whipping-cheer abounds, But no one Jailor there to wash the wounds.

The Rell-man.

Along the dark, and silent night, With my Lantern, and my Light, And the tinkling of my Bell, Thus I walk, and this I tell:

Noble Numbers.	363
Death and dreadfulnesse call on, To the gen'rall Session; To whose dismall Barre, we there All accompts must come to cleere: Scores of sins w'ave made here many,	5
Wip't out few, (God knowes) if any. Rise ye Debters then, and fall To make paiment, while I call. Ponder this, when I am gone; By the clock 'tis almost One.	10
•	
The goodnesse of his God.	
When Winds and Seas do rage, And threaten to undo me, Thou dost their wrath asswage If I but call unto Thee.	
A mighty storm last night Did seek my soule to swallow, But by the peep of light A gentle calme did follow.	5
What need I then despaire, Though ills stand round about me; Since mischiefs neither dare To bark, or bite, without Thee?	10

The Widdowes teares: or, Dirge of Dorcas.

Come pitie us, all ye, who see
Our Harps hung on the Willow-tree:
Come pitie us, ye Passers by,
Who see, or heare poor Widdowes crie:
Come pitie us; and bring your eares,
And eyes, to pitie Widdowes teares.

Chor. And when you are come hither;
Then we will keep
A Fast, and weep
Our eyes out all together.

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2.	For Tabitha, who dead lies here, Clean washt, and laid out for the Beere; O modest Matrons, weep and waile! For now the Corne and Wine must faile:	
	The Basket and the Bynn of Bread, Wherewith so many soules were fed Chor. Stand empty here for ever: And ah! the Poore, At thy worne Doore,	15
3.	Shall be releeved never. Woe worth the Time, woe worth the day, That reav'd us of thee Tabitha / For we have lost, with thee, the Meale,	20
	The Bits, the Morsells, and the deale Of gentle Paste, and yeelding Dow, That Thou on Widdowes didst bestow. Chor. All's gone, and Death hath taken Away from us Our Moundies thus	25
	Our Maundie; thus, Thy Widdowes stand forsaken.	30
4.	Ah <i>Dorcas</i> , <i>Dorcas</i> / now adieu We bid the Creuse and Pannier too: I and the flesh, for and the fish, Dol'd to us in That Lordly dish.	
	We take our leaves now of the Loome, From whence the house-wives cloth did come: Chor. The web affords now nothing; Thou being dead, The woosted thred	35
	Is cut, that made us clothing.	40
5.	Farewell the Flax and Reaming wooll, With which thy house was plentifull. Farewell the Coats, the Garments, and The Sheets, the Rugs, made by thy hand.	
	Farewell thy Fier and thy Light, That ne're went out by Day or Night: Chor. No, or thy zeale so speedy, That found a way	45
	By peep of day, To feed and cloth the Needy.	50
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	Noble Numbers.	365
6.	But, ah, alas! the Almond Bough, And Olive Branch is wither'd now. The Wine Presse now is ta'ne from us, The Saffron and the Calamus. The Spice and Spiknard hence is gone, The Storax and the Cynamon, Chor. The Caroll of our gladnesse	55
	Ha's taken wing, And our late spring Of mirth is turn'd to sadnesse.	60
7.	How wise wast thou in all thy waies! How worthy of respect and praise! How Matron-like didst thou go drest! How soberly above the rest	
	Of those that prank it with their Plumes; And jet it with their choice purfumes. Chor. Thy vestures were not flowing: Nor did the street Accuse thy feet Of mincing in their going.	6 ₅
8.	And though thou here li'st dead, we see A deale of beauty yet in thee. How sweetly shewes thy smiling face, Thy lips with all diffused grace! Thy hands (though cold) yet spotlesse, white, And comely as the Chrysolite. Chor. Thy belly like a hill is, Or as a neat Cleane heap of wheat, All set about with Lillies.	75
9.	Sleep with thy beauties here, while we Will shew these garments made by thee; These were the Coats, in these are read The monuments of <i>Dorcas</i> dead.	00
	These were thy Acts, and thou shalt have These hung, as honours o're thy Grave, Chor. And after us (distressed) Sho'd fame be dumb; Thy very Tomb	8 5
	Would cry out, Thou art blessed.	90

To God, in time of plundering.

Rapine has yet tooke nought from me; But if it please my God, I be Brought at the last to th' utmost bit, God make me thankfull still for it. I have been gratefull for my store: Let me say grace when there's no more.

To his Saviour. The New yeers gift.

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That little prettie bleeding part Of Foreskin send to me: And Ile returne a bleeding Heart, For New-yeers gift to thee.

Rich is the Jemme that thou did'st send, Mine's faulty too, and small:
But yet this Gift Thou wilt commend,
Because I send Thee all.

Doomes-Day.

Let not that Day Gods Friends and Servants scare: The Bench is then their place; and not the Barre.

The Poores Portion.

The sup'rabundance of my store,
That is the portion of the poore:
Wheat, Barley, Rie, or Oats; what is't
But he takes tole of? all the Griest.
Two raiments have I: Christ then makes
This Law; that He and I part stakes.
Or have I two loaves; then I use
The poore to cut, and I to chuse.

The white Island: or place of the Blest.

In this world (the *Isle of Dreames*) While we sit by sorrowes streames, Teares and terrors are our theames Reciting:

Noble Numbers.	367
But when once from hence we flie, More and more approaching nigh Unto young Eternitie Uniting:	5
In that whiter Island, where Things are evermore sincere; Candor here, and lustre there Delighting:	10
There no monstrous fancies shall Out of hell an horrour call, To create (or cause at all) Affrighting.	15
There in calm and cooling sleep We our eyes shall never steep; But eternall watch shall keep, Attending	20
Pleasures, such as shall pursue Me immortaliz'd, and you; And fresh joyes, as never too Have ending.	

To Christ.

I crawle, I creep; my Christ, I come To Thee, for curing Balsamum: Thou hast, nay more, Thou art the Tree, Affording salve of Soveraigntie. My mouth I'le lay unto Thy wound Bleeding, that no Blood touch the ground: For, rather then one drop shall fall To wast, my JESU, I'le take all.

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To God.

God! to my little meale and oyle, Add but a bit of flesh, to boyle: And Thou my Pipkinnet shalt see, Give a wave-offring unto Thee.

Free Welcome.

God He refuseth no man; but makes way For All that now come, or hereafter may.

Gods Grace.

Gods Grace deserves here to be daily fed, That, thus increast, it might be perfected.

Coming to Christ.

To him, who longs unto his CHRIST to go, Celerity even it self is slow.

Correction.

God had but one Son free from sin; but none Of all His sonnes free from correction.

Gods Bounty.

God, as He's potent, so He's likewise known, To give us more then Hope can fix upon.

Knowledge.

Science in God, is known to be A Substance, not a Qualitie.

Salutation.

Christ, I have read, did to His Chaplains say, Sending them forth, Salute no man by th' way: Not, that He taught His Ministers to be Unsmooth, or sowre, to all civilitie; But to instruct them, to avoid all snares Of tardidation in the Lords Affaires. Manners are good: but till his errand ends, Salute we must, nor Strangers, Kin, or Friends.

Lasciviousnesse.

Lasciviousnesse is known to be The sister to saturitie.

Teares.

God from our eyes all teares hereafter wipes, And gives His Children kisses then, not stripes.

Gods Blessing.

In vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be, Unlesse God gives the *Benedicite*.

God, and-Lord.

God, is His Name of Nature; but that word Implies His Power, when He's cal'd the LORD.

The Judgment-Day.

God hides from man the reck'ning Day, that He May feare it ever for uncertaintie:
That being ignorant of that one, he may Expect the coming of it ev'ry day.

Angells.

Angells are called Gods; yet of them, none Are Gods, but by *participation*: As just Men are intitled Gods, yet none Are Gods, of them, but by Adoption.

Long life.

The longer thred of life we spin, The more occasion still to sin.

Teares.

The teares of Saints more sweet by farre, Then all the songs of sinners are.

Manna.

That Manna, wh.ch God on His people cast, Fitted it self to ev'ry Feeders tast.

Reverence.

True rev'rence is (as Cassiodore doth prove)
The feare of God, commixt with cleanly love

Mercy.

Mercy, the wise Athenians held to be Not an Affection, but a Deitie.

Wages.

After this life, the wages shall Not shar'd alike be unto all.

Temptation.

God tempteth no one (as S. Aug'stine saith) For any ill; but, for the proof of Faith: Unto temptation God exposeth some; But none, of purpose, to be overcome.

Gods hands.

Gods Hands are round, & smooth, that gifts may fall Freely from them, and hold none back at all.

Labour.

Labour we must, and labour hard I'th *Forum* here, or *Vineyard*.

Mora Sponsi, the stay of the Bridegroome.

The time the Bridegroom stayes from hence, Is but the time of penitence.

Roaring.

Roaring is nothing but a weeping part, Forc'd from the mighty dolour of the heart.

The Eucharist.

He that is hurt seeks help: sin is the wound; The salve for this i'th Eucharist is found.

Sin severely punisht.

God in His own Day will be then severe, To punish great sins, who small faults whipt here.

Montes Scripturarum, the Mounts of the Scriptures.

The Mountains of the Scriptures are (some say) Moses, and Jesus, called Joshua:
The Prophets Mountains of the Old are meant;
Th' Apostles Mounts of the New Testament.

Prayer.

A prayer, that is said alone, Starves, having no companion. Great things ask for, when thou dost pray, And those great are, which ne're decay. Pray not for silver, rust eats this; Ask not for gold, which metall is: Nor yet for houses, which are here But earth: such vowes nere reach Gods eare.

Christs sadnesse.

Christ was not sad, i'th garden, for His own Passion, but for His sheeps dispersion.

God heares us.

God, who's in Heav'n, will hear from thence; If not to'th sound, yet, to the sense.

God.

God (as the learned Damascen doth write) A Sea of Substance is, Indefinite.

Clouds.

He that ascended in a cloud, shall come In clouds, descending to the publike *Doome*.

Comforts in contentions.

The same, who crownes the Conquerour, will be A Coadjutor in the Agonie.

Heaven.

Heav'n is most faire; but fairer He That made that fairest Canopie.

God.

In God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be Ev'n God Himself, in perfect *Entitie*.

His Power.

God can do all things, save but what are known For to imply a contradiction.

Christs words on the Crosse, My God, My God.

Christ, when He hung the dreadfull Crosse upon, Had (as it were) a *Dereliction*; In this regard, in those great terrors He Had no one *Beame* from Gods sweet Majestie.

JEHOVAH.

Jehovah, as *Boètius* saith, No number of the *Plurall* hath.

Confusion of face.

God then confounds mans face, when He not hears The Vowes of those, who are Petitioners.

Another.

The shame of mans face is no more Then prayers repel'd, (sayes Cassiodore).

Beggars.

Jacob Gods Beggar was; and so we wait (Though ne're so rich) all beggars at His Gate.

Good, and bad.

The Bad among the Good are here mixt ever: The Good without the Bad are here plac'd never.

Sin.

Sin no Existence; Nature none it hath, Or Good at all, (as learn'd Aquinas saith.)

Martha, Martha.

The repetition of the name made known No other, then *Christs* full Affection.

Youth, and Age.

God on our Youth bestowes but little ease; But on our Age most sweet *Indulgences*

Gods power.

God is so potent, as His Power can. Draw out of bad a soveraigne good to man.

Paradise.

Paradise is (as from the Learn'd I gather)
A quire of blest Soules circling in the Father.

Observation.

The Jewes, when they built Houses (I have read) One part thereof left still unfinished:

To make them, thereby, mindfull of their own Cities most sad and dire destruction.

The Asse.

God did forbid the Israelites, to bring An Asse unto Him, for an offering: Onely, by this dull creature, to expresse His detestation to all slothfulnesse.

Observation.

The Virgin-Mother stood at distance (there)
From her Sonnes Crosse, not shedding once a teare:
Because the Law forbad to sit and crie
For those, who did as malefactors die.
So she, to keep her mighty woes in awe,
Tortur'd her love, not to transgresse the Law.
Observe we may, how Mary Joses then,
And th' other Mary (Mary Magdalen)
Sate by the Grave; and sadly sitting there,
Shed for their Master many a bitter teare:
But 'twas not till their dearest Lord was dead;
And then to weep they both were licensed.

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Tapers.

Those Tapers, which we set upon the grave, In fun'rall pomp, but this importance have; That soules departed are not put out quite; But, as they walk't here in their vestures white, So live in Heaven, in everlasting light.

Christs Birth.

One Birth our Saviour had; the like none yet Was, or will be a second like to it.

The Virgin Mary.

To work a wonder, God would have her shown, At once, a Bud, and yet a Rose full-blowne.

Another.

As Sun-beames pierce the glasse, and streaming in, No crack or Schisme leave i'th subtill skin: So the Divine Hand work't, and brake no thred, But, in a *Mother*, kept a *maiden-head*.

God.

God, in the holy Tongue, they call The Place that filleth All in all.

Another of God.

God's said to leave this place, and for to come Nearer to that place, then to other some: Of locall motion, in no least respect, But only by impression of effect.

Another.

God is Jehovah cal'd; which name of His Implies or Essence, or the He that Is.

Gods presence.

God's evident, and may be said to be Present with just men, to the veritie: But with the wicked if He doth comply, 'Tis (as S. *Bernard* saith) but seemingly.

Gods dwelling.

God's said to dwell there, wheresoever He Puts down some prints of His high Majestie: As when to man He comes, and there doth place His holy Spirit, or doth plant His Grace.

The Virgin Mary.

The Virgin Marie was (as I have read)
The House of God, by Christ inhabited;
Into the which He enter'd: but, the Doore
Once shut, was never to be open'd more.

To God.

God's undivided, One in Persons Three; And Three in Inconfused Unity: Originall of Essence there is none 'Twixt God the Father, Holy Ghost, and Sonne: And though the Father be the first of Three, 'Tis but by Order, not by Entitie.

Upon Woman and Mary.

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So long (it seem'd) as *Maries* Faith was small, *Christ* did her *Woman*, not her *Mary* call: But no more *Woman*, being strong in Faith; But *Mary* cal'd then (as S. *Ambrose* saith).

North and South.

The Jewes their beds, and offices of ease, Plac't North and South, for these cleane purposes; That mans uncomely froth might not molest Gods wayes and walks, which lie still East and West.

Sabbaths.

Sabbaths are threefold, (as S. Austine sayes:) The first of Time, or Sabbath here of Dayes; The second is a Conscience trespasse-free; The last the Sabbath of Eternitie.

The Fast, or Lent.

Noah the first was (as Tradition sayes)
That did ordaine the Fast of forty Dayes.

Sin.

There is no evill that we do commit, But hath th' extraction of some good from it: As when we sin; God, the great *Chymist*, thence Drawes out th' *Elixar* of true penitence.

God.

God is more here, then in another place, Not by His Essence, but commerce of Grace.

This, and the next World.

God hath this world for many made; 'tis true: But He hath made the world to come for few.

Ease.

God gives to none so absolute an Ease, As not to know, or feel some *Grievanies*.

Beginnings and Endings.

Paul, he began ill, but he ended well; fudas began well, but he foulely fell: In godlinesse, not the beginnings, so Much as the ends are to be lookt unto.

Temporall goods.

These temp'rall goods God (the most Wise) commends To th' good and bad, in common, for two ends First, that these goods none here may o're esteem, Because the wicked do partake of them:

Next, that these ills none cowardly may shun;

Being, oft here, the just mans portion.

Hell fire.

The fire of Hell this strange condition hath, To burn, not shine (as learned Basil saith.)

Abels Bloud.

Speak, did the Bloud of Abel cry To God for vengeance? yes say I; Ev'n as the sprinkled bloud cal'd on God, for an expiation.

Another.

The bloud of Abel was a thing Of such a rev'rend reckoning, As that the old World thought it fit, Especially to sweare by it.

A Position in the Hebrew Divinity.

One man repentant is of more esteem With God, then one, that never sin'd 'gainst Him.

Penitence.

The Doctors, in the Talmud, say, That in this world, one onely day In true repentance spent, will be More worth, then Heav'ns Eternitie.

Gods Presence.

God's present ev'ry where; but most of all Present by Union *Hypostaticall*: God, He is there, where's nothing else (Schooles say) And nothing else is there, where He's away.

The Resurrection possible, and probable.

For each one Body, that i'th earth is sowne, There's an up-rising but of one for one: But for each Graine, that in the ground is thrown, Threescore or fourescore spring up thence for one: So that the wonder is not halfe so great, Of ours, as is the rising of the wheat.

Christs suffering.

Justly our *dearest Saviour* may abhorre us, Who hath more suffer'd by us farre, then for us.

Sinners.

Sinners confounded are a twofold way, Either as when (the learned Schoolemen say) Mens sins destroyed are, when they repent; Or when, for sins, men suffer punishment.

Temptations.

No man is tempted so, but may o'recome, If that he has a will to Masterdome.

Pittie, and punishment.

God doth embrace the good with love; & gaines The good by mercy, as the bad by paines.

Gods price, and mans price.

God bought man here wth his hearts blood expence; And man sold God here for base thirty pence.

Christs Action.

Christ never did so great a work, but there His humane Nature did, in part, appeare: Or, ne're so meane a peece, but men might see Therein some beames of His Divinitie: So that, in all He did, there did combine His Humane Nature, and His Part Divine.

Predestination.

Predestination is the Cause alone Of many standing, but of fall to none.

Another.

Art thou not destin'd? then, with hast, go on To make thy faire *Predestination*: If thou canst change thy life, God then will please To change, or call back, His past *Sentences*.

Sin.

Sin never slew a soule, unlesse there went Along with it some tempting blandishment.

Another.

Sin is an act so free, that if we shall Say, 'tis not free, 'tis then no sin at all.

Another.

Sin is the cause of death; and sin's alone The cause of Gods *Predestination*: And from Gods *Prescience* of mans sin doth flow Our *Destination* to eternall woe.

Prescience.

Gods Prescience makes none sinfull; but th' offence Of man's the chief cause of Gods Prescience.

Christ.

To all our wounds, here, whatsoe're they be, *Christ* is the one sufficient *Remedie*.

Christs Incarnation.

Christ took our Nature on Him, not that He 'Bove all things lov'd it, for the puritie: No, but He drest Him with our humane Trim, Because our flesh stood most in need of Him.

Heaven.

Heaven is not given for our good works here: Yet it is given to the *Labourer*.

Gods keyes.

God has foure keyes, which He reserves alone; The first of Raine, the key of Hell next known: With the third key He opes and shuts the wombe; And with the fourth key He unlocks the tombe.

Sin.

There's no constraint to do amisse, Whereas but one enforcement is.

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Almes.

Give unto all, lest he, whom thou deni'st, May chance to be no other man, but *Christ*.

Hell fire.

One onely fire has Hell; but yet it shall, Not after one sort, there excruciate all: But look, how each transgressor onward went Boldly in sin, shall feel more punishment.

To keep a true Lent.

- 1. Is this a Fast, to keep
 The Larder leane?
 And cleane
 From fat of Veales, and Sheep?
- 2. Is it to quit the dish
 Of Flesh, yet still
 To fill
 The platter high with Fish?
- 3. Is it to fast an houre,
 Or rag'd to go,
 Or show
 A down-cast look, and sowre?
- 4. No: 'tis a Fast, to dole

 Thy sheaf of wheat,

 And meat,

 Unto the hungry Soule.
- 5. It is to fast from strife,

 From old debate,

 And hate;

 To circumcise thy life.
- To shew a heart grief-rent;
 To sterve thy sin,
 Not Bin;
 And that's to keep thy Lent.

No time in Eternitie.

By houres we all live here, in Heaven is known No spring of Time, or Times succession.

His Meditation upon Death.

Be those few hours, which I have yet to spend, Blest with the Meditation of my end: Though they be few in number, I'm content; If otherwise, I stand indifferent: Nor makes it matter, Nestors yeers to tell, 5 If man lives long, and if he live not well. A multitude of dayes still heaped on, Seldome brings order, but confusion. Might I make choice, long life sho'd be with-stood; Nor wo'd I care how short it were, if good: 10 Which to effect, let ev'ry passing Bell Possesse my thoughts, next comes my dolefull knell: And when the night perswades me to my bed, I'le thinke I'm going to be buried: So shall the Blankets which come over me, 15 Present those Turfs, which once must cover me: And with as firme behaviour I will meet The sheet I sleep in, as my Winding-sheet. When sleep shall bath his body in mine eyes. I will believe, that then my body dies: 20 And if I chance to wake, and rise thereon, I'le have in mind my Resurrection, Which must produce me to that Gen'rall Doome, To which the Pesant, so the Prince must come. To heare the Judge give sentence on the Throne, 25 Without the least hope of affection. Teares, at that day, shall make but weake defence; When Hell and Horrour fright the Conscience. Let me, though late, yet at the last, begin To shun the least Temptation to a sin; 30 Though to be tempted be no sin, untill Man to th' alluring object gives his will. Such let my life assure me, when my breath Goes theeving from me, I am safe in death; Which is the height of comfort, when I fall, 35 I rise triumphant in my Funerall.

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Cloaths for Continuance.

Those Garments lasting evermore, Are works of mercy to the poore, Which neither Tettar, Time, or Moth Shall fray that silke, or fret this cloth.

To God.

Come to me God; but do not come To me, as to the gen'rall Doome, In power; or come Thou in that state, When Thou Thy Lawes didst promulgate, When as the Mountains quak'd for dread, And sullen clouds bound up his head. No, lay thy stately terrours by, To talke with me familiarly; For if Thy thunder-claps I heare. I shall lesse swoone, then die for feare. Speake thou of love and I'le reply By way of Epithalamie, Or sing of *mercy*, and I'le suit To it my Violl and my Lute: Thus let Thy lips but love distill, Then come my God, and hap what will.

The Soule.

When once the Soule has lost her way, O then, how restlesse do's she stray! And having not her God for light, How do's she erre in endlesse night!

The Judgement day.

In doing justice, God shall then be known, Who shewing mercy here, few priz'd, or none.

Sufferings.

We merit all we suffer, and by far More stripes, then God layes on the sufferer

To God. 5 Mountains] Mountain conj. Pollard (to suit his of 1.6)

Paine and pleasure.

God suffers not His Saints, and Servants deere, To have continuall paine, or pleasure here: But look how night succeeds the day, so He Gives them by turnes their grief and jollitie.

Gods presence.

God is all-present to what e're we do, And as all-present, so all-filling too.

Another.

That there's a God, we all do know, But what God is, we cannot show.

The poore mans part.

Tell me rich man, for what intent Thou load'st with gold thy vestiment? When as the poore crie out, to us Belongs all gold superfluous.

The right hand.

God has a Right Hand, but is quite bereft Of that, which we do nominate the Left.

The Staffe and Rod.

Two instruments belong unto our God; The one a Staffe is, and the next a Rod: That if the twig sho'd chance too much to smart, The staffe might come to play the friendly part.

God sparing in scourging.

God still rewards us more then our desert: But when He strikes, He quarter-acts His part.

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Confession.

Confession twofold is (as Austine sayes,)
The first of sin is, and the next of praise:
If ill it goes with thee, thy faults confesse:
If well, then chant Gods praise with cheerfulnesse.

Gods Descent.

God is then said for to descend, when He Doth, here on earth, some thing of novitie; As when, in humane nature He works more Then ever, yet, the like was done before.

No coming to God without Christ.

Good and great God! How sho'd I feare To come to Thee, if Christ not there! Co'd I but think, He would not be Present, to plead my cause for me; To Hell I'd rather run, then I Wo'd see Thy Face, and He not by.

Another, to God.

Though Thou beest all that Active Love, Which heats those ravisht Soules above; And though all joyes spring from the glance Of Thy most winning countenance; Yet sowre and grim Thou'dst seem to me; If through my Christ I saw not Thee.

The Resurrection.

That Christ did die, the Pagan saith; But that He rose, that's Christians Faith.

Coheires.

We are Coheires with *Christ*; nor shall His own *Heire-ship* be lesse, by our adoption: The number here of Heires, shall from the state Of His great *Birth-right* nothing derogate.

The number of two.

God hates the *Duall Number*; being known The lucklesse number of division:
And when He blest each sev'rall Day, whereon He did His *curious operation*;
'Tis never read there (as the Fathers say)
God blest His work done on the *second day*:
Wherefore two prayers ought not to be said,
Or by our selves, or from the Pulpit read.

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Hardning of hearts.

God's said our hearts to harden then, When as His grace not supples men.

The Rose.

Before Mans fall, the Rose was born (S. Ambrose sayes) without the Thorn: But, for Mans fault, then was the Thorn, Without the fragrant Rose-bud, born; But ne're the Rose without the Thorn.

Gods time must end our trouble.

God doth not promise here to man, that He Will free him quickly from his miserie; But in His own time, and when He thinks fit, Then He will give a happy end to it.

Baptisme.

The strength of *Baptisme*, that's within; It saves the soule, by drowning sin.

Gold and Frankincense.

Gold serves for Tribute to the King; The Frankincense for Gods Offring.

To God.

God, who me gives a will for to repent, Will add a power, to keep me innocent; That I shall ne're that trespasse recommit, When I have done true Penance here for it.

The chewing the Cud.

When well we speak, & nothing do that's good, We not divide the *Hoof*, but chew the *Cud*: But when good words, by good works, have their proof, We then both chew the *Cud*, and cleave the *Hoof*.

Christs twofold coming.

Thy former coming was to cure My soules most desp'rate Calenture; Thy second Advent, that must be To heale my Earths infirmitie.

To God, his gift.

As my little Pot doth boyle, We will keep this Levell-Coyle; That a Wave, and I will bring To my God, a Heave-offering.

Gods Anger.

God can't be wrathfull; but we may conclude, Wrathfull He may be, by similitude: God's wrathfull said to be, when He doth do That without wrath, which wrath doth force us to.

Gods Commands.

In Gods commands, ne're ask the reason why; Let thy *obedience* be the best Reply.

To God.

If I have plaid the *Truant*, or have here Fail'd in my part; O! Thou that art my *deare*, My *mild*, my *loving Tutor*, *Lord and God!* Correct my errors gently with Thy Rod. I know, that faults will many here be found, But where sin swells, there let Thy grace abound.

To God.

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The work is done; now let my Lawrell be Given by none, but by Thy selfe, to me: That done, with Honour Thou dost me create Thy Poet, and Thy Prophet Lawreat.

Good Friday: Rex Tragicus, or Christ going to His Crosse.

Put off Thy Robe of Purple, then go on To the sad place of execution: Thine houre is come; and the Tormentor stands Ready, to pierce Thy tender Feet, and Hands. Long before this, the base, the dull, the rude, Th' inconstant, and unpurged Multitude Yawne for Thy coming; some e're this time crie, How He deferres, how loath He is to die! Amongst this scumme, the Souldier, with his speare, And that sowre Fellow, with his vineger, His spunge, and stick, do ask why Thou dost stay? So do the Skurfe and Bran too: Go Thy way, Thy way, Thou guiltlesse man, and satisfie By Thine approach, each their beholding eye. Not as a thief, shalt Thou ascend the mount, But like a Person of some high account: The Crosse shall be Thy Stage; and Thou shalt there The spacious field have for Thy Theater. Thou art that Roscius, and that markt-out man, That must this day act the Tragedian, To wonder and affrightment: Thou art He,

Whom all the flux of Nations comes to see: Not those poor Theeves that act their parts with Thee: Those act without regard, when once a King, And God, as Thou art, comes to suffering. 25 No. No. this Scene from Thee takes life and sense. And soule and spirit plot, and excellence. Why then begin, great King! ascend Thy Throne, And thence proceed, to act Thy Passion To such an height, to such a period rais'd, 30 As Hell, and Earth, and Heav'n may stand amaz'd. God, and good Angells guide Thee; and so blesse Thee in Thy severall parts of bitternesse; That those, who see Thee nail'd unto the Tree, May (though they scorn Thee) praise and pitie Thee. 35 And we (Thy Lovers) while we see Thee keep The Lawes of Action, will both sigh, and weep; And bring our Spices, to embalm Thee dead; That done, wee'l see Thee sweetly buried.

His words to Christ, going to the Crosse.

When Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read, All Thy Disciples Thee forsook, and fled. Let their example not a pattern be For me to flie, but now to follow Thee.

Another, to his Saviour.

If Thou beest taken, God forbid, I flie from Thee, as others did: But if Thou wilt so honour me, As to accept my companie, I'le follow Thee, hap, hap what shall, Both to the Judge, and Judgment-Hall: And, if I see Thee posted there, To be all-flayd with whipping-cheere I'le take my share; or els, my God, Thy stripes I'le kisse, or burn the Rod.

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His Saviours words, going to the Crosse.

Have, have ye no regard, all ye Who passe this way, to pitie me, Who am a man of miserie!

A man both bruis'd, and broke, and one Who suffers not here for mine own, But for my friends transgression!

Ah! Sions Daughters, do not feare The Crosse, the Cords, the Nailes, the Speare, The Myrrhe, the Gall, the Vineger: 5

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For *Christ*, your loving Saviour, hath Drunk up the wine of Gods fierce wrath; Onely, there's left a little froth,

Lesse for to tast, then for to shew, What bitter cups had been your due, Had He not drank them up for you.

His Anthem, to Christ on the Crosse.

When I behold Thee, almost slain, With one, and all parts, full of pain: When I Thy gentle Heart do see Pierc't through, and dropping bloud, for me, I'le call, and cry out, Thanks to Thee.

Vers. But yet it wounds my soule, to think,
That for my sin, Thou, Thou must drink,
Even Thou alone, the bitter cup
Of furie, and of vengeance up.

Chor. Lord, I'le not see Thee to drink all The Vineger, the Myrrhe, the Gall:

Ver. Chor. But I will sip a little wine; Which done, Lord say, The rest is mine. This Crosse-Tree here Doth JESUS beare, Who sweet'ned first, The Death accurs't.

Here all things ready are, make hast, make hast away; For, long this work wil be, & very short this Day. Why then, go on to act: Here's wonders to be done, Before the last least sand of Thy ninth houre be run; Or e're dark Clouds do dull, or dead the Mid-dayes Sun.

Act when Thou wilt, Bloud will be spilt; Pure Balm, that shall Bring Health to All. Why then, Begin To powre first Some Drops of Wine, In stead of Brine. To search the Wound. So long unsound: And, when that's done, Let Oyle, next, run, To cure the Sore Sinne made before. And O! Deare Christ, E'en as Thou di'st. Look down, and see Us weepe for Thee. And tho (Love knows) Thy dreadfull Woes Wee cannot Yet doe Thou please, Who Mercie T'accept each Heart, That gladly would Helpe, if it could. Meane while, let mee, Beneath this Tree. This Honour have, To make my grave.

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To his Saviours Sepulcher: his Devotion.

Haile holy, and all-honour'd Tomb, By no ill haunted; here I come, With shoes put off, to tread thy Roome. I'le not prophane, by soile of sin, Thy Doore, as I do enter in: 5 For I have washt both hand and heart, This, that, and ev'ry other part; So that I dare, with farre lesse feare, Then full affection, enter here. Thus, thus I come to kisse Thy Stone 10 With a warm lip, and solemne one: And as I kisse, I'le here and there Dresse Thee with flowrie Diaper. How sweet this place is! as from hence Flow'd all *Panchaia's* Frankincense: 15 Or rich Arabia did commix. Here, all her rare Aromaticks. Let me live ever here, and stir No one step from this Sepulcher. Ravisht I am! and down I lie. 20 Confus'd, in this brave Extasie. Here let me rest; and let me have This for my Heaven, that was Thy Grave: And, coveting no higher sphere, I'le my Eternitie spend here. 25

His Offering, with the rest, at the Sepulcher.

To joyn with them, who here confer Gifts to my Saviours Sepulcher; Devotion bids me hither bring Somwhat for my Thank-Offering. Loe! Thus I give a Virgin-Flower, To dresse my Maiden-Saviour.

His coming to the Sepulcher.

Hence they have born my Lord: Behold! the Stone Is rowl'd away; and my sweet Saviour's gone! Tell me, white Angell; what is now become Of Him, we lately seal'd up in this Tombe? Is He, from hence, gone to the shades beneath, To vanquish Hell, as here He conquer'd Death? If so; I'le thither follow, without feare; And live in Hell, if that my Christ stayes there.

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Of all the good things whatsoe're we do, God is the APXH, and the TEAO2 too.

ADDITIONAL POEMS

NOT INCLUDED IN HESPERIDES OR NOBLE NUMBERS.

Mr Hericke his daughter's Dowrye.1

Ere I goe hence and bee noe more	
Seene to the world, Ile giue the skore	
I owe vnto A female Child,	
And that is this, A verse Instylde	
My daughters Dowrye; haueing which	5
I'le leaue thee then Compleatly riche.	
Insteade of gould Pearle Rubies Bonds	
Longe forfaite pawnèd diamonds	
Or Antique pledges, House or lande,	
I give thee this that shall withstande	10
The blow of Ruine and of Chance.	
Theis hurte not thyne Inheritance,	
For 'tis Fee simple, and noe rent	
Thou Fortune ow'st for tenement.	
Howeuer after tymes will praise,	15
This Portion my Prophetique Bayes	
Cannot deliuer vpp to'th rust,	
Yett I keepe peacefull in my dust.	
As for thy birth, and better seeds	
(Those weh must growe to Vertuous deeds)	20
Thou didst deriue from that old stem	
(Loue and Mercie, cherrish them),	
Weh like a Vestall Vergine ply	
With holye fier least that itt dye.	
Growe vpp wth Mylder Lawes to knowe	25
Att what tyme to say I, or noe,	
Lett Manners teach the(e) whear to bee	
More Comely flowing: where les free.	
Theis bringe thy husband, like to those	
Old Coyne's and Meddalls, wee expose	30

Toth shew, but Neuer part win; next	
As In a more Conspicuous Text	
(Thy fore-head) lett therin bee sign'd	
The Mayden Candour of thy Mynde:	
And vnder it two Chast borne spyes	35
To barr out bolde Adulteryes,	
For through these Optickes, fly the dartes	
Of Lust, which setts on fier our hartes.	
On eyther side of theis, quicke Eares	
Ther must bee plac'd, for season'd feares	40
Wch sweeten Loue, yett ne're come nighe	
The Plague of wilder Jelousie.	
Then lett each Cheeke of thyne intice	
His soule as to a bedd of spice	
Wheare hee may roule, and loose his sence	45
As in a bedd of Frankensence.	
A Lipp Inkyndled wth that Coale	
Wth wch Loue Chafes and warmes the soule	
Bringe to hym next, and in it shew	
Loues Cherries from such fyers growe	50
And haue their haruest, weh must stand	
The Gathering of the Lipp: not hand.	
Then vnto theis, bee itt thy care	
To cloath thy words in gentle Ayre	
That smooth as Oyle, sweet softe and Cleane	55
As is the childish Bloome of Beane,	
Thay may fall downe and stroake as the	
Beames of the sunn, the peacefull sea.	
White handes as smooth, as Mercies, bring	
Hym for his better Cherrishing	60
That when thou doest his necke Insnare,	
Or wth thy wrist or flattering Hayre,	
Hee may (a prisoner) ther discrye	
Bondage more Loued then Lybertye.	
A Nature, soe well form'd, soe wrought	65
To[o] Calme A tempest, lett bee brought	
Wth thee; that should hee but Inclyne	
To Roughnes, Claspe hym lyke a Vine,	
Or lyke as woole meetes steele, giue way	
Vnto the passion, not to stay:	70

Wrath yf resisted ouer boyles,	
Iff not, it dyes, or eles recoyles.	
And Lastly, see thou bring to hym	
Somewhat peculiar to each lymm,	
And I charge thee to bee knowne	7:
By n' other Face, but by thyne owne,	• • •
Lett itt (in Loues name) bee keept sleeke	
Yett to bee found when hee shall seeke	
It, and not Instead of Saint	
Giue vpp his worth: to the painte;	80
For (trust me Girle) shee ouer-does	
Who by a double Proxie woes.	
But Least I should forgett his bedd	
Bee sure thou bringe A Mayden head,	
That is A Margarite, wch Lost	8:
Thou bring'st vnto his bedd A frost	_
Or A colde Poyson, which his blood	
Benummes like the forgettfull floode.	
*Now for some Jewells to supplye	
The Wante of Eare rings brauerye,	90
For puplike Eyes, take onlye theis	
Ne're trauylde for beyonde the seas,	
Theyre Nobly-home-bread, yett haue price	
Beyound the fare-fetch Marchandize.	
Obedience, Wise-Distrust, Peace, shy	98
Distance and sweet Vrbanitie,	
Safe Modestie, Lou'd Patience, Feare	
Of offending, Temperance, Deare	
Constancie, Bashfullnes, and all	
The Vertues Lesse, or Cardinall,	toc
Take wth my blessinge; and goe forth	
Injewelld wth thy Natiue worthe,	
And now yf ther A man bee founde	
That Lookes for such prepared grownd,	
Lett hym but wth indifferent skill	10
Soe good a soile bee-stocke and till,	
Hee may ere longe haue such a wyfe	
Nourish in's breast, a Tree of Life.	
Finis Robt Hericke.	

95 shy] In the MS. originally 'shee'; then only partially corrected to shey 97 feare Of offending written in the ordinary script, which would be represented in roman type by the printer 102 Injewelld] In Jewelld, MS.

Mr Robert Hericke his farwell unto Poetrie.1

I have behelde two louers in a night (Hatch't o're with Moone-shine, from their stolen delight) When this to that, and that, to this, had given A kisse to such a Jewell of the heauen: Or while that each from other's breath did drincke 5 Healthes to the Rose, the Violet, or Pinke, Call'd on the suddayne by the Jealouse Mother, Some strickter Mris. or suspitious other Vrging divorcement (worse then death to theis) By the soone gingling of some sleepy keyes, 10 Parte wth a hastye kisse; and in that shew How stay thay would, yet forc't thay are to goe. Euen such are wee; and in our parting, doe Noe otherwise then as those former two Natures, like ours, wee who have spent our tyme 15 Both from the Morning to the Euening Chyme; Nay tell the Bell-man of the Night had tould Past Noone of night, yett weare the howers not old Nor dull'd wth Iron sleeps; but have out-worne The fresh and fayrest flourish of the Morne 20 Wth Flame, and Rapture; drincking to the odd Number of Nyne, weh makes vs full wth God, And In that Misticke frenzie, wee haue hurl'de (As wth a Tempeste) Nature through the worlde And In a Whirl-wynd twirld her home, agast 25 Att that weh in her extasie had past; Thus Crownd with Rose Budds, Sacke, thou mad'st mee flye Like fier-drakes, yett did'st mee no harme therby. O thou Allmightye Nature, who did'st giue True heate, whearwth humanitie doth liue 30 Bevond its stinted Circle; giueing foode (White Fame) and Resurrection to the Good, Soaring them vpp, boue Ruyne, till the doome (The generall Aprill of the worlde) dothe Come,

¹ Ashmole MS. 38, No. 121. 21 odd] ode MS. 22 Nyne] wyne MS. 32 white Haslitt: while MS. 33 Soaring] Shoring Pollard

That makes all æquall. Manye thowsands should 35 (Wert not for thee) have Crumbled Into Mould, And wth thayr Ceareclothes rotted, not to shew Whether the world such Sperritts had or noe, Whearas by thee, those, and A Million since Nor Fate, nor Enuve, cann theyr Fames Conuince. 40 Homer, Musaus, Ouid, Maro, more Of those god-full prophetts longe before Holde their Eternall fiers: and ours of Late (Thy Mercie helping) shall resist stronge fate Nor stoope to'th Center, but survive as Longe 45 As Fame or Rumour, hath or Trumpe or Tongue. But vnto mee, bee onlye hoarse, since now (Heauen and my soule beare Record of my Vowe) I, my desires screw from thee, and directe Them and my thoughts to that sublim'd respecte 50 And Conscience vnto Preist-hood, tis not Need (The skarcrow vnto Mankinde) that doth breed Wiser Conclusions in mee, since I knowe I've more to beare my Chardge, then way to goe, Or had I not, I'de stopp the spreading itch 55 Off craueing more: soe In Conceipt bee ritch. But tis the god of Nature, who Intends And shaps my Function, for more glorious ends: Guesse, soe departe; yett stay A while to o see The Lines of Sorrowe, that lye drawne in mee 60 In speach, in Picture; noe otherwise then when (Judgment and Death, denounc'd gainst Guilty men) Each takes A weeping farwell, rackt in mynde Wth Joyes before, and Pleasures left behind: Shakeing the head, whilst each, to each dothe mourne, 65 Wth thought thay goe, whence thay must ner returne. Soe wth like lookes, as once the *Ministrell* Cast, leading his Euredice through hell, I stricke thy loues, and greedyly persue Thee, wth myne Eyes, or in, or out, of View. 70 Soe look't the Grecian Cratour when sent Froms Natiue Cuntrye, into Banishm^t, Throwing his eye balls backward, to suruave

43 their] there MS. 54 I've] I'am MS. 59 Hazlitt substitutes Kisse for Guesse, and later editors have accepted this judicious emendation

The smoake of his beloued Attica,	
Soe Tullye look't, when from the Brest's of Rome	75
The sad soule went, not with his Loue, but doome;	-
Shooting his Eye-darts 'gainst it, to surprise	
It, or to drawe the Cittie to his Eyes.	
Such is my parting wth thee; and to proue	
Ther was not Varnish (only) in my loue	80
But substance, to! receaue this Pearlye Teare	
Frozen wth Greife; and place it in thyne eare,	
Then Parte in name of peace; & softely on	
Wth Numerous feete to Hoofy Helicon,	
And when thou art vppon that forked Hill	85
Amongest the thrice-three-sacred Virgins, fill	
A full brimm'd bowle of Furye and of rage	
And quafe it to the Prophets of our Age;	
When drunck wth Rapture; Curse the blind & lame	
Base Ballad-mongers, who vsurpe thy name	90
And fowle thy Altar, Charme some Into froggs,	
Some to bee Ratts, and others to bee hoggs:	
Into the Loathsoms(t) shapps, thou canst deuise	
To make Fools hate them, onlye by disguise;	
Thus wth a kisse of warmth, and loue, I parte	9:
Not soe, but that some Relique In my Harte	
Shall stand for euer, though I doe addresse	
Cheifelye my selfe to what I must proffess:	
Knowe yet, (rare soule,) when my diviner Muse	
Shall want a Hand-mayde, (as she ofte will vse)	100
Bee readye, thou In mee, to wayte vppon her	
Thoughe as a seruant, yet a Mayde of Honor.	
The Crowne of dutye is our dutye; well	
Doing's, the Fruite of Doinge well, Farwell.	
Finis Mr Robt Herricke	

86 thrice-three-sacred] thrice, three, sacred MS.

A Charroll p^rsented to D^r Williams Bp. of Lincolne as a Newyears guift.¹

Fly hence Pale Care, noe more remember	
Past Sorrowes with the fled December But let each prant Cheeke appe	
Smooth as the Childhood of the yeare	
And sing a Caroll here. T'was braue, t'was braue could we comand ye hand	5
Of Youthe(s) swift watch to stand	
As yow have done yor day,	
Then should we not decay, But all we wither and our Light	10
Is spilt in ewlasting night.	10
When as your Sight	
Shewes like the Heavens aboue ye Moone,	
Like an Eternall Noone	
That sees noe setting Sunn.	15
Keepe vp those flames, & though you shroud	
A while yor forehead in a Cloude Doe it like the Sun to write	
I'th ayre, a greater Text of light.	
Welcome to all or vowes	20
And since you pay	
To vs the day	
Soe longe desir'd	
See we have fyr'd	
Our holy Spicknard, & ther's none But brings his stick of Cynamon,	25
His eager Eye, or Smoother Smyle,	
And lays it gently on ye Pyle,	
Which thus enkindled we invoke	
You name amidst the sacred smoke.	30
Chorus. Come then greate Lord	
And see or Alter burne	
With loue of yor Returne	
And not a man here but consumes	
His soule to glad you in perfumes.	35
Rob: Herrick.	

¹ Ashmole MS. 36-7, fol. 298

His Mistris to him at his farwell.1

You may vow Ile not forgett To pay the debt, Which to thy Memorie stands as due As faith can seale It you; Take then tribute of my teares, 5 So long as I have feares To prompt mee, I shall euer Languish and looke but thy returne see neuer-Oh then to lessen my dispaire Print thy lips into the ayre, 10 So by this Meanes I may kisse thy kisse, When as some kinde Shall hither waft it, and in leiu 15 My lipps shall send a 1000 back to you.

Ro: herrick.

Vpon parting.2

Goe hence away, and in thy parting know
Tis not my voice, but heauens, that bidds thee goe;
Spring hence thy faith, nor thinke it ill desert
I finde in thee, that makes me thus to part,
But voice of fame, and voice of heauen haue thunderd
We both were lost, if both of us not sunderd;
Fould now thine armes, and in thy last looke reare
One sighe of loue, and coole it with a teare;
Since part we must Let's kisse, that done retire
With as cold frost, as erst we mett with fire;
With such white vowes as fate can nere dissever
But truth knitt fast; and so farewell for euer.

R: HERRICK:

10

¹ Brit. Museum, Add. MS. 11811, fol. 37. ² Harleian MS. 6917, fol. 82.

Upon Master Fletchers incomparable Playes.1

Apollo sings, his harpe resounds; give roome, For now behold the golden Pompe is come, Thy Pompe of Playes which thousands come to see, With admiration both of them and thee, O Volume worthy leafe, by leafe and cover 5 To be with juice of Cedar washt all over; Here's words with lines, and lines with Scenes consent, To raise an Act to full astonishment; Here melting numbers, words of power to move Young men to swoone, and Maides to dye for love. 10 Love lyes a bleeding here, Evadne there Swells with brave rage, yet comely every where, Here's a mad lover, there that high designe Of King and no King (and the rare Plott thine) So that when 'ere we circumvolve our Eyes, 15 Such rich, such fresh, such sweet varietyes, Ravish our spirits, that entranc't wee see None writes lov's passion in the world, like Thee.

ROB. HERRICK.

¹ From Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Comedies and Tragedies', 1647; also from Francis Beaumont's Poems, 1653

5

15

THE NEW CHARON,

Upon the Death of Henry Lord Hastings.

The Musical part being set by M. Henry Lawes.

THE SPEAKERS, Charon and Eucosmeia.

Euc. Charon, O Charon, draw thy Boat to th' Shore,
And to thy many, take in one soul more.
Cha. Who calls? Euc. One overwhelm'd with ruth;

Have pity either on my tears or Youth, And take me in, who am in deep Distress;

But first cast off thy wonted Churlishness. Cha. I will be gentle as that Air which yeelds

A breath of balm along the *Elizean* fields.

Speak, what art thou? *Euc.* One, once that had a lover,
Then which, thy self ne'er wafted sweeter over.

He was—— *Cha.* Say what. *Euc.* Ay me, my woes are deep.

Cha. Prethee relate, while I give ear and weep.

Euc. He was an Hastings; and that one Name has In it all good, that is, and ever was.

He was my Life, my Love, my Joy; but di'd Some hours before I should have been his Bride.

Chorus. Thus, thus the gods celestial still decree, For Humane Joy, Contingent Misery.

Euc. The hallowed Tapers all prepared were,

And Hymen call'd to bless the Rites. Cha. Stop there. 20

Euc. Great are my woes. Cha. And great must that Grief be,
That makes grim Charon thus to pity thee.
But now come in. Euc. More let me yet relate.

Cha. I cannot stay; more souls for waftage wait,
And I must hence. Euc. Yet let me thus much know,
Departing hence, where Good and Bad souls go.

¹ From 'Lachryma Musarum. The Tears of the Muses: exprest in Elegies written by divers persons of Nobility and Worth, upon the death of the most hopefull Henry, Lord Hastings,' &c. Collected and set forth by R[ichard] B[rome]. Lond. 1649, 8vo, pp. 38-9.

Additional Poems.

404

Cha. Those souls which ne'er were drencht in pleasures stream,
The Fields of Pluto are reserv'd for them;
Where, drest with garlands, there they walk the ground,
Whose blessed Youth with endless flow'rs is crown'd.
But such as have been drown'd in this wilde sea,
For those is kept the Gulf of Hecate;
Where, with their own contagion they are fed;
And there do punish, and are punished.
This known, the rest of thy sad story tell,
When on the Flood that nine times circles Hell.
Chorus. We sail along, to visit mortals never;
But there to live, where Love shall last for ever.

ROB. HERRICKE.

Vpon a Cherrystone sent to the tip of the lady Jemonia Walgraves eare.¹

Lady I intreate yow weare This little pendant on your eare, Tis not Iewell of great prize Or in respect of Merchandize, But deepe mistery, not the stone 5 Gives it estimation. Take it then and in a viewe See th' Epitomè of yow, For what life and death confines Looks through the passage of theis lines 10 Whose incarvemts doe descrive A scripture how yow liue and dye. Read it then before your lipp Comends it to your eares soft tipp And the while yow doe surveye 15 This Janus looking double wave With a teare yow may compare To that yow must be; what yow are. Know time past this cherrystone Had a sweet complexion 20 Skynne and colour, flesh and blood, Daintye tast for ladyes food.

¹ Rawlinson MS. F. poet. 160, fol. 28.

All's now fledd saue this alone	
Poor relique of the beawty, bone,	
And that soe little we despaire	25
It ever dangling smil'd i' th' aire.	
Soe must that faire face of yours	
(As this looking-glasse assures)	
Faile and scarce leave to be showne	
There ever lived such a one.	30
And when an other age shall bring	-
Your leane scalp to sensuring	
Though the Sextons truly sweare	
Here Jemmonia's titles were	
In this rag'd Escutcheon	35
Most maye smile, beleiue will none,	
Or their thought of faith may growe	
But to this, to think 'twas soe.	
This lesson you must pearse to' th' truth	
And know (faire mistris) of yor youth	40
Death with it still walkes along	•
From Mattins to the Euensong,	
From the Pickaxe to the spade,	
To the tombe wher't must be layd.	
Whether in the morne or noone	45
Of yor beawty death comes soone	
And though his visage hung i' th' eare	
Doth not to the sight appeare	
At each warning hees as much	
Know, to' th' hearing as the touch.	50
Place then this mirror whose briske hue	•
Of lines and colors make them scorne	

37 their] there MS
51-2 The defective text can be restored from the British Museum MSS.
Additional MS. 30982, fol. 66, reads:

Placed then his mirrour to yo veiw Of those virgins whose brisky hew Whose limbs and coulour . . .

Sloane MS. 1792, fol. 20 (with which Sloane MS. 1446, fol. 62 b, agrees) reads:

Place then the mirrour of this view To those virgins, whose briske hew Of lims and colours . . . This livery web the *greeke hath worne Let them read this booke and learne Their ayry coulors to discerne, Twixt this and them this Gorgon showne Turnes the beholders into stone.

s| R: Hericke 55

[Epitaph on the Tomb of Sir Edward Giles and his wife in the South Aisle of Dean Prior Church.]

No trust to Metals nor to Marbles, when
These have their Fate, and wear away as Men;
Times, Titles, Trophies, may be lost and Spent;
But Vertue Rears the eternal Monument.
What more than these can Tombs or Tomb-stones Pay?
But here's the Sun-set of a Tedious day:
These Two asleep are: I'll but be Vndrest
And so to Bed: Pray wish us all Good Rest.

54 *greeke] The asterisk marks an intended note which was not supplied

INDEX OF TITLES.

Abdie, Lady, To, 145. Bad máy be better, 307. Abels Bloud, 377, 378. Abstinence, 324. Accusation, 192. Admonition, The, 130 Adversity, 231, 235. Advice the best actor, 311. Affliction, 331. After Autumne, Winter, 314. Age, His, dedicated to his peculiar friend, M. John Wickes, under the name of Posthumus, 132. Age unfit for Love, 270. Alablaster, Doctor, To, 251. All things decay and die, 23. All things run well for the Righteous, 339. Almes, 170, 346, 381. Amber Bead, The, 263. Ambition, 21, 225. Anacreontike, 195, 301. Anacrontick Verse, 302. An end decreed, 220. Angells, 369. Anger, 255. Answer to a friend, His, 305. Answer to a Question, His, 12. Anthea, To, 11, 20, 24, 231, 256, 270, 313. lying in bed, 34. who may command him any thing, 108. Anthea's Retractation, 304. Apollo, A Canticle to, 151. To, 122, 274. Apparition of his Mistresse calling him to Elizium, 202. Apron of Flowers, The, 245. Armilet, The, 18. Art above Nature, 200. Asse, The, 374. A will to be working, 346. Bacchanalian Verse, 224, 299. Bacchus, A Hymne to, 122, 254.

To, 157.

Bad Princes pill their People, 266. Bad wages for good service, 286. Bag of the Bee, The, 31. Baldwin, Prudence, Upon her sicknesse, 122. Baptisme, 386. Barly-break: or, Last in Hell, 34. Bartly, M. Arthur, To his worthy friend, 228. Bashfulnesse, 121. Bastards, 305. Beanes, Parson, Upon, 162. Beauty, 268. Bed-man, or Grave-maker, The, Beggar to Mab, the Fairie Queen, 220. Beggars, 373. Begger, The, 305. Beginning, difficult, 285. Beginnings and Endings, 377. Being once blind, his request to Biancha, 33. Bell-man, The, 121, 362. Berkley, Sir John, Governour of Exeter, To, 246. Best to be merry, 96. Beucolick, A, or discourse of Neatherds, 239. Biancha, To, 33, 300. to blesse him, 279. Biting of Beggars, 235. Blame, 283. Blame the reward of Princes, 255. Bleeding hand, The: or, sprig of Eglantine given to a maid, 88 Blossoms, To, 175. Body, The, 272. Bondman, The, 287. Book, The Argument of his, 5. Booke, To his, 6, 7, 76, 98, 154, 209, 268, 273, 279, 293, 306, 325. Bracelet of Pearle, The: To Silvia, 236.

Bradshawe, Mistresse Katherine, To, the lovely, that crowned him with Laurel, 94. Bribes and Gifts get all, 123. Bride-Cake, The, 261. Bridegroom, The stay of the, Broken Christall, The, 185. Bubble, The, 87. Buckingham, George, Duke, Marquesse, and Earle of, To the High and Noble Prince, 99. Bucolick betwixt Two: Lacon and Thyrsis, 298. Buriall, 261. By use comes easinesse, 241. Calling, and correcting, 332. Candlemasse day, The Ceremonies for, 278. Upon, 278. Candlemasse Eve, Ceremonies for, 277. Ceremony upon, 297. or, The little Captiv'd Bee: Filcher, 71. Care a good keeper, 300. Carkanet, The, 14. Carlile, Countesse of, Upon black Twist, rounding the Arme of the, 65. Carnations, To, 83. Casualties, 123. Caution, A, 183. Caution in Councell, 311. Cavalier, His, 31. Cedars, To, 63. Change common to all, 205. Change gives content, 189. Change, His, 305. Charles, Prince of Wales: A Pastorall upon the birth of, To the most illustrious, and most hopefull Prince, 3. Upon his coming to Exeter, To, 249. Charme, A, or an allay for Love, 207 For Stables, 277. Charmes, 277, 315, 316. Charon and Phylomel, 243.

Charroll presented to Dr. Williams, Bp. of Lincolne, as a Newyears guift, 400. Cheerfulnesse in Charitie: The sweet sacrifice, 22. Cherrie-ripe, 19. Cherry-blossomes, To, 73. Cherry-pit, 18. Chewing the Cud, The, 387. Child, Upon a, 70, 221. Child that dyed, Upon a, 123. Choose for the best, 287. Chop-Cherry, 142. Christ, To, 367, 380. Coming to, 368. Going to His Crosse, 388. Going to the Crosse, His words to. 389. On the Crosse, His Anthem to, Christs Action, 379. Birth, 374. Incarnation, 380. part, 346. sadnesse, 371. suffering, 378. twofold coming, 387. words on the Crosse, My God, My God, 372. Christian Militant, The, 128. Christmas Caroll, sung to the King in the Presence at White-Hall, 354. Christmasse, Ceremonies for, 258. Christmasse-Eve, another Ceremonie, 258. Another to the Maids, 258. Another, 259. Clemency, 132. Clemency in Kings, 255. Closet-Gods, To his, 223. Clothes, are conspirators, 286. do but cheat and cousen us, 154. for Continuance, 383. Cloud, The, 263. Clouds, 372. Clunn, Upon, 288. Coblers Catch, The, 216. Cock-crow, 339. Coheires, 385. Comfort, His, 313. Comfort in Calamity, 312.

Comfort to a Lady upon the Death of her Husband, 105. Comfort to a youth that had lost his Love, 307. Comforts in contentions, 372. Comforts in Crosses, 304. Comming of good luck, The, 100. Confession, 329, 385. Conformitie, 25. Conformity is Comely, 311. Confusion of face, 372, 373. Conjuration, A: to Electra, 252. Connubii Flores, or the well-wishes at Weddings, 217. Conscience, To his, 347. Consultation, 248. Content, not cates, 124. Contention, 247. Corinna, Changes to, 96. ∠Corinna's going a Maying, 68. Correction, 368. Cotton, Mr. Charles, To honoured and most Ingenious friend, 290. Counsell, 265. Country, His content in the, 197. Country life, A: To his brother, M. Tho. Herrick, 35. Country life, The, 225. Courage cool'd, 253. Covetous still Captives, The, 210. Credit of the Conqueror, The, 197. Creed, His, 348. Crew, Sir Clipseby, and his Lady: A Nuptiall Song, or Epithalamie on, 112. Crew, Sir Clipseby: A Hymne to, 160. An Ode to, 195. To, 180, 214. Crew, Lady: To the, upon the death of her Child, 187. Upon the, 297. Criticks, To, 33. Crofts, Master John, Cup-bearer to the King, To his faithfull friend, 261. Crosse and Pile, 187. Crosses, 110, 271. Crosse-Tree, The, 391. Crowd and company, The, 162.

Cruell Maid, The, 60.
Cruelties, 232.
Cruelty, 286.
Cruelty base in Commanders, 208.
Crutches, 295.
Cunctation in Correction, 285.
Cupid, An Hymne to, 274.
The Cheat of: or, The ungentle guest, 26.
The wounded, 50.
To, 324.
Upon, 18, 64, 96, 288.
Curse, The, 49.

Daffadills, To, 125.

Daisies, To, not to shut so soone, Dangers wait on Kings, 26. Daughters Dowrye, His, 394. Dean-bourn, a rude River in Devon, by which sometimes he lived, 29. Death ends all woe, 252. Death, To, 342. Definition of Beauty, The, 34. Delay, 246. Delaying Bride, The, 269. Delight in Disorder, 28. Deluge, The, 295. Denham, M., To, on his Prospective Poem, 230. Deniall in women no disheartning to men, 231. Departure of the good Dæmon, The, 132. Desire, His, 311. Detracter, To the, 66. Devotion makes the Deity, 117. Dewes, To, 50. Dialogue betwixt himselfe and Mistresse Eliza. Wheeler, 316. Dialogue betwixt Horace and Lydia, A, 70. Dianeme, To, 34, 61, 194, 266. A Ceremonie in Glocester, 232. Diet, 312. Difference betwixt Kings and Subjects, The, 12. Dirge of Jephthahs Daughter, The: sung by the Virgins, 349.

Dirge upon the Death of the Right Valiant Lord, Bernard Stuart, 89. Discontents in Devon, 19. Discord not disadvantageous, 193. Disswasions from Idlenesse, 52. Distance betters Dignities, 232. Distrust, 67, 325. Divination by a Daffadill, 39. Doomes-Day, 366. Dorchester, Henry, Marquesse of, To the most learned, and to the right Honourable, 294. Dorset, the right Honourable Edward, Earle of, To, 185. Draw, and Drinke, 266. Draw Gloves, 98. Dreame, His, 347. Dreame, The, 16, 153. Dreames, 20. Duty to Tyrants, 33. Eare-rings, 336. Ease, 377. Eclogue or Pastorall between Endimion Porter and Lycidas Herrick, 181. Ejaculation to God, His, 334. Electra, The Vision to, 20. To, 35, 58, 193, 227, 247, 252, 267, 275. Upon, 154. Electra's Teares, Upon, 201. Empires, 161. End, The, 123, 286. Entertainment, The: or, Porchverse, at the Marriage of Mr. Hen. Northly, and the most witty Mrs. Lettice Yard, 124. Epitaph: His own, 213. On the Tomb of Sir Edward Giles and his wife in the South Aisle of Dean Prior Church, 406. Upon a Child, 44. Upon a sober Matron, 41. Upon a Virgin, 169. Epithalamie to Sir Thomas Southwell and his Ladie, 53. Eternitie, 344. Eucharist, The, 371. Evensong, 128.

Evill, 357. Examples, or like Prince, like People, 250. Excesse, 323. Exeter, Jos., Lo. Bishop of, To, Expences Exhaust, 13. Eye, The, 47, 249 Eyes before the Eares, The, 280. Eyes, The, 118. Factions, 275. Faire after foule, 286. Faire dayes: or, Dawnes deceitfull, 81. Faire shewes deceive, 287. Fairies, The, 198. Fairie Temple, The: or Oberons Chappell, 90. Faith, 352. Faith four-square, 285. Tho., To his Falconbirge, M. worthy Friend, 179. Falconbrige, Mistresse Margaret, To his dear Valentine, 259. False Mourning, 312. Fame, 241. Fame makes us forward, 168. Fare-well to Sack, His, 45. Farwell Frost, or welcome the Spring, 221. Farwell unto Poetrie, His, 397. Fast, The, or Lent, 376. Father, To the reverend shade of his religious, 28. Faunus, Upon, 299. Feare, 283. Feare gets force, 302. Felicitie knowes no Fence, 252. Felicity, quick of flight, 161. Fever, To the, not to trouble Julia, 82. Few fortunate, 175. Finch, M. Elizabeth, To the most comely and proper, 292. Finger, Upon the losse of his, 201. First work, and then wages, 237. Fish, Sir Edward, To his peculiar friend, 152. Flatterie, 323.

Event of things not in our power,

Fletchers incomparable Playes, God, To his angrie, 343. Upon Master, 402. To his deere, 358. To his ever-loving, 342. Flie, Upon a, 184. Flowers, To, 138. Upon, 330, 332, 352. God, and Lord, 369. Foolishnesse, 325. Fortune, 231, 234, 315. and the King, 345. Fortune favours, 189. has a twofold part, 333. Foure things make us happy here, heares us, 371. his wish to, 361. Frankincense, The, 157. is One, 333. not to be comprehended, 330. Free Welcome, 368. Fresh Cheese and Cream, 181. sparing in scourging, 384. Friend, To a, 281. Friend, To his, on the untuneable the goodnesse of his, 363. to be first serv'd, 353. Times, 84. Friend, To his, to avoid conten-To finde, 329. Gods Anger, 387. Anger without Affection, 330. tion of word, 280. Frolick, A, 205 Blessing, 369. Frozen Heart, The, 8. Bounty, 348, 368. Frozen Zone, The: or, Julia Commands, 387. disdainfull, 40. Descent, 385. Dwelling, 375. Funerall Rites of the Rose, The, 233. Gifts not soone granted, 334. Grace, 368. Gain and Gettings, 144. Hands, 370. Gelli-flowers begotten, On, 74. Keyes, 380. Mercy, 331. Genius of his house, To the, 241. Mirth, Mans mourning, 345. Gentlenesse, 316. Gentlewoman, To a, objecting to Pardon, 357. him his gray haires, 63. Part, 331. Gentlewoman, To a, on just deal-Power, 372, 373. ing, 137. Presence, 375, 378, 384. Price, and mans price, 379. Gentlewoman, Upon a painted, 98. Gentlewoman with a sweet Voice, Gods Providence, 333. Time must end our trouble, 386. Upon a, 96. Gold and Frankincense, 386. Giles, Sir Edward, and his wife, Gold, before Goodnesse, 129. Epitaph to, 406. Girles, To his, 322. Good, and bad, 373 Girles, To his, who would have Good Christians, 360. him sportfull, 321. Good death, A, 314. Good Friday: Rex Tragicus, or Glorie, 215, 237. Christ going to His Crosse, 388. God, To, 333, 337, 339, 341, 345, Good Husband, A, 254. 346, 347, 358, 361, 367, 371, 372, 375, 376, 377, 383, 385, Good Luck not lasting, 215. Good manners at meat, 303. 387, 388. To: An Anthem, sung in the Good men afflicted most, 360. Chappell at White-Hall, be-Good-night or Blessing, The, 124. fore the King, 332. Good precepts, or counsell, 242. Graces, A Hymne to the, 201. To: his gift, 387 Graces for Children, 353, 354. To: his good will, 359. Grange, His, 303. To: in time of plundering, 366.

To: on his sicknesse, 351.

Grange, His, or private wealth, 242.

Gray haires, Upon his, 192. Great grief, great glory, 362. Great Maladies, long Medicines, Great Spirits supervive, 197. Griefe, 236, 262. Griefes, 153. Groves, To, 168. Hag, The, 222. Hall, M. John, Student of Grayes-Inne, To his worthy friend, 292. Hand and tongue, The, 137. Happinesse, 259. Happinesse to hospitalitie, or a hearty wish to good housekeeping, 284. Hardning of hearts, 386. Harmar, M. Jo., Phisitian to the Colledge of Westminster, To his learned friend, 294. Haste hurtfull, 262.

Hastings, Henry, Lord, Upon the

Death of, 403. Head-ake, The, 207.

Heale, Sir Thomas, To his Honour'd friend, 273.

Health, 232. Heart, The, 336.

Heaven, 359, 360, 372, 380.

Hell, 362.

Hell fire, 377, 381.

Herrick, Mistresse Bridget, Upon his kinswoman, 200.

Herrick, Mistresse Elizabeth: Upon his kinswoman, 146. Upon his Sister-in-Law, 24. Herrick, M. Mercie, To my dearest

Sister, 263. Herrick, Nicolas, To his Brother,

Herrick, Robert:

Upon himselfe, 17, 60, 65, 97, 116, 122, 131, 143, 155, 170, 181, 186, 189, 198, 208, 225, 271, 283, 291, 319, 320, 322, 325, 326.

Upon himselfe being buried, 197.

Upon his departure hence, 176. Upon his eye-sight failing him, 179.

Herrick, Mistresse Susanna: To his Kinswoman, 101. To his Sister in Law, 296.

Herrick, M. Tho., To his kinsman, who desired to be in his Book, 297. See also Country life.

Herrick, Master William, To his dying Brother, 72.

Herrick's Mistris to him at his farwell, 401.

Hoarse Singer, Upon a, 152.

Hock-Cart, The, or Harvest Home,

Honours are hindrances, 345. Hony-combe, The, 281.

Hope heartens, 42. Hope or sheat-Anchor, His, 312. Hope well and Have well: or,

Faire after Foule weather, 186. Hopton, Lord, To the, on his fight

in Cornwall, 303. Houre-glasse, The, 45.

Houshold gods, To his, 110.

How he would drinke his Wine. 185.

How his soule came ensnared, 275. How Lillies came white, 74. How Marigolds come yellow, 185.

How Pansies or Heart-ease came first, 152. How Primroses came green, 64.

How Roses came red, 105, 237. How Springs came first, 178. How the Wall-flower came first,

and why so called, 15. How Violets came blew, 105.

Humility, 352. Hunger, 286.

I call and I call, 111. Ill Government, 193. Ill Reader, To my, 138. Impossibilities to his friend, 79. In the darke none dainty, 206. Invitation, The, 257. Irene, Upon, 201.

Jack and Jill, 162. Jealousie, To, 169. Jehovah, 372. Jimmal Ring, or True-love-knot, 172.

Jincks, Master J., To his Friend, Johnson, Ben: An Ode for, 282. His Prayer to, 209. Upon, 150, 282. Judgment-Day, The, 369, 383. Julia, To, 30, 60, 184, 206, 270, 292, 296, 317. A Ring presented to, 65. Art above Nature, 200. Her Bed, 139. Her Legs, 139. His charge to, at his death, 216. His Covenant or Protestation to, 320. His embalming to, 129. His last request to, 321. His request to, 21. His sailing from, 14. In her Dawn, or Day-breake, 265. In the Temple, 167. Julia disdainfull, 40. On, 180. The Bracelet to, 128. The Candor of Julia's teeth, 246. The Flaminica Dialis, or Queen-Priest, 194. The Night-piece, 214. The Parliament of Roses to, 8. The Sacrifice by way of Discourse betwixt himselfe and Julia, 273. To Roses in Julia's Bosome, To the Fever, not to trouble Julia, 82. Upon her Almes, 139. Upon her blush, 120. Upon her weeping, 246. Upon his Julia, 138. Upon Julia's haire, bundled up in a golden net, 275. Upon Julia's haire fill'd with Dew, 179. Upon Julia's unlacing herself, Upon Julia's washing her self in the river, 288.

Julia (continued): Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breast, 162. Upon the Roses in Julias bosome, 244. Julia's Breasts, 96. Breath, 69. Clothes, 256. Churching, or Purification, 279. Fall, 13. Lips, 271. Petticoat, 67. Picture, 139. Recovery, 7. Riband, 40. Sweat, 240. Voice, 22, 23, 102. Juno, An hymne to, 142. Just man, A, 151. Kellam, M., To, 284. Keneday, Mrs. Dorothy, His parting from, 43 King and no King, A 323. King and Queene, To the, upon their unhappy distances, 26. King, To the, 107, 232. To cure the Evill, 62. Upon his comming with his Army into the West, 25. Upon his taking of Leicester, 265. Upon his welcome to Hampton-Court, 293. Kings, 237, 322. Kings and Tyrants, 271. Kisse, A, 215. Kisse, The, 130.

Labour, 370.
Lachrimæ or Mirth, His, turn'd to mourning, 144.
Lacon and Thyrsis, 298.
Lady, On a perfum'd, 111.
Lady, Upon a, that dyed in childbed, and left a daughter behind her, 126.
Lady, Upon a delaying, 137.
Ladyes, To the, 176.

Kisses, 260.

Kissing and bussing, 187.

Kissing Usurie, 30.

Knowledge, 368.

Lamp, The, 349. Lares, Hymne to the, 230. Large Bounds doe but bury us, 195. Lark, To the, 87. Larr, A short Hymne to, 129. То, 131. Larr's portion, or the Poets part, Lasciviousnesse, 368. Laugh and lie downe, 110. Laurels, To, 31. Lawes, 210, 311. Lawes, M. Henry, the excellent Composer of his Lyricks, To, Lawes, M. William, the rare Musitian, Upon, 281. Lawne, The, 157. Laxare fibulam, 237. Leanders Obsequies, 42. Lee, Mistresse Elizabeth, Lady Tracie, A Nuptiall Verse to, 213. Lenitie, 262. Lent, To keep a true, 381. Leprosie in Cloathes, 304. Leprosie in houses, 303. Letanie to the Holy Spirit, His, 337. Leven, 291. Liberty, 153. Life is the Bodies Light, 204. Like loves his like, 312. Like Pattern, like People, 211. Lillie, Upon one, who marryed with a maid call'd Rose, 44. Lilly in a Christal, The, 75. Lincolne, Bishop of, Upon the Imprisonment of, 52. Lines have their Linings, and Bookes their Buckram, 199. Lip-labour, 335. Lips Tonguelesse, 82. Little and loud, 209. Littlenesse no cause of Leannesse, 172. Loading and unloading, 331. London, His returne to, 238. Long and lazie, 141. Long life, 369. Long lookt for comes at last, 224. Losse from the least, 180.

Losse, His, 266. Lots to be liked, 153. Love, 230. Against, 40. An Hymne to, 289. Of, 24, 155, 210, 318. On, 100, 274, 319. To, 17. Upon, 29, 117, 171, 186, 200, 216, 219, 268, 272. Upon, by way of question and answer, 302. What it is, 13. Love dislikes nothing, 248. Love is a sirrup, 290. Love kill'd by Lack, 32. Love lightly pleased, 204. Love looks for Love, 247. Love me little, love me long, 51. Love palpable, 236. Love perfumes all parts, 59. Lovers how they come and part, Love's play at Push-pin, 17. Lowman, Mrs. Bridget, To, 140. Lucia, Upon, 209. Upon, dabled in the deaw, 243. Lyrick for Legacies, 89. Mad Maids song, The, 155. Maid, To a, 125. Upon a, 208, 267, 269.

Upon a comety, and curious, 201. Upon a maid that dyed the day she was marryed, 109. Maiden-blush, The, 262. Maides, To the, to walke abroad, Maids nay's are nothing, 245. Man, Upon, 153. Manna, 369. Mans dying-place uncertain, 175. Mars, A Vow to, 151. Martha, Martha, 373. Marygolds, To, 194. Mattens, or morning Prayer, 127. May-pole, The, 235. Meane, The, 262, 311. Meane in our Meanes, A, 288. Meane things overcome mighty, 236. Meat without mirth, 195.

Meddowes, To, 109. Meddow verse or Aniversary to Mistris Bridget Lowman, The, Meditation upon Death, His, 382. Men mind no state in sicknesse, Mercy, 370. Mercy and Love, 330. Merits make the man, 120. Minerva, A Vow to, 193. Mirth, 331. A Lyrick to, 39. Miseries, 110. Mistresse, A Meditation for his, 88. His misery in a, 62. To his, 32. To his Mistresse objecting to him neither Toying or Talking, 15. Mistresses, To his, 10, 20. To his lovely, 219. Upon the losse of his, 16. Moderation, 256, 311. Momus, To, 225. Money gets the masterie, 21. Money makes the mirth, 243. Montes Scripturarum, 371. Mora Sponsi, the stay of the Bridegroom, 370. More modest, more manly, 301. More potent, lesse peccant, 109. Most Words, lesse Workes, 266. Multitude, 283. Muse, To his, 5, 28, 211, 294. Muses, Hymne to the, 224, 256. Muses, The mount of the, 325.

friend, 192.
Myrrha hard-hearted, To, 47.

Need, 270.
Neglect, 97.
Nephew, To his, to be prosperous

To, to becalme a sweet-sick-

To, to becalme his Fever, 95.

Mynts, Sir John, To his honoured

Musick, To, 67, 103.

youth, 99.

Need, 270.
Neglect, 97.
Nephew, To his, to be prosperous in his art of Painting, 150.
Neptune, A short Hymne to, 129.
Neutrality loathsome, 343.
Never too late to dye, 224.

New Charon, The, Upon the Death of Henry, Lord Hastings, 403. New-yeeres Gift, The, 345, 356, 366. New-yeeres Gift, or Circumcisions Song, sung to the King in the Presence at White-Hall, 355. New-yeares gift sent to Sir Simeon Steward, 126. Nightingale, and Robin-Red-brest, To the, 111. Night-piece, The, to Julia, 214. No action hard to affection, 236. No bashfulnesse in begging, 8. No coming to God without Christ, No danger to men desperate, 324. No despight to the dead, 215. No difference i' th' dark, 272. No escaping the scourging, 332. No Loathsomnesse in love, 11. No luck in Love, 206. No man without Money, 291. No Paines, no Gaines, 248. No Shipwrack of Vertue, 23. No Spouse but a Sister, 13. No time in Eternitie, 382. No want where there's little, 33. None free from fault, 197. None truly happy here, 341. Nor buying or selling, 314. Norgate, Master Edward, Clark of the Signet to His Majesty, To, 121. North and South, 376. Not every day fit for Verse, 238. Not to covet much where little is the charge, 301. Not to love, 102. Nothing Free-cost, 175. Nothing new, 140. Number of two, The, 386. Nuptiall Song, or Epithalamie, on Sir Clipseby Crew and his Lady, Nuptiall Verse to Mistresse Elizabeth Lee, 213.

Obedience, 317.

Oberons Feast, 119. Oberons Palace, 164.

Obedience in Subjects, 109.

Pastorall upon the birth of Prince Observation, 161, 374. Ode of the Birth of our Saviour, An, 335. Ode, or Psalme, to God, 353. Ode to Master Endymion Porter, upon his Brothers death, 72. Oenone, To, 167, 259, 267. Offering, His, with the rest, at the Sepulcher, 392. Old Wives Prayer, The, 176. Olive Branch, The, 73. Once poore, still penurious, 22. Once seen, and no more, 230. Orpheus, 260. Oulsworth, Master Michael, To the most accomplisht Gentleman, Our own sinnes unseen, 248. Out of Time, out of Tune, 273. Paine and pleasure, 384. Paine ends in Pleasure, 339. Paines without profit, 209. Painter, To the, to draw him a Picture, 39. Painting sometimes permitted, 221. Pansies, To, 74. Paradise, 373. Parasceve, or Preparation, The, Parcæ, The, or, Three dainty Destinies (The Armilet), 18. Parcell-gilt-Poetry, 302. Pardon, 334. Pardons, 309. Parliament of Roses to Julia, The, Parrie, Sir George, Doctor of the Civill Law, To, 315. Parsons, Mistresse Dorothy, To, Parsons, Tomasin, On, 297. Parting, Upon, 401. Parting Verse, The, or charge to his supposed Wife when he travelled, 172. Parting verse [to The meddow verse], the feast there ended, 141. Passenger, To the, 264. Passion, 161. Pastorall sung to the King, 158.

Charles, 86. Paternall Countrey, To his, 19. Patience in Princes, 302. Patience, or Comforts in Crosses, 344. Peace not Permanent, 309. Pemberton, Sir Lewis, A Panegerick to, 146. Pembroke and Montgomerie, the right honourable Philip, To the, 141. Penitence, 262, 378. Penitencie, 349. Perenna, To, 10, 90, 176, 296, 319. Perfume, The, 102. Perilla, A sonnet of, 306. His Protestation to, 59. ∨ To, 9. Persecutions profitable, 333. Persecutions purifie, 334. Perseverance, 232. Peter-penny, The, 251. Petition, His, 337. Phillis, To, to love, and live with him, 190. Physitian, Upon a, 97. Physitians, 223. Pillar of Fame, The, 326. Pitie to the prostrate, 197. Pittie, and punishment, 379. Plaudite, The, or end of life, 94. Pleasures Pernicious, 319. Plots not still prosperous, 323. Plunder, The, 172. Poet hath lost his pipe, The, 202. Poet loves a Mistresse, but not to marry, 159. Poetrie his Pillar, 85. Poetry perpetuates the Poet, 260. Poets, 215. Pollicie in Princes, 162. Pomander Bracelet, The, 14. Poore mans part, The, 384. Poores Portion, The, 366. Porter, Master Endimion: An Ode to, upon his Brothers death, 72. To the Honoured, 317. To the honoured: the Country life, 225. To the Patron of Poets, 41.

Porter, Endimion, and Lycidas Herrick, An Eclogue or Pastoral between, 181. Portman, Mistresse, The School or Perl of Putney, the Mistress of all singular manners, 318. Position in the Hebrew Divinity, A, 378. Possessions, 237. Posting to Printing, 307. Pot, Mistresse, To the most vertuous, who many times entertained him, 94. Potentates, 250. Potter, Mistresse Amie, To, 267. Potter, Mistresse Grace, To the handsome, 300. Poverty and Riches, 210. Poverty the greatest pack, 238. Power and Peace, 259 Power in the people, The, 139 Prat, On Poet, 234. Pray and prosper, 143. Prayer, 371. Prayer for Absolution, His, 329. Prayers must have Poise, 332. Precepts, 185. Predestination, 379. Prescience, 380. Presence and Absence, 13. Present Government gricvous, 285. Present, The: or, The Bag of the Bee, 100. Prevision, or Provision, 109. Prew, To his Maid, 151, 257. Pride allowable in Poets, 192. Primitiæ to Parents, The, 223. Primrose, The, 205. Primroses fill'd with morning. dew, To, 104. Princes and Favourites, 250. Privacie, His wish to, 253. Prognostick, A, 240. Proof to no purpose, 240. Psalme or Hymne to the Graces, A, 255. Purgatory, 263. Purposes, 212. Putrefaction, 161. Queene, To the, 107.

Raggs, 295. Rainbow, The, 140. Rainbow, The: or curious Covenant, 233. Rapine brings Ruine, 307. Reader, To the generous, 32. Reader, To the soure, 7. Readinesse, 268. Recantation, His, 99. Recompence, 315, 361. Regression spoiles Resolution, 247. Repletion, 291. Request to the Graces, A, 283. Rest, 304. Rest Refreshes, 285. Resurrection, The, 385. Resurrection possible, and probable, 378. Revenge, 285. Reverence, 370. Reverence to Riches, 117. Reward and punishments, 180. Rewards, 140. Rex Tragicus, 388. Riches and Poverty, 346. Richmond and Lenox, Lodwick, Duke of, To the right gratious Prince, 169. Right hand, The, 384. Roaring, 370. Rock of Rubies, The: and The quarrie of Pearls, 25. Rod, The, 332. Rosarie, The, 17. Rose, The, 98, 386. Rosemarie branch, The, 228. Rosemary and Baies, To, 178. Roses, Upon, 26. Roses in Julias bosome, Upon the, Rules for our reach, 300.

Sabbaths, 376.
Sadnesse of things for Sapho's sicknesse, 42.
Safety on the Shore, 85.
Safety to look to ones selfe, 84.
Saint Distaffs day, or the morrow after Twelfth day, 308.
Salutation, 368.
Sapho, To, 234, 260, 272, 299.

Sapho, Upon, sweetly playing, and sweetly singing, 142. Satan, 362. Satisfaction for sufferings, 269. Sauce for sorrowes, 324. Saviour, To his, 344, 347, 389. To his sweet, 348. To his: The New yeers gift, 366. Saviours Sepulcher, To his: his Devotion, 392. Saviours Words, going to the Crosse, His, 390. Scar-fire, The, 21. Scarre in a Virgins Face, Upon a, Scriptures, The Mounts of the, 371. Seeke and finde, 304. Selden, M. John, To the most learned, wise, and Arch-Antiquary, 143. Sepulcher, His coming to the, 393. His Offering, with the rest, at the, 392. Shame, no Statist, 180. Shapcott, Master Thomas, Lawyer, To his peculiar friend, 167. Ship-wrack, 209. Shooe tying, The, 14. Short and long both likes, 162. Showre of Blossomes, The, 276. Silence, 331. Silken Snake, The, 116. Silvia, a Mistresse, Upon, 21 A song upon, 281. To, 202, 223, 236, 287. To: to wed, 8. Sin, 352, 357, 373, 376, 379, 380. and Strife, 352. seen, 336. severely punisht, 371. Sincerity, 313. Single life most secure, 49. Sinners, 378. Sins loath'd, and yet lov'd, 352. Slavery, 276. Smart, 312. Smell of the Sacrifice, The, 245. Soame, Anne, To the most fair and lovely Mistris, now Lady

Abdie, 145.

Soame, Mr. Stephen, To his worthy Kinsman, 196. Soame, Sir Tho., To his Kinsman, Sir William, To Soame, honoured kinsman, 131. Sobriety in Search, 346. Society, 268. Soft Musick, 12. Some comfort in calamity, 50. Song, A, 249. Song to the Maskers, A, 9. Sorrowes, 349. Sorrowes succeed, 18. Soule, The, 383. Southwell, Mistresse Susanna: Upon her checks, 191. Upon her eyes, 191. Upon her feet, 192. Southwell, Sir Thomas, and his Ladie, Epithalamie to, 53. Sparrow, Upon the death of his, 103. Speake in season, 317. Spell, The, 253. Spinners, To the little, 163. Springs and Fountains, To, 156. Spur, Upon, 322. Staffe and Rod, The, 384. Star-Song, The: A Caroll to the King; sung at White-Hall, 357. Steame in Sacrifice, 22. S[tone], Mrs. M[ary], Upon his Kinswoman, 252. Stone, Sir Richard, To his Honoured Kinsman, 183. Stool-ball, 234. Strength to support Soveraignty, 295. Stuart, Bernard, Dirge upon the Death of the Right Valiant Lord, 89. Studies to be supported, 309. Succession of the foure sweet months, The, 23. Suffer that thou canst not shift, 264. Sufferance, 308. Sufferings, 383. Summe, The, and the Satisfaction, Supreme fortune falls soonest, 77. Surfeits, 278.
Suspicion makes secure, 297.
Suspition upon his over-much familiarity with a Gentlewoman, 48.
Sweetnesse in Sacrifice, 22.
Swetnaham, M. Laurence, To, 320.
Sycamores, To, 157.

Tapers, 374. Teare sent to her from Stanes, The, 43. Teares, 223, 280, 352, 369. Teares, and Laughter, 237. Teares are Tongues, 58. Temple, The, 90. Temporall goods, 377. Temptation, 334, 370. Temptations, 349, 379. Ternarie of littles, A, upon a pipkin of Jellie sent to a Lady, 244. Thamasis, His teares to, 308. Thanksgiving, 338. Thanksgiving to God, for his House, 339. The bad season makes the Poet sad, 211. The end of his worke, 325, To Crowne it, ib. The first marrs or makes, 285. The last stroke strike sure, 233. The more mighty, the more mercifull, 314. The present time best pleaseth, 286. The soul is the salt, 324. The will makes the work, or consent makes the Cure, 312. Things mortall still mutable, 309. Things of choice, long a comming, This, and the next World, 377. Three fatall Sisters, 331. Time, Upon, 336. Tinker's Song, The, 313. To all young men that love, 117. To be merry, 261. To enjoy the Time, 171. To his Saviour, a Child; a Present, by a child, 344. To live Freely, 170.

To live merrily, and to trust to Good Verses, 80. Tomb-maker, To his, 197. Tracie, Upon his Spaniell, 295. Tracie, Lady: see Lee. Transfiguration, The, 264. Treason, 10. Troublesome times, Upon the, 208. True Friendship, 202. True safety, 240. Truth, 280. Truth and Errour, 309. Truth and Falsehood, 321. Tuck, Upon, 234. Tulips, To a Bed of, 183. Twelfe night, or King and Queenc, 310. Twilight, 271, 312 Two Things Odious, 10. Tythe, The: To the Bride, 205.

Ultimus Heroum, 294.
Upon a black Twist, rounding the Arme of the Countesse of Carlile, 65.
Upon a Cherrystone sent to the tip of the lady Jemmonia Wal-

graves eare, 404. Upon a Lady faire, but fruitlesse, 178.

Upon an old man a Residenciarie, 222 Upon a young mother of many

Valentine, To his, on S. Valentines day, 149.

Venus, A vow to, 306.
A short hymne to, 137.
Venus and Cupid, A Hymne to, 139.

Verses, 259.
To his, 215.
Upon his, 232.
Vertue, 121.
Vertue best united, 249.
Vertue is sensible of suffering, 60.
Villars, Lady Mary, To the,
Governesse to the Princesse
Henretta, 138.

Vineger, Upon, 294.

children, 58.

Violets, To, 83. Virgin, An Epitaph upon a, 169. Upon a, 282. Upon a Virgin kissing a Rose, Virgin Mary, The, 374, 375. Virgins, To, 120. To the, to make much of Time, Vision, The, 51, 306. Voice and Violl, The, 323. Vulcan, To, 211.

Wages, 370. Wake, The, 250. Want, 236, 280. Warr, Mr. J., Upon the much lamented, 48. Warre, 323. Wassaile, The, 177. Watch, The, 199. Water Nymphs, drinking at the Fountain, To the, 183. Way, The, 362. Weaknesse in woes, His, 168. Weare, M. John, Councellour, To his honoured friend, 198. Weeping Cherry, The, 12. Welcome to Sack, The, 77. Welcome what comes, 343. Western wind, To the, 103. Westmerland, Earle of, To the, 40. Westmorland, the right Honourable Mildmay, Earle of, To, 100, 171. What God is, 330.

What kind of Mistresse he would have, 228. Wheeler, Mistresse Eliza.:

A Dialogue betwixt himselfe and, under the name of

Amarillis, 316. Under the name of Amarillis, 46. Under the name of the lost Shepardesse, 106.

Wheeler, Mrs. Penelope, To his Kinswoman, 187.

When he would have his verses 🖊 read, 7. Whips, 333.
White Island: or place of the Blest, The, 366. Why Flowers change colour, 15. Wicks, M. John: Paranæticall, or Advisive Verse, to his friend, 229. His age, dedicated to, 132. To his peculiar friend, 314. Widdowes teares, The: or, Dirge of Dorcas, 363. Wife that dyed mad with Jealousie, Upon a, 52. Will the cause of Woe, The, 360. Willan, M. Leonard, To, his peculiar friend, 291. Willand, Mistresse Mary, To, 189. Willow Garland, The, 160. Willow-tree, To the, 106. Winding-sheet, His, 188. Wingfield, Master John, To his Brother in Law, 207. Wish, His, 59, 287. Wit punisht, prospers most, 310. Woman and Mary Upon, 376. Women: A Defence for, 276. In praise of, 245. No fault in, 118. Upon some, 76. Uselesse, 290. Wounded Heart, The, 10. Wrinkles, Upon, 143. Writing, 268.

Yew and Cypresse, To the, to grace his Funerall, 111. Yorke, Duke of, The Poets good wishes for the most hopefull and handsome Prince, the, 107. Youth, and Age, 373. Youth, To, 224.

Zeal required in Love, 31.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

					•	****
A bachelour I will						13
A Christall Violl Cupid brought .	•	•	•		•	219
A funerall stone	•	•	•	•	•	31
A golden Flie once shew'd to me .	•			•	•	184
A Gyges Ring they beare about them st	ill				•	245
A Just man's like a Rock that turnes th	ie wi	oth		•		151
A little mushroome table spred .						119
A little Saint best fits a little Shrine						244
A long-lifes-day I've taken paines .						209
A man prepar'd against all ills to come						128
A mans transgression God do's then ren	nit					349
A master of a house (as I have read)						254
A prayer, that is said alone					•	371
A rowle of Parchment Clunn about him	bea	res				a88
A sweet disorder in the dresse .				. ·		28
A wanton and lascivious eye				• .		249
A way enchac't with glasse & beads						90
A wearied Pilgrim, I have wandred here	· •					320
A willow Garland thou did'st send.						160
About the sweet bag of a Bee						31
Abundant plagues I late have had.						344
Adverse and prosperous Fortunes both	work	on				339
Adversity hurts none, but onely such						235
Afflictions bring us joy in times to come	е.					339
Afflictions they most profitable are.						333
After the Feast (my Shapcot) see .						164
After the rare Arch-Poet Johnson dy'd						150
After this life, the wages shall .						370
After thy labour take thine ease .						325
After true sorrow for our sinnes, our str	rife					352
Against diseases here the strongest fend						324
Ah Ben!	٠.	-				282
Ah Biancha! now I see	-	-				300
Ah, cruell Love! must I endure .	-	•	·	•		74
Ah! Lycidas, come tell me why .	·	•	·	-		181
Ah my Anthea! Must my heart still br	eak i		·			24
Ah my Perilla! do'st thou grieve to see		•		-		9
Ah Posthumus! Our yeares hence flye	•	•	•		·	132
Ai me! I love, give him your hand to l	ricce	•	•	•	•	267
Alas I can't, for tell me how	1330	•	•	•	•	321
All are not ill Plots, that doe sometime	e fail	٠	•	•	•	323
All has been plundered from me, but m	y wii	٠.	•	•	•	266
All I have lost, that co'd be rapt from	y WI		•	•		361
All things are open to these two events	HIC	•	•	•	•	180
timings are open to these two events		•		•		

				MOE
All things decay with Time: The Forrest sees.	•	•		23
All things o'r-rul'd are here by Chance	•	•	•	195
All things subjected are to Fate	•	•	•	205
Along, come along	•	•	•	313
Along the dark, and silent night	•	•	•	362
Although our suffering meet with no reliefe	•	•	•	324
Although we cannot turne the fervent fit.	•	•	•	346
Am I despis'd, because you say	•	•	•	63
Among disasters that discention brings	•	•	•	255
Among the Mirtles, as I walkt	•	•	•	106
Among these Tempests great and manifold .	•	•	•	312
Among thy Fancies, tell me this	•	•	•	130
And as time past when Cato the Severe	•	•	•	294
And Cruell Maid, because I see	•	•	•	60
And must we part, because some say	•	•	•	48
Angells are called Gods; yet of them, none	•	•	•	369
Angry if Irene be	•	•	•	201
Anthea bade me tye her shooe	•	•	•	14
Anthea I am going hence	•	•	•	270
Anthea laught, and fearing lest excesse	•	•	•	304
Apollo sings, his harpe resounds; give roome	•	•	•	402
Art quickens Nature; Care will make a face .	•	•	•	97
Art thou not destin'd? then, with hast, go on.	•	•	•	379
As Gilly flowers do but stay	•	•	•	126
As in our clothes, so likewise he who lookes .	•	•	•	199
As is your name, so is your comely face	•	•	•	300
As Julia once a-slumbring lay	•	•	•	71
As lately I a Garland bound	•	•	•	96
As many Lawes and Lawyers do expresse .	•	•	•	240
As my little Pot doth boyle	•	•	•	387
As oft as Night is banish'd by the Morne	•	•	•	20
As shews the Aire, when with a Rain-bow grac'd	•	•	•	40
As Sun-beames pierce the glasse, and streaming in	•	•	•	375
As thou deserv'st, be proud; then gladly let .	•	•	•	192
As wearied Pilgrims, once possest	•	•	•	213 286
Aske me what hunger is, and Ile reply	•	•	•	
Aske me, why I do not sing	•	•	•	131
Aske me why I send you here	•	•	•	205
At Draw-Gloves we'l play	•	•	•	98
At my homely Country-seat	•	•	•	152
At Post and Paire, or Slam, Tom Tuck would play	•	•	•	234
At Stool-ball, Lucia, let us play	•	•	•	234
Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt .	•	•	•	304
Away with silks, away with Lawn	•	•	•	154
Bacchus, let me drink no more				122
Bad are all surfeits: but Physitians call.				278
Bad are the times. Sil. And wors then they are v	ve.			158
Be bold my Booke, nor be abasht, or feare .				209
Be not dismaide, though crosses cast thee downe				304
Be not proud, but now encline				96

Index of First Line.	s.		4	23
			1	AGE
Be the Mistresse of my choice				228
Be those few hours, which I have yet to spend				382
Beauti's no other but a lovely Grace				268
Beauty, no other thing is, then a Beame.				34
Before Mans fall, the Rose was born				386
Before the Press scarce one co'd see				279
Begin to charme, and as thou stroak'st mine eares				67
Beginne with $Jove$; then is the worke halfe done			•	128
Bell-man of Night, if I about shall go			•	339
Besides us two, i' th' Temple here's not one .				167
Biancha, Let				30
Bid me to live, and I will live				108
Bind me but to thee with thine haire		•		287
Blessings, in abundance come :	٠			124
Born I was to be old		•		195
Borne I was to meet with Age		•		189
Both you two have				III
Break off Delay, since we but read of one .		•		246
Breathe, Julia, breathe, and Ile protest		9		69
Bright Tulips, we do know				183
Bring me my Rose-buds, Drawer come				205
Bring the holy crust of Bread				277
Brisk methinks I am, and fine				302
Burne, or drowne me, choose ye whether			· ·	249
But borne, and like a short Delight	:	•	•	70
By Dream I saw, one of the three	•		•	153
By houres we all live here, in Heaven is known	•	•	·	382
By so much, vertue is the lesse	•	•	•	249
By the next kindling of the day	•	•	•	265
By the weak'st mean things mighty are o'rethrown	•	•	•	236
By those soft Tods of wooll	•	•	•	252
By Time, and Counsell, doe the best we can .	•	•	•	120
by Time, and Counsen, doe the best we can .	•	•	•	120
Call me no more				144
Can I not come to Thee, my God, for these	•	•	•	
Can I not sin, but thou wilt be	•	•	•	342
Care keepes the Conquest; 'tis no lesse renowne	•	•	•	347
Chamma and a salara and analysis are	•	•	•	300
	•	•	•	95
Charms, that call down the moon from out her sphe	16	•	•	99
Charon, O Charon, draw thy Boat to th' Shore.	•	•	•	403
Charon! O gentle Charon! let me wooe thee.	•	•	•	243
Cherrie-Ripe, Ripe, I cry	•	•	•	19
Choose me your Valentine	•	•	•	32
Christ, He requires still, wheresoere He comes.	•	•	•	346
Christ, I have read, did to His Chaplains say .	٠	•	•	368
Christ never did so great a work, but there	•	•	•	379
Christ took our Nature on Him, not that He	•	•	•	380
Christ was not sad, i'th garden, for His own	•	•	•	371
Christ, when He hung the dreadfull Crosse upon	•	•	•	372
Cleere are her eyes	•	•	•	191
Come and let's in solemn wise				273

			- 1	AGE
Come Anthea, know thou this	•	•		231
Come Anthea let us two			•	250
Come blithefull Neatherds, let us lay		•		239
Come, bring with a noise		•		258
Come bring your sampler, and with Art				10
Come come away				137
Come down, and dance ye in the toyle				9
Come guard this night the Christmas-Pie				258
Come, leave this loathed Country-life, and then				170
Come pitie us, all ye, who see				363
Come sit we by the fires side				216
Come sit we under yonder Tree				212
Come, skilfull Lupo, now, and take				39
Come Sons of Summer, by whose toile				100
Come then, and like two Doves with silv'rie wings				202
Come thou not neere those men, who are like Brea				7
Come thou, who art the Wine, and wit				188
Come to me God; but do not come				383
Come with the Spring-time, forth Fair Maid, and I	De .			140
Command the Roofe great Genius, and from thence	e.			241
Confession twofold is (as Austine says)				385
Conformity gives comelinesse to things	•		Ċ	311
Conformity was ever knowne		-	·	25
Conquer we shall, but we must first contend .	•		·	286
Consider sorrowes, how they are aright	•			262
Consult ere thou begin'st, that done, go on .	•		•	248
Cupid as he lay among	•	•	·	50
Cynthius pluck ye by the care	•	•	•	52
cymmus place ye by the care	•	•	•	,-
Dark and dull night, flie hence away			_	354
Dead falls the Cause, if once the Hand be mute	•		·	123
Dean-bourn, farewell; I never look to see .	•			29
Deare Perenna, prethee come		-		90
Deare, though to part it be a Hell	•	•	Ĭ.	34
Dearest of thousands, now the time drawes neere	•	•	·	216
Deer God	•	•	·	353
Despaire takes heart, when ther's no hope to speed	4 .	•	·	302
Dew sate on Julia's haire		•	·	179
Did I or love, or could I others draw	•	•	•	198
Die ere long I'm sure, I shall	•	•	•	314
Discreet and prudent we that Discord call .	•	•	•	247
Display the breasts my Julia there let me	•	•	•	96
Display thy breasts, my Julia, there let me . Do with me, God! as Thou didst deal with John	•	•	•	
Do's Fortune rend thee? Beare with thy hard Fa	· + • •	•	•	333 264
Down with the Rosemary and Bayes	ite.	•	•	
	•	•	•	277
Down with the Rosemary, and so	•	•	•	297
Dread not the shackles: on with thine intent.		•	•	310
Drink Wine, and live here blithefull, while ye may	•	•	•	224
Drinke up	•	•	•	299
Droop, droop no more, or hang the head.	•	•	•	200
Drowning, drowning, I espie				295

Index of First L	ines	•	4	4:	25
				P	AGE
Dry your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorro Dull to my selfe, and almost dead to these	ws rai	ne			105 211
Each must, in vertue, strive for to excell.					121
Eaten I have; and though I had good cheere					195
Empires of Kings, are now, and ever were					161
End now the White-loafe, & the Pye .					278
Ere I goe hence and bee noe more					394
Every time seemes short to be					161
Evill no Nature hath; the losse of good.					357
Examples lead us, and wee likely see .					250
Excesse is sluttish: keepe the meane; for why	. }				323
Fain would I kiss my Julia's dainty Leg		,			139
Faire and foule dayes trip Crosse and Pile; Th	ie fair	e			187
Faire Daffadills, we weep to see					125
Faire pledges of a fruitfull Tree					175
Faire was the Dawne; and but e'ne now the S	kies				81
Faith is a thing that's four-square; let it fall					285
Fames pillar here, at last, we set					326
Farewell thou Thing, time-past so knowne, so	deare				45
Fat be my Hinde; unlearned be my wife					287
Fight thou with shafts of silver, and o'rcome					21
Fill me a mighty Bowle					224
Fill me my Wine in Christall; thus, and thus					185
First, April, she with mellow showrs .					23
First, for Effusions due unto the dead .					24
First, for your shape, the curious cannot shew					187
First, may the hand of bounty bring .					284
First offer Incense, then thy field and meads					143
Fled are the Frosts, and now the Fields appear	е				22 I
Fly hence, Pale Care, noe more remember					400
Fly me not, though I be gray.					192
Fly to my Mistresse, pretty pilfring Bee .					100
Fold now thine armes; and hang the head					47
Fooles are they, who never know					96
For a kisse or two, confesse					298
For all our workes, a recompence is sure.					269
For all thy many courtesies to me					261
For being comely, consonant, and free .					207
For brave comportment, wit without offence					290
For civill, cleane, and circumcised wit .					192
For each one Body, that i'th earth is sowne					388
For my embalming, Julia, do but this .					129
For my neighbour Ile not know					84
For my part, I never care					82
For one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts .					121
For punishment in warre, it will suffice .					132
For sport my Julia threw a Lace					116
For these Transgressions which thou here dost	see				4
For Those my unhantized Rhimes			_		320

			11142
For truth I may this sentence tell			314
Fortune did never favour one	. ,		189
Fortune no higher Project can devise			193
Fortune's a blind profuser of her own			234
Fresh strowings allow	•		251
Frollick Virgins once these were	•		152
From me my Silvia ranne away			281
From noise of Scare-fires rest ye free			121
From the dull confines of the drooping West	•		238
From the Temple to your home	•		217
From this bleeding hand of mine	•		88
(a) 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1			•
Gather ye Rose-buds while ye may	•		84
Get up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne	•		68
Give house-roome to the best; 'Tis never known	•		287
Give, if thou canst, an Almes; if not, afford.	•		346
Give me a Cell	•	•	253
Give me a man that is not dull	•		311
Give me Honours: what are these	•		345
Give me one kisse	•		194
Give me that man, that dares bestride	•		31
Give me the food that satisfies a Guest	•		260
Give me wine, and give me meate	•		214
Give unto all, lest he, whom thou deni'st.	•		381
Give Want her welcome if she comes; we find.	•		210
Give way, and be ye ravisht by the Sun	•		194
Give way, give way, now, now my Charles shines her	e .		232
Give way, give way ye Gates, and win	•		177
Glide, gentle streams, and beare	•		43
Glory be to the Graces	•		255
Glory no other thing is (Tullie sayes)	•		237
Goe happy Rose, and enterwove	•		98
Go hence, and with this parting kisse	•		172
Goe hence away, and in thy parting know .	•		401
Go I must; when I am gone.	•		197
Go on brave Hopton, to effectuate that Goe, perjur'd man; and if thou ere return .	•		303
	•		49
Go prettie child, and beare this Flower	•		344
Goe thou forth my booke, though late	•	• •	325
Go wooe young Charles no more to looke .	•		211
God, as He is most Holy knowne	•		333
God, as He's potent, so He's likewise known .	•	•	368
God (as the learned Damascen doth write) God bought man here with his hearts blood expence	•		371
God can do all things, save but what are known			379
	•		372
God can't be wrathfull; but we may conclude.	•		387
God co'd have made all rich, or all men poore. God did forbid the Israelites, to bring.	•		340
God doth embrace the good with love; & gaines	•		374
	•		379
God doth not promise here to man, that He .	•		386
God from our eyes all teares hereafter wipes .	•	•	369

Index of First Lines.		42	7
		PA	GE
God gives not onely corne, for need			346
God gives to none so absolute an Ease			377
God had but one Son free from sin; but none.			368
God has a Right Hand, but is quite bereft			384
God has foure keyes, which He reserves alone.			380
God has his whips here to a twofold end.			333
God hates the Duall Number; being known .		•	386
God hath this world for many made; 'tis true.			377
God hath two wings, which He doth ever move	• •		330
God He refuseth no man; but makes way	• •		368
God He rejects all Prayers that are sleight	• •		332
God heares us when we pray, but yet defers	• •		334
God hides from man the reck'ning Day, that He	• •		369
God in His own Day will be then severe	• •		371
God, in the holy Tongue, they call	• •		375
God is above the sphere of our esteem	•		330
God is all fore-part; for, we never see	• •		332
God is all-present to what e're we do God is all-sufferance here; here He doth show.	• •		384
God, is His Name of Nature; but that word.	•		347
God is Jehovah cal'd; which name of His .	• •		369
God is more here, then in another place	• •		375
			377
God is not onely mercifull, to call			332
	• •		330
God is so potent, as His Power can God is then said for to descend, when He			373 385
God loads, and unloads, (thus His work begins)		•	331
God makes not good men wantons, but doth bring	• •		300
God n'ere afflicts us more then our desert .	• •		331
God on our Youth bestowes but little ease .		•	373
God pardons those, who do through frailty sin.	•	•	334
God scourgeth some severely, some He spares.	•	•	332
God still rewards us more then our desert .		•	384
God strikes His Church, but 'tis to this intent'.		•	334
God suffers not His Saints, and Servants deere.	•	•	384
God tempteth no one (as S. Aug'stine saith)	•	•	370
God then confounds mans face, when He not hears		•	372
God! to my little meale and oyle		·	367
God when for sin He makes His Children smart			333
God when He's angry here with any one		-	330
God when He takes my goods and chattels hence			352
God, who me gives a will for to repent			387
God, who's in Heav'n, will hear from thence.			371
God will have all, or none; serve Him, or fall.			343
Gods boundlesse mercy is (to sinfull man) .			331
Gods Bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse			348
God's evident, and may be said to be			375
Gods Grace deserves here to be daily fed.			368
Gods Hands are round, & smooth, that gifts may fal	1 .		370
Gods Prescience makes none sinfull; but th' offence			380
God's present ev'ry where; but most of all .			378
<u>−</u>			

				PAGE
Gods Rod doth watch while men do sleep; & th	nen .			332
God's said our hearts to harden then				386
God's said to dwell there, wheresoever He .		•		375
God's said to leave this place, and for to come.		•	•	375
God's undivided, One in Persons Three		•		376
Goddesse, I begin an Art	•	•		193
Goddesse, I do love a Girle	•		•	137
Goddesse of Youth, and Lady of the Spring .		•	•	107
Goes the world now, it will with thee goe hard .		•	•	22
Gold I have none, but I present my need .	•	•	•	359
Gold I've none, for use or show	•	•	•	89
Gold serves for Tribute to the King	•	•	•	386
Gone she is a long, long way	•	•	•	269
Good and great God! How sho'd I feare	•	•		385
Good day, Mirtillo. Mirt. And to you no lesse	•	•	•	86
Good morrow to the Day so fair	•	•	•	155
Good Precepts we must firmly hold	•	•	•	185
Good princes must be pray'd for: for the bad.		•	•	33
Good speed, for I this day		•	•	87
Good things, that come of course, far lesse doe p	please	•	•	123
Great Cities seldome rest: If there be none .	•	•		309
Great men by small meanes oft are overthrown	•	•	•	180
Grow for two ends, it matters not at all	•	•		228
Grow up in Beauty, as thou do'st begin	•	•		297
Haile holy, and all-honour'd Tomb	•	•	•	392
Hang up Hooks, and Sheers to scare	•	•	•	277
Hansome you are, and Proper you will be .	•	•	•	292
Happily I had a sight	•	•	•	306
Happy's that man, to whom God gives		•	•	341
Hard are the two first staires unto a Crowne.	•	•	•	285
Hast thou attempted greatnesse? then go on .		•	•	247
Hast thou begun an act? ne're then give o're.	•	•	•	232
Haste is unhappy: What we Rashly do	•	•	•	262
Have, have ye no regard, all ye		•	•	390
Have I not blest Thee? Then go forth; nor fe	ar .			154
Have ye beheld (with much delight)		•	•	162
He that ascended in a cloud, shall come		•		372
He that is hurt seeks help: sin is the wound.	•	•	•	37I
He that may sin, sins least; Leave to transgress	se .			109
He that will live of all cares dispossest		•		297
He that will not love, must be		•	•	102
He who commends the vanquisht, speaks the Po	ower		•	198
He, who has suffer'd Ship-wrack, feares to saile		•		209
He who wears Blacks, and mournes not for the	Dead	•	•	312
Health is no other (as the learned hold)	•			232
Health is the first good lent to men	•		•	42
Heare ye Virgins, and Ile teach	•			120
Heav'n is most faire; but fairer He	•		•	372
Heaven is not given for our good works here .			•	380
Hell is no other, but a soundlesse pit		•		362

Index of First Line	es.		4	29
			1	PAGE
Hell is the place where whipping-cheer abounds.				362
Helpe me! helpe me! now I call				10
Help me, Julia, for to pray				317
Hence a blessed soule is fled				208
Hence, hence, profane; soft silence let us have				89
Hence, hence prophane, and none appeare .				356
Hence they have born my Lord: Behold! the Stor	ne .			393
Her Eyes the Glow-worme lend thee				214
Her pretty feet				192
Here a little child I stand				354
Here a pretty Baby lies				221
Here a solemne Fast we keepe				169
Here down my wearyed limbs Ile lay				122
Here, here I live				170
Here, here I live with what my Board				197
Here I my selfe might likewise die				260
Here lies a Virgin, and as sweet				252
Here lyes Johnson with the rest				282
Here she lies, a pretty bud				123
Here she lyes (in Bed of Spice)				267
Here we are all, by day; By night w'are hurl'd				20
Here we securely live, and eate				195
Holy-Rood come forth and shield				176
Holy Water come and bring				253
Holy waters hither bring				296
Honour thy Parents; but good manners call.				353
Honour to you who sit		-		256
How am I bound to Two! God, who doth give	•	•	•	345
How am I ravisht! When I do but see		•	•	139
How can I choose but love, and follow her .	·	-		180
How dull and dead are books, that cannot show	·	-	Ċ	141
How fierce was I, when I did see	•	•	·	288
How long, Perenna, wilt thou see	·		·	176
How Love came in, I do not know	•	•	·	24
How rich a man is, all desire to know	•	•	•	129
How rich and pleasing thou my Julia art	•	•	•	30
How well contented in this private Grange .	•	•	•	303
	•	•	•	
Humble we must be, if to Heaven we go.	•	•	•	352
I a Dirge will non for thee				296
I a Dirge will pen for thee	•	•	•	-
I am holy, while I stand	•	•	•	223
I am of all bereft	•	•	•	172
I am Sive-like, and can hold	•	•	•	
I am zeallesse, prethee pray	•	•	•	200
I askt my Lucia but a kisse .	•	•	•	66
I ask't thee oft, what Poets thou hast read.	•	•	•	
I beginne to waine in sight	•	•	•	179
I brake thy Bracelet 'gainst my will	•	•	•	236
I bring ye Love. Quest. What will love do?	•	•	•	302
I burn, I burn; and beg of you	•	•	•	50
I call, I call, who doe ye call?	•	•	•	III

_						P	AGE
Ī	can but name thee, and methinks I call		•	•	•		131
	cannot love, as I have lov'd before	•	•	•	•		253
	cannot pipe as I was wont to do .	•	•	•			202
I	cannot suffer; And in this, my part	•	•	•			168
Ī	co'd but see thee yesterday			•		•	266
	co'd never love indeed						181
	could wish you all, who love	•					117
I	crawle, I creep; my Christ, I come						367
<u>_1</u>	dare not ask a kisse						227
1	dislikt but even now						155
1	do believe, that die I must				•		348
	doe love I know not what						206
1	do not love, nor can it be						155
	do not love to wed						159
I	dream'd we both were in a bed .						20
	dreamt, last night, Thou didst transfuse	,					347
	dreamt the Roses one time went .						347
	feare no Earthly Powers			-			65
	freeze, I freeze, and nothing dwels						Š
	have a leaden, thou a shaft of gold			-			324
	have been wanton, and too bold I feare	•		•		•	321
	haue behelde two louers in a night		•	•	•	•	397
	have lost, and lately, these		•	•	•	•	397
	have my Laurel Chaplet on my head	•	•	•	•	•	315
	heard ye co'd coole heat; and came	•	•	•	•	•	150
	held Love's head while it did ake.	•	•	•	•	•	186
	lately fri'd, but now behold.	•	•	•	•	•	283
	make no haste to have my Numbers rea	. 1	•	•	•	•	
	must.	ıcı	•	•	•	•	215
			•	•	•	•	301
Ţ	plaid with Love, as with the fire .	•	•	•	•	•	200
ı T	prest my Julia's lips, and in the kisse	•	•	•	•	•	236
	saw a Cherry weep, and why?	•	•	•	•	•	12
	saw a Flie within a Beade	•	•	•	•	•	263
	saw about her spotlesse wrist	•	•	•	•	•	65
	send, I send here my supremest kiss	, D	•	•	•	•	308
Ī	sing of Brooks, of Blossomes, Birds, and	Bowe	75	•	•	•	_ 5
Ī	sing thy praise Iacchus		•	•	•	•	254
Ī	who have favour'd many, come to be.		•	•	•	•	143
	will be short, and having quickly hurl'd		•	•	•	•	291
	will confesse		•	•	•	•	289
	will no longer kiss			•	•	•	320
I	would to God, that mine old age might	have	•	•	•	•	361
I	'le come, I'le creep, (though Thou dost t	hreat))		•		339
	le come to thee in all those shapes.	,			•		58
I	'le doe my best to win, when'ere I wooe			•	•		31
I	le get me hence		•				210
I	'le hope no more						358
1	le sing no more, nor will I longer write.						225
1	'le to thee a Simnell bring						232
1	le write, because Ile give						33
	I'e write no more of Love; but now repe	ent					325

Index of First Li	nes.		4	3 1
			I	AGE
I'm free from thee; and thou no more shalt hear	e.			17
I'm sick of Love; O let me lie				157
I've paid Thee, what I promis'd; that's not All				167
If Accusation onely can draw blood				192
If after rude and boystrous seas				94
If all transgressions here should have their pay				333
If any thing delight me for to print				345
If deare Anthea, my hard fate it be				II
If hap it must, that I must see thee lye.				293
If I dare write to You, my Lord, who are .				185
If I have plaid the Truant, or have here.				388
If I kisse Anthea's brest		•		59
If I lye unburied Sir				264
If Kings and kingdomes, once distracted be .				323
If little labour, little are our gaines				248
If meat the Gods give, I the steame				22
If Men can say that beauty dyes				201
If 'mongst my many Poems, I can see .				63
If Nature do deny				221
If nine times you your Bride-groome kisse .				205
If so be a Toad be laid		•		207
If that my Fate has now fulfill'd my yeere .				271
If thou aske me (Deare) wherefore				184
If Thou beest taken, God forbid				389
If thou dislik'st the Piece thou light'st on first.				6
If thou hast found an honic-combe				281
If warre, or want shall make me grow so poore	•			337
If well the Dice runne, lets applaud the cast.				215
If well thou hast begun, goe on fore-right .				123
If when these Lyricks (CESAR) You shall heare.				107
If wholsome Diet can re-cure a man				312
If ye feare to be affrighted				316
If ye will with Mab find grace				198
Immortall clothing I put on				264
Imparitie doth ever discord bring				262
In a Dreame, Love bad me go				216
In all our high designments, 'twill appeare				285
In all thy need, be thou possest				242
In Battailes what disasters fall				283
In desp'rate cases, all, or most are known .				266
In doing justice, God shall then be known				383
In God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be .				372
In God's commands, ne're ask the reason why				387
In's Tusc'lanes, Tullie doth confesse				324
In holy meetings, there a man may be				162
In Man, Ambition is the common'st thing .				21
In Numbers, and but these few				335
In Prayer the Lips ne're act the winning part .				336
In sober mornings, doe not thou reherse				7
In the hope of ease to come				308
In the houre of my distresse				337
				40

					•	
In the morning when ye rise			•	•	•	315
In the old Scripture I have often read .			•	•	•	335
In things a moderation keepe.	•		•	•	•	256
In this little Urne is laid	•		•	•	•	257
In this little Vault she lyes	•		•	•	•	52
In this misfortune Kings doe most excell	•		•	•	•	286
In this world (the Isle of Dreames)	•		•	•	•	366
In time of life, I grac't ye with my Verse			•	•	•	138
In vain our labours are, whatsoe're they b	oe .		•		•	369
In wayes to greatnesse think on this .	•		•	•	•	225
Instead of Orient Pearls of Jet			•	•	•	14
Instruct me now, what love will do				•	•	318
Is this a Fast, to keep			•	•	•	381
Is this a life, to break thy sleep?			•	•	•	229
It is sufficient if we pray				•		59
It was, and still my care is				•	•	230
Jacob Gods Beggar was; and so we wait.	•		•	•	•	373
Jealous Girles these sometimes were .	•		.•	•	•	185
Jehovah, as Boëtius saith	•	•	•	•	•	372
Jove may afford us thousands of reliefs .			•	•	•	153
Julia and I did lately sit			•	•		18
Julia, I bring			•			65
Julia, if I chance to die			•	•		21
Julia was carelesse, and withall			•	•	•	13
Julia, when thy Herrick dies			•	•	•	184
Justly our dearest Saviour may abhorre us	•		•	•	•	378
Kindle the Christmas Brand, and then .						278
Kings must be dauntlesse: Subjects will of	contor	nna	•	•	•	•
Kings must not oft be seen by publike eye	COTTOT	ппс	•	•	•	322
Kings must not only cherish up the good.	cs .		•	•	•	232
Kings must not use the Axe for each offer			•	•	•	255
Kissing and bussing differ both in this .	ice .		•	•	•	302
Knew'st thou, one moneth wo'd take thy	lifa ar		•	•	•	187
			•	•	•	237
Know when to speake; for many times it	bring	S	•	•	•	311
Labour we must, and labour hard						370
Lady I intreate yow weare						404
Laid out for dead, let thy last kindnesse h	be .					19
Lasciviousnesse is known to be				•		368
Last night I drew up mine Account .						359
Lay by the good a while; a resting field.						285
Learn this of me, where e'r thy Lot doth						153
Let all chaste Matrons, when they chance		Pa.	-			58
Let but thy voice engender with the strin			•	:	Ċ	102
Let faire or foule my Mistresse be .						204
Let Kings and Rulers, learne this line from	m me			-		299
Let Kings Command, and doe the best th	ev ma	.V		-	:	139
Let me be warme; let me be fully fed		- ,	•	•	•	32
Let me not live, if I not love.	• •			•	•	319
	•		-	-	•	J->

Index of First Lin	es.		4:	33
			P	AGE
Let me sleep this night away				197
Let moderation on thy passions waite				311
Let not that Day Gods Friends and Servants scar	е.			366
Let not thy Tomb-stone e're be laid by me .				275
Let others look for Pearle and Gold				345
Let others to the Printing Presse run fast .			-	307
Let the superstitious wife	-	·	-	277
Let there be Patrons; Patrons like to thee .			•	41
Let us now take time, and play	•	•	•	234
Let us (though late) at last (my Silvia) wed .	•	•	•	~34
Let's be jocund while we may	•	•	•	220
Lets call for Hymen if agreed thou art	•	•	•	256
Let's live in hast; use pleasures while we may.	•	•	•	-
Let's live with that smal pittance that we have	•	•	•	170
Let's new toke our time	•	•	•	210
Lets now take our time.	•	•	•	261
Let's strive to be the best; the Gods, we know it	•	•	•	302
Life is the Bodies light; which once declining.	•	•	•	204
Life of my life, take not so soone thy flight	•	•	•	72
Like those infernall Deities which eate	•	•	•	266
Like to a Bride, come forth my Book, at last.		•	•	76
Like to the Income must be our expence .	•	•	•	117
Like will to like, each Creature loves his kinde	•	•	•	312
Lillies will languish; Violets look ill		•	•	42
Little you are; for Womans sake be proud .		•	•	209
Live by thy Muse thou shalt; when others die			•	208
Live, live with me, and thou shalt see			•	190
Live with a thrifty, not a needy Fate				13
Look how our foule Dayes do exceed our faire.		•		329
Look, how the Rainbow doth appeare				140
Looke in my Book, and herein see				281
Look upon Sapho's lip, and you will swear .				299
Lord, do not beat me				341
Lord, I am like to Misletoe		-	-	361
Lord, I confesse, that Thou alone art able .			-	347
Lord, Thou hast given me a cell			•	339
Lost to the world; lost to my selfe; alone .	•	•	•	291
Loth to depart, but yet at last, each one.	•	•	•	141
Love and my selfe (beleeve me) on a day.	•	•	•	
	•	•	•	250
Love and the Graces evermore do wait	•	•	•	250
Love bade me aske a gift	•	•	•	100
Love brought me to a silent Grove	•	•	•	272
Love he that will; it best likes me	•	•	•	155
Love, I have broke	•	•	•	171
Love, I recant	•	•	•	99
Love n a showre of Blossomes came	•	•	•	270
Love is a Circle, and an Endlesse Sphere .	•	•	•	268
Love is a circle that doth restlesse move	•	•	•	13
Love is a kind of warre; Hence those who feare		•	•	274
Love is a Leven, and a loving kisse		•		291
Love is a sirrup; and who e're we see		•	•	290
Love is maintain'd by wealth; when all is spent		•		231
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·				

				PAGE
Love, like a Beggar, came to me		•	•	288
Love, like a Gypsie, lately came	•	•	•	64
Love love begets, then never be		•	•	247
Love, love me now, because I place	•	•	•	271
Love on a day (wise Poets tell)			•	105
Love scorch'd my finger, but did spare				29
Love's a thing, (as I do heare)				117
Love's of it self, too sweet; the best of all .				319
Love-sick I am, and must endure				60
Maidens tell me I am old				270
Maids nay's are nothing, they are shie				245
Make haste away, and let one be				268
Make, make me Thine, my gracious God				341
Make me a heaven; and make me there.				47
Man is a Watch, wound up at first, but never.				199
Man is compos'd here of a two-fold part	•	•	·	153
Man knowes where first he ships himselfe; but he	•	•	•	175
Man may at first transgress, but next do well .	•	•	•	307
Man may want Land to live in; but for all .	•	•	•	261
	•	•	•	_
Man must do well out of a good intent	•	•	٠	283
Mans disposition is for to requite	•	•	•	285
Many we are, and yet but few possesse	•	•	٠	175
May his pretty Duke-ship grow	•	•	•	107
Men are not born Kings, but are men renown'd	٠	•	•	237
Men are suspicious; prone to discontent.	•	•	•	285
Men must have Bounds how farre to walke; for we	•	•	•	300
Men say y'are faire; and faire ye are, 'tis true	•	•	٠	98
Mercy, the wise Athenians held to be	•	•	•	379
Me thought I saw (as I did dreame in bed) .	•	•		306
Me thought, (last night) love in an anger came.	•	•	•	16
Mighty Neptune, may it please	•	•		129
Milk stil your Fountains, and your Springs, for why	. 5			266
Mine eyes, like clouds, were drizling raine .				233
Mop-ey'd I am, as some have said		•		97
More discontents I never had				19
More white then whitest Lillies far		•		35
Musick, thou Queen of Heaven, Care-charming spel				103
My dearest Love, since thou wilt go				316
My faithful friend, if you can see				79
My God, I'm wounded by my sin				332
My God! looke on me with thine eye				334
My head doth ake				207
My Lucia in the deaw did go			Ĭ	243
My many cares and much distress			·	305
My Muse in Meads has spent her many houres	•	•	•	94
My soule would one day goe and seeke	•	•	•	275
My wearied Barke, O Let it now be Crown'd .	•	•	•	
My wooing's ended: now my wedding's neere.	•	•	•	325
my wooling a chided. How my wedding a neere.	•	•	•	178
Naught are all Women; I say no				256
Maught are all Women, I Say no	•	•	•	276

Index of First Line	s.		4	35
			F	AGE
Need is no vice at all; though here it be.				236
Nero commanded: but withdrew his eves .				232
Never my Book's perfection did appeare.				99
Never was Day so over-sick with showres .				52
Next is your lot (Faire) to be number'd one .				187
Night hath no wings, to him that cannot sleep.				348
Night hides our thefts; all faults then pardon'd be				206
Night makes no difference 'twixt the Priest and Cla	ırk			272
No fault in women to refuse				118
No grief is grown so desperate, but the ill .				312
No man comes late unto that place from whence				224
No man is tempted so, but may o'recome .			•	379
No man so well a Kingdome Rules, as He .				317
No man such rare parts hath, that he can swim				29 I
No more my Silvia, do I mean to pray				202
No more shall I, since I am driven hence		•		131
No newes of Navies burnt at Seas				126
No trust to Metals nor to Marbles, when .				406
No wrath of Men, or rage of Seas				212
Noah the first was (as Tradition sayes)		•		376
None goes to warfare, but with this intent .				44
Noone-day and Midnight shall at once be seene				5 9
Nor art thou lesse esteem'd, that I have plac'd				251
Nor is my Number full, till I inscribe				196
Nor think that Thou in this my Booke art worst				321
Not all thy flushing Sunnes are set				72
Nothing can be more loathsome, then to see .				208
Nothing comes Free-cost here; Jove will not let				175
Nothing hard, or harsh can prove				236
Nothing is New: we walk where others went .				140
Now, if you love me, tell me				314
Now is the time for mirth				80
Now is the time, when all the lights wax dim .				20
Now is your turne (my Dearest) to be set .				259
Now, now's the time; so oft by truth				53
Now, now the mirth comes				310
Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see				29
Tion side all adde, no of a promise over see .				٠.
O Earth! Earth! Earth heare thou my voice, and	be			IÇ
O Jealousie, that art		·		160
O Jupiter, sho'd I speake ill				249
O thou, the wonder of all dayes	•			349
Ol Times most bad	·			208
O Yeares! and Age! Farewell	•		·	344
Ol you the Virging nine	•			224
O! you the Virgins nine	•			12
Of all our parts, the eyes expresse Of all the good things whatsoe're we do	:	•		393
Of all those three-brave-brothers, faln 1' th' Warre	•	•		169
Of both our Portuges good and had we find	•	•	•	252
Of both our Fortunes good and bad we find .	•	•	•	292
Offer thy gift; but first the Law commands.	•	•	•	241
Oft bend the Bow, and thou with ease shalt do	•	•	•	-41

				AGE
Oft have I heard both Youths and Virgins say.				149
Old Parson Beanes hunts six dayes of the week				162
Old wives have often told, how they	•	•	•	18
On, as thou hast begunne, brave youth, and get	•		•	150
On with thy worke, though thou beest hardly pres	t.		•	304
One ask'd me where the Roses grew?	•	•	•	17
One Birth our Saviour had; the like none yet.	•	•	•	374
One Eare tingles; some there be	•	•	•	322
One feeds on Lard, and yet is leane	•	•	•	172
One man repentant is of more esteem	•		•	378
One more by Thee, Love, and Desert have sent	•	•	•	189
One night i' th' yeare, my dearest Beauties, come	•	•	•	219
One of the five straight branches of my hand .	•	•	•	201
One onely fire has Hell; but yet it shall.	•	•	•	38 I
One silent night of late	•	•	•	26
Onely a little more	•	•	•	85
Open thy gates	•	•	•	360
Or lookt I back unto the Times hence flown .	•	•	•	230
Orpheus he went (as Poets tell)	•	•	•	260
Other mens sins wee ever beare in mind	•	•	•	248
Our Bastard-children are but like to Plate .	•	•	•	305
Our Crosses are no other then the rods	•	•	•	271
Our Honours, and our Commendations be .	•	•	•	120
Our Houshold-gods our Parents be	•	•	•	223
Our mortall parts may wrapt in Seare-cloths lye	. •	•	•	197
Our present Teares here (not our present laughter)	•	•	•	352
Out of the world he must, who once comes in .	•	•	•	197
Davadias is /or from the Team'd I gether)				200
Paradise is (as from the Learn'd I gather) .	•	•	•	373
Pardon me God, (once more I Thee intreat) .	•	•	•	361
Part of the works remained to part is part	•	•	•	287
Part of the worke remaines; one part is past.	•	•	•	325
Partly worke and partly play	•	•	•	308
Paul, he began ill, but he ended well	•	•	•	377 60
Permit me, Julia, now to goe away Permit mine eyes to see	•	•	•	
Phoebus / when that I a Verse	•	•	•	359
	•	•	•	122
Physitians fight not against men; but these Physitians say Repletion springs	•	•	•	223
Play I co'd once; but (gentle friend) you see .	•	•	•	84
Play Phabus on thy Lute	•	•	•	151
Play their offensive and defensive parts	•	•	•	
	•	•	•	360 220
Please your Grace, from out your Store. Ponder my words, if so that any be.	•	•	•	283
Praise they that will Times past, I joy to see .	•	•	•	286
Prat He writes Satyres; but herein's the fault.	•	•	•	
Prayers and Praises are those spotlesse two .	•	•	•	234
Predestination is the Cause alone	•	•	•	331
Prepare for Songs; He's come, He's come	•	•	•	379
Preposterous is that Government, (and rude).	•	•	:	355 193
Prepost'rous is that order, when we run	•	•	•	237
riopostrous is that order, when we run	•	•	•	-31

Index of Fi	rst I	Lines	•		437
					PAGE
Princes and Fav'rites are most deere,	while t	hev	_		. 250
Prue, my dearest Maid, is sick .		,		•	. 122
Put off Thy Robe of Purple, then go	on .				. 388
Put on thy Holy Fillitings, and so .			-		. 279
Put on your silks; and piece by piece	е.			•	. 20
Putrefaction is the end	•				. 161
	•	•	•	•	
Rapine has yet tooke nought from m	е.				. 366
Rare are thy cheeks Susanna, which	do show	<i>.</i>			. 191
Rare is the voice it selfe; but when	we sing				. 323
Rare Temples thou hast seen, I know					. 90
Reach, with your whiter hands, to m					. 183
Read thou my Lines, my Swetnaham,		e be			. 320
Readers wee entreat ye pray				_	. 263
Reproach we may the living; not the	e dead				. 215
Rise, Houshold-gods, and let us goe					. 110
Roaring is nothing but a weeping par	ct.	_			. 370
Roses at first were white				•	. 105
Roses, you can never die		•	•	•	. 317
210002, you out 20002	•	•	•	•	• 3-/
Sabbaths are threefold, (as S. Austine	saves :	١.			. 376
Sadly I walk't within the field .	54 y C5 . /	•	•	•	
Sapho, I will chuse to go	•	•	•	•	· 73
Science in God, is known to be .	•		•	•	. 368
Sea-born Goddesse, let me be	•	•	•	•	. 139
See, and not see; and if thou chance	t'esnie	•	•	•	
See how the poore do waiting stand.	t cspic	•	•	•	. 32
Seeing thee Soame, I see a Goodly man	an .	•	•	•	. 139
See'st, thou that Cloud as silver clear		•	•	•	. 174
Seest thou that Cloud that rides in St		•		•	. 139
Seest thou those Diamonds which she		. •	•	•	. 263
	weares	•	•	•	. 130
Shall I a daily Begger be Shall I go to Love and tell	•	•	•	•	. 305
Shame checks our first attempts; but t	han tic	nrov'd	•	•	. 267
Shame is a bad attendant to a State	men us	prov a	•	•	. 352 . 180
Shapcot! To thee the Fairy State.	•	•	•	•	
	•	•	•	•	. 119
She by the River sate, and sitting the	ing so	•	•	•	. 246
She wept upon her cheeks, and weep		•	•	•	. 246 . 281
Sho'd I not put on Blacks, when each	n one n	CIC	•	•	_
Shut not so soon; the dull-ey'd nigh	٠.	•	•	•	. 163
Sick is Anthea, sickly is the spring.	•	•	•	•	. 313
Sin is an act so free, that if we shall	·lono	•	•	•	. 379
Sin is the cause of death; and sin's		•	•	•	. 380
Sin leads the way, but as it goes, it for	eis.	•	•	•	. 352
Sin never slew a soule, unlesse there		•	•	•	. 379
Sin no Existence; Nature none it ha		•	•	•	. 373
Sin once reacht up to Gods eternall S		•	•	•	. 357
Since for thy full deserts (with all the	e rest	•	•	•	. 152
Since Jack and Jill both wicked be.	•	•	•	•	. 162
Since shed or Cottage I have none .	•	•	•	•	. 314
Since to th' Country first I came .	•	•	•	•	. 180

Sing me to death; for till thy voice be cleared	• .			. 152
Sinners confounded are a twofold way .				. 378
Sitting alone (as one forsook)	•			. 51
Smooth was the Sea, and seem'd to call.				. 287
So Good-luck came, and on my roofe did lig	ght.			. 100
So long (it seem'd) as Maries Faith was small	áll .			. 376
So long you did not sing, or touch your Lui	te .			. 🥳
So look the mornings when the Sun .				. 262
So looks Anthea, when in bed she lyes .				. 34
So smell those odours that do rise				. 14
So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice				. 22
So soft streams meet, so springs with gladd	er smiles			. 73
Some ask'd me where the Rubies grew? .				. 2
Some parts may perish; dye thou canst no	t all			. 198
Some salve to every sore, we may apply.				. 268
Some would know				. 12
Sorrowes divided amongst many, lesse .	•			. 230
Sorrowes our portion are: Ere hence we go	е.			. 349
Speak, did the Bloud of Abel cry	•			. 37
Spend Harmless shade thy nightly Houres	·			. 282
Spring with the Larke, most comely Bride,	and meet			. 21
Spur jingles now, and sweares by no meane				. 322
Stand by the Magick of my powerfull Rhyr		•	•	. 27
Stand forth brave man, since Fate has mad		re	•	. 24
Stand with thy Graces forth, Braye man, a	nd rise		•	. 179
Stately Goddesse, do thou please	110 1100	•	•	. 142
Stay while ye will, or goe	•	•	•	. 8
Still take advice: though counsels when th	ev flvo	•	•	. 31
Still to our gains our chief respect is had.	cy nyc	•	•	-
Store of courage to me grant	•	•	•	. 140
Stripes justly given yerk us (with their fall)		•	•	. 15
Studies themselves will languish and decay	•	•	•	. 312
	•	•	•	. 309
Suffer thy legs, but not thy tongue to walk Suspicion, Discontent, and Strife	•	•	•	. 33
Sweet Amarillis, by a Spring's	•	•	•	. 49
Sweet Amarinis, by a Spring s	•	•	•	. 40
Sweet are my Julia's lips and cleane . Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes .	•	•	•	. 27
Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes .	•	•	•	. 61
Sweet Bridget blusht, & therewithall .	•	•	•	. 200
Sweet Country life, to such unknown .	•	•	•	. 22
Sweet Oenone, doe but say	•	•	•	. 259
Sweet virgin, that I do not set	•	•		. 146
Sweet Western Wind, whose luck it is .	•	•	•	. 103
Take mine advise, and go not neere .				. 273
Teares most prevaile; with teares too thou	mayst m	ove		. 280
Teares quickly drie: griefes will in time de				. 286
Teares, though th'are here below the sinner				. 223
Tell, if thou canst, (and truly) whence doth				. 156
Tell me rich man, for what intent				. 384
Tell me, what needs those rich deceits .	•			. 275
Tell me young man, or did the Muses bring	•			. 292
I come more in our enter mades prints	•			. 294

Index of First Line	es.		4	39
			F	AGE
Tell that Brave Man, fain thou wo'dst have access		_		294
Tell us, thou cleere and heavenly Tongue .			•	357
Temptations hurt not, though they have accesse	Ċ		·	349
Thanksgiving for a former, doth invite	·	·	•	338
That Christ did die, the Pagan saith	•	•	•	385
That flow of Gallants which approach	•	•	•	235
That for seven Lusters I did never come	•	•	•	28
That Happines do's still the longest thrive .	•	•	•	259
That Houre-glasse, which there ye see	•	•	•	
That little prettie bleeding part	•	•	•	45 366
That Love last long; let it thy first care be .	•	•	•	183
That love 'twixt men do's ever longest last .	•	•	•	
That Manna, which God on His people cast .	•	•	•	319
	•	•	•	369
That Morne which saw me made a Bride	•	•	•	109
That Prince must govern with a gentle hand.		•	•	316
That Prince takes soone enough the Victors roome		•	•	109
That Prince, who may doe nothing but what's jus	t.	•	•	323
That Princes may possesse a surer seat	•	•	•	162
That there's a God, we all do know.	•	•	•	384
That was the Proverb. Let my mistresse be.	•	•	•	141
The Bad among the Good are here mixt ever.		•		373
The bloud of Abel was a thing				378
The Body is the Soules poore house, or home.				272
The body's salt, the soule is; which when gon				324
The bound (almost) now of my book I see .				306
The Doctors, in the Talmud, say				378
The factions of the great ones call				275
The fire of Hell this strange condition hath .				377
The Gods require the thighes				245
The Gods to Kings the Judgement give to sway				109
The Hag is astride				222
The Jewes their beds, and offices of ease.				376
The Jewes, when they built Houses (I have read)	·			374
The lesse our sorrowes here and suffrings cease.	•	· ·	-	362
The Lictors bundl'd up their rods: beside .	•	•	•	285
The longer thred of life we spin		•	·	369
		•	•	235
The May-pole is up	•	•	•	12
The mellow touch of musick most doth wound	•	•	•	
The Mountains of the Scriptures are (some say)	•	•	•	371
The only comfort of my life	•	•	•	313
The Person crowns the Place; your lot doth fall	•	•	•	296
The Power of Princes rests in the Consent .	•	•	•	317
The readinesse of doing, doth expresse	•	•	•	268
The repetition of the name made known.	•	•	•	373
The Rose was sick, and smiling di'd	•	•	•	233
The Saints-bell calls; and, Julia, I must read.		•	•	206
The same, who crownes the Conquerour, will be		•	•	372
The seeds of Treason choake up as they spring.		•	•	IC
The shame of mans face is no more.			•	373
The strength of Baptisme, that's within		•	•	386
The sup'rabundance of my store	•	•	•	36€
- · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·				

				AGE
The teares of Saints more sweet by farre .	•	•	•	369
The time the Bridegroom stayes from hence .	•			370
The Twi-light is no other thing (we say)				312
The Virgin Marie was (as I have read)				375
The Virgin-Mother stood at distance (there) .		•	•	374
The work is done; now let my Lawrell be .	•	•	•	388
The worke is done: young men, and maidens set				326
Then did I live when I did see	•	•	•	306
There is no evill that we do commit	•	•	•	376
There's no constraint to do amisse	•	•	•	380
These fresh beauties (we can prove)	•	•	•	15
These Springs were Maidens once that lov'd .	•	•	•	178
These Summer-Birds did with thy master stay	:	•	•	151
These temp'rall goods God (the most Wise) commer	ids	•	•	377
Things are uncertain, and the more we get .	•	•	•	309
This Axiom I have often heard	•	•	•	230
This Crosse-Tree here	•	•	•	391
This Day is Yours, Great Charles! and in this War	•	•	•	265
This day my Julia thou must make	•	•	•	261
This Ile tell ye by the way	•	•	•	315
This is my comfort, when she's most unkind.	•	•	•	315
This is the height of Justice, that to doe.	٠	•	•	211
This Lady's short, that Mistresse she is tall	•	•	•	162
This rule of manners I will teach my guests .	•	•	•	303
This Stone can tell the storie of my life	•	•	•	297
Those ends in War the best contentment bring	•	•	•	309
Those Garments lasting evermore	•	•	•	383
Those ills that mortall men endure.	٠	•	•	153
Those possessions short-liv'd are	•	•	•	237
Those Saints, which God loves best	•	•	•	334
Those Tapers, which we set upon the grave	•	•	•	374
Thou art a plant sprung up to wither never .	•	•	•	98
Thou art to all lost love the best	•	•	•	106
Th'art hence removing, (like a Shepherds Tent)	•	•	•	186
Thou bidst me come away	•	•	•	342
Thou bidst me come; I cannot come; for why	•	•	•	342
Thou cam'st to cure me (Doctor) of my cold .	•	•	•	97
Thou gav'st me leave to kisse.	٠	•	•	142
Thou had'st the wreath before, now take the Tree	•	•	•	150
Th'ast dar'd too farre: but Furie now forbeare	•'	•	•	82
Thou hast made many Houses for the Dead .	•	•	•	270
Thou hast promis'd, Lord, to be	٠	•	•	337
Thou know'st, my Julia, that it is thy turne.	•	•	•	194
Thou mighty Lord and master of the Lyre .	•	•	•	274
Thou sail'st with others, in this Argus here	•	•	•	23
Thou saist thou lov'st me Sapho; I say no .	•	•	•	272
Thou say'st I'm dull; if edge-lesse so I be	•	•	•	319
Thou sayest Loves Dart	•	•	•	267
Thou say'st my lines are hard	•	•	•	138
Thou seest me Lucia this year droope	•	•	•	295
Thou sent'st to me a True-love-knot; but I.				172

Index of First Li	nes	•		4	4 I
				P	AGE
Thou shalt not All die; for while Love's fire sh	ines				143
Thou, thou that bear'st the sway					274
Thou who wilt not love, doe this					76
Though a wise man all pressures can sustaine.					60
Though by well-warding many blowes w'ave pa	ıst	•			233
Though Clock	,				242
Though Frankinsense the Deities require.					288
Though from without no foes at all we feare					286
Though good things answer many good intents					110
Though hourely comforts from the Gods we see	•		•	•	110
Though I cannot give thee fires			•	•	129
Though long it be, yeeres may repay the debt	•				224
Though Thou beest all that Active Love.				•	385
Thousands each day passe by, which wee	•	•		•	230
Three fatall Sisters wait upon each sin .		•		•	331
Three lovely Sisters working were	•	•		•	18
Thrice, and above, blest (my soules halfe) art t	hou				35
Thrice happie Roses, so much grac't, to have	•				244
Through all the night	•		•	. •	343
Thus I				•	176
Thy Azure Robe, I did behold				•	67
Thy former coming was to cure					387
Thy sooty Godhead, I desire					211
Till I shall come again, let this suffice .					146
Time is the Bound of things, where e're we go				•	252
Time was upon			•	•	336
'Tis a known principle in War				•	118
Tis but a dog-like madnesse in bad Kings			•	•	286
'Tis Ev'ning, my Sweet			•	•	193
'Tis hard to finde God, but to comprehend			•	•	330
'Tis Heresie in others: In your face .		•		•	178
'Tis liberty to serve one Lord; but he .			•		276
Tis much among the filthy to be clean .			•	•	311
'Tis never, or but seldome knowne			•	•	259
Tis no discomfort in the world to fall .		•	•	•	312
'Tis not a thousand Bullocks thies					22
'Tis not ev'ry day, that I			•	•	238
'Tis not greatness they require					22
'Tis not the food, but the content					124
'Tis not the Walls, or purple, that defends		•	•	•	240
'Tis said, as Cupid danc't among				•	237
'Tis still observ'd, that Fame ne're sings.				•	241
'Tis still observ'd, those men most valiant are			•	•	301
'Tis the Chyrurgions praise, and height of Art		•	•	•	262
Tis worse then barbarous cruelty to show			•		197
To a Love-Feast we both invited are .					345
To all our wounds, here, whatsoe're they be			•	•	3 80
To an old soare a long cure must goe on .				•	305
To Bread and Water none is poore.			•	•	33
To conquer'd men, some comfort 'tis to fall			•	•	50
To Fetch me Wine my Lucia went		•	•	•	185
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·					

To find that Tree of Life, whose Fruits did feed				62
To gather Flowers Sappha went				245
To get thine ends, lay bashfulnesse aside				8
To him, who longs unto his Christ to go .				368
To his Book's end this last line he'd have plac't				326
To joyn with them, who here confer				392
To loose the button, is no lesse	•			237
To me my Julia lately sent	•			13
To mortall men great loads allotted be	•	•		238
To my revenge, and to her desp'rate searcs .	•		•	87
To Print our Poems, the propulsive cause .	•	•		168
To read my Booke the Virgin shie	•		•	_(
To safe-guard Man from wrongs, there nothing n	nust	•	•	67
To seek of God more then we well can find .	•		•	346
To sup with thee thou didst me home invite .	•	•		257
To this white Temple of my Heroes, here	•	•	•	183
To work a wonder, God would have her shown	•	•	•	374
To-morrow, Julia, I betimes must rise	•	•	•	102
Touch but thy Lire (my Harrie) and I heare .	•	•	•	269
Tread, Sirs, as lightly as ye can	•	•	•	222
True mirth resides not in the smiling skin .		•	•	331
True rev'rence is (as Cassiodore doth prove) .	•	•	•	379
True to your self, and sheets, you'l have me swe	ar .	•	•	137
Trust me Ladies, I will do	•	•	•	170
Truth by her own simplicity is known	•	•	•	321
Truth is best found out by the time, and eyes.	•	•	•	280
Tumble me down, and I will sit	•	•	•	231
'Twas but a single Rose	•	•	•	51
'Twas Cesars saying: Kings no lesse Conquerors of	ire.	•	•	269
'Twas not Lov's Dart	•	•	•	160
Twice has Pudica been a Bride, and led	•	•	•	178
Twilight, no other thing is, Poets say		•	•	271
Twixt Kings and Subjects ther's this mighty odd		•	•	12
'Twixt Kings & Tyrants there's this difference k		•	•	27
Twixt Truth and Errour, there's this difference l	tnown	•	•	309
Two instruments belong unto our God	•	•	•	384
Two of a thousand things, are disallow'd.	•	•	•	10
Two parts of us successively command	•	•	•	137
Two things do make society to stand	•	•	•	268
Tinden a Tourne than always more along				26
Under a Lawne, then skyes more cleare	·	•	•	
Upon her cheekes she wept, and from those show	eis.	•	•	201
Vincentia no other I define				200
Vineger is no other I define	•	•	•	294
Virgins promis'd when I dy'd	•	•	•	44
Virgins, time-past, known were these	•	•	•	62
Want is a softer Wax, that takes thereon .				280
Wanton Wenches doe not bring	•	•	•	322
Wanton wenches doe not bring		•	•	215
Wash clean the Vessell, lest ye soure	•	•	•	313
wash clean the vessen, lest ye sould	•	•	•	J^3

Index of First Lin	nes.	•	4	43
			I	AGE
Wash your hands, or else the fire				258
Wassaile the Trees, that they may beare.				259
Water, water I desire				21
Water, Water I espie We are Coheires with Christ; nor shall His own		-		62
We are Coheires with Christ: nor shall His own			•	385
We blame, nay we despise her paines	•	•	•	273
We credit most our sight; one eye doth please	•	•	•	280
We merit all we suffer, and by far	•	•	•	383
We pray gainst Warre, yet we enjoy no Peace	•	•	•	260
We read how Faunus, he the shepheards God.	•	•	•	299
We Trust not to the multitude in Warre.	•	•	•	283
We two are last in Hell: what may we feare.	•	•	•	_
Weepe for the dead, for they have lost this light		•	•	34
Weigh me the Fire; or, canst thou find		•	•	291
Weelcome! but yet no entrance, till we blesse	•	•	•	329
	•	•	•	124
Welcome, Great Cesar, welcome now you are .	•	•	•	293
Welcome Maids of Honour	•	•	•	83
Welcome, most welcome to our Vowes and us.			•	25
Welcome to this my Colledge, and though late.			•	297
Well may my Book come forth like Publique Da	ay .	•	•	_ 3
Were I to give thee Baptime, I wo'd chuse			•	28
Were there not a Matter known			•	161
What are our patches, tatters, raggs, and rents			•	295
What can I do in Poetry			•	132
What can my Kellam drink his Sack			•	284
What Conscience, say, is it in thee				167
What ever men for Loyalty pretend				325
What Fate decreed, Time now ha's made us see				249
What God gives, and what we take				353
What here we hope for, we shall once inherit.				352
What I fancy, I approve				11
What is a Kisse? Why this, as some approve.				215
What is't that wasts a Prince? example showes				323
What need we marry Women, when				290
What needs complaints				307
What now we like, anon we disapprove				189
What off-spring other men have got				232
What others have with cheapnesse seene, and ea	ise			322
What sweeter musick can we bring				354
What though my Harn and Violi he		•	•	351
What though my Harp, and Violl be		• •	•	186
What though the Heaven be lowring now .	horo	•	•	
What though the sea be calme? Trust to the s	11016		•	85
What times of sweetnesse this faire day fore-sho	JWS		•	44
What was't that fell but now			•	74
What will ye (my poor Orphans) do			•	215
What Wisdome, Learning, Wit, or Worth			•	48
What's got by Justice is establisht sure			•	307
What's that we see from far? the spring of Day	y		•	112
Whatever comes, let's be content withall .			•	343
Whatsoever thing I see			•	248
When a Daffadill I see			•	39

			P.	AGE
When a mans Faith is frozen up, as dead .				349
When after many Lusters thou shalt be	•			228
When age or Chance has made me blind				33
When all Birds els do of their musick faile .	•	. (•	243
When as in silks my Julia goes		• '		256
When as Leander young was drown'd	•			42
When ere I go, or what so ere befalls				263
When ere my heart, Love's warmth, but entertaines				40
When feare admits no hope of safety, then .				324
When first I find those Numbers thou do'st write				294
When flowing garments I behold				304
When I a ship see on the Seas				362
When I a Verse shall make				209
When I behold a Forrest spread				200
When I behold Thee, almost slain				390
When I consider (Dearest) thou dost stay .				191
When I departed am, ring thou my knell .				111
When I did goe from thee, I felt that smart .	-			43
When I goe Hence ye Closet Gods, I feare .	-	•	•	223
When I love, (as some have told			•	201
When I of Villars doe but heare the name .	•		•	138
When I shall sin, pardon my trespasse here .	•		•	357
When I through all my many Poems look	•	•	•	
When I through all my many Poems look When I thy Parts runne o're, I can't espie	•	•	•	94 10
When I thy singing next shall heare	•	•	•	
When Julia blushes, she do's show.	•	•	•	23 120
When Julia chid, I stood as mute the while .	•	•	•	_
When Lawes full power have to sway, we see .	•	•	•	58
	•	•	•	210
When man is punisht, he is plagued still.	•	•	•	360
When my date's done, and my gray age must die	•	•	•	40
When my off'ring next I make	•	•	•	157
When once the sin has fully acted been	•	•	•	330
When once the Soule has lost her way	•	•	•	383
When one is past, another care we have	•	•	•	18
When others gain much by the present cast .	•	•	•	144
When out of bed my Love doth spring	•	•	•	154
When some shall say, Faire once my Silvia was	•	•	•	21
When that day comes, whose evening sayes I'm gon	e	•	•	14
When thou do'st play, and sweetly sing.	•	•	•	142
When Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read.	•	•	•	389
When times are troubled, then forbeare; but speak	•			317
When to a House I come, and see	•			303
When to thy Porch I come, and (ravisht) see .	•		•	317
When we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more				362
When well we speak, & nothing do that's good				387
When what is lov'd, is Present, love doth spring				13
When Winds and Seas do rage				363
When with the Virgin morning thou do'st rise.				127
When words we want, Love teacheth to endite.				268
Where God is merry, there write down thy fears				345
Where love begins, there dead thy first desire .				274
• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •				

Index of First Line.	s.		4	45
			F	AGE
Where others love, and praise my Verses; still				66
Where Pleasures rule a Kingdome, never there.				319
Whether I was my selfe, or else did see				318
While Fates permits us, let's be merry				171
While leanest Beasts in Pastures feed				77
While, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee				70
While the milder Fates consent			·	39
While thou didst keep thy Candor undefil'd .		•	•	39
White as Zenobias teeth, the which the Girles .	Ċ	•		246
White though ye be; yet, Lillies, know	•	•	•	
Whither dost thou whorry me	•	•	•	74 157
Whither, Mad Maiden wilt thou roame?.	•	•	•	
Whither? Say, whither shall I fly	•	•	•	5
Who after his transgression doth repent .	•	•	•	40 262
Who begs to die for feare of humane need .	•	•	•	
Who formes a Godhead out of Gold or Stone.	•	•	•	270
Who may do most do's least. The bravest will	•	•	•	117
Who may do most, do's least: The bravest will	٠	•	•	314
Who plants an Olive, but to eate the Oile?	•		•	315
Who, railing, drives the Lazar from his door	•	•	•	235
Who read'st this Book that I have writ.	•	•	•	225
Who to the North, or South, doth set	٠	•	•	161
Who violates the Customes, hurts the Health .	•	•	•	311
Who will not honour Noble Numbers, when	•		•	259
Who with a little cannot be content	•	•	•	210
Whom sho'd I feare to write to, it I can.	•	•	•	64
Why doe not all fresh maids appeare		•		103
Why doe ye weep, sweet Babes? can Tears .				104
Why do'st thou wound, & break my heart? .				320
Why I tye about thy wrist				128
Why, Madam, will ye longer weep				187
Why sho'd we covet much, when as we know.				301
Why so slowly do you move				269
Why this Flower is now call'd so				15
Why wore th' Egyptians Jewells in the Eare .				336
Will ye heare, what I can say				137
Wilt thou my true Friend be?				202
With blamelesse carriage, I liv'd here	·	·	· ·	41
With golden Censers, and with Incense, here	•	-		358
Woe, woe to them, who (by a ball of strife)	•	•	·	26
	•	•	•	231
Women, although they ne're so goodly make it	•	•	•	280
Words beget Anger: Anger brings forth blowes	•	•	•	
Wo'd I see Lawn, clear as the Heaven, and thin?	•	•	•	157
Wo'd I wooe, and wo'd I winne	•	•	•	279
Wo'd yee have fresh Cheese and Cream?	•	•	•	181
Wo'd ye oyle of Blossomes get?	•	•	•	240
Wrinkles no more are, or no lesse	•	•	•	143
Wrongs, if neglected, vanish in short time	•	•	•	255
Te have been fresh and green		_		109
Va may simper blush and smile	•	•	-	73
Ye may simper, blush, and smile	•			163
Yee pretty Huswives, wo'd ye know	•	•	•	-03

ι

				LVGT
Yee silent shades, whose each tree here .				168
You are a Lord, an Earle, nay more, a Man				171
You are a Tulip seen to day			٠.	88
You aske me what I doe, and how I live?			ſ.	305
You have beheld a smiling Rose				75
Y'ave laught enough (sweet) vary now your To	ext			110
You may vow Ile not forgett				401
You say I love not, 'cause I doe not play				15
You say, to me-wards your affection's strong				51
You say y'are sweet; how sho'd we know				111
You say, you love me; that I thus must prove	e			125
You see this gentle streame, that glides .				240
Young I was, but now am old				i7